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WALT. WHITMAN'S "VOICE OF WAR"

(Specially Rhymed for EAST & WEST)

I.

Beat, beat, drums, and blow, bugles, blow !
Crash your throbbing summons far as sound can go :
Through the window, through the door,
Burst a ruthless force :
In at solemn churches roar,
Loud and fierce and hoarse,
Till the congregations pour
On the forward course.
Let the schools their young men yield ;
Let the farmer quit his field.
From joyance broke, the bridegroom comes,
No bride-joy must he know
So fierce you whirr and pound, you drums;
So shrill you bugles blow !

II.

Beat, beat, drums, and blow, bugles, blow :
All within the city must the summons know.
Break upon all slumber sweet,
Bid the sleepers rise ;
Over the traffic of the street,
O'er the city's cries,
Summon from the mart and meet,
Him who sells or buys.

Would the talkers add a word ?
 Would the singer's song be heard ?
 Do lawyers think it still becomes
 Some legal point to show ?
 Then quicker, heavier, rattle, drums,
 You bugles wilder blow !

III.

Beat, beat, drums, and blow, bugles, blow:
 Till in ev'ry heart your urgent summons glow.
 Shake the dead upon the bier,
 Useless now are they ;
 Heed not the mourner's tear,
 Parley not nor stay ;
 Leave the old men to their fear ;
 Let Age, weep or pray.
 From your children's voices turn ;
 E'en a mother's pleadings spurn,
 For all must follow when there comes
 Your call to forward go.
 So strong you thump, O terrible drums,
 So loud you bugles blow !

CHAS. A. DOBSON.

Agra.

PAN-BRITANNIC EVOLUTION

THE CALL OF A CRISIS.

MEN now living know that within the period of written history the British people have had two epochs, from the second of which they are now emerging into a third. The first was that of feudalism, the second commercialism, and the third, which began long before Britain or the British people were heard of, and has therefore all along been implicit in the others, will perhaps become famous as that of humanity, or the Principle of Sympathy, translated, in the terms of statecraft and law, into the secular life of the whole empire, its national units, and all its peoples. Though the process may be slow, that will not affect its essential reality; nor will the circumstance that some of the characteristics of commercialism may lag superfluously on in the arenas of the new epoch, as not a few of those of feudalism have lingered on in the era of trade, which is still with us.

Perhaps the term, Principle of Sympathy, needs explanation. Many philosophies, systems of morality and religion may lay claim to it; but is it with any of them absolutely the thing of things? They are, as a rule, much concerned with creeds, dogmas, ceremonies and modes of belief, all of which may one way or other, be more or less justified, or even more or less helpful to those to whom they are significant, and yet be in practice dissociated from the Principle of Sympathy, as a purely human factor in relation to all mankind. This dissociation spells discord, and discord spells damnation to human society as a rational or religious system of life. Yet, even to the eye of secular intelligence, the Principle of Sympathy is universally translatable into practice, by individual men and nations, through character, conduct, law and statecraft. Reflection in this connection will

show, too, that this translation of the Principle of Sympathy must involve the realisation of what is best in all philosophies and religions worthy of the name, and that these, with all the various Christian churches, would still be free to flourish in all their diversities, subject to the one all-prevailing condition: that they must never in any way prejudice the prevalence of the Principle of Sympathy as the fundamental and dominant factor of the world's civic and secular life.

This may sound vague and strange, yet the thing implied is quite concrete and very common. The ethical content of the phrase, Principle of Sympathy, is as old as the Alps and the Himalayas. As already hinted, it is involved in all philosophies and religions worthy of the name; but it is persistently expressed with unmistakable explicitness in the teaching, the character, and conduct of Christ. Yet, long before Christ's time, and ever since, all civil law has been noteworthy and beneficial just in proportion as it has succeeded in giving adequate expression to the Principle of Sympathy. The world would be a jungle, and the British Empire an impossibility, but for the fact that the civil law embodies it with more or less thoroughness. Indeed, it might be said that were public opinion and the administration of the law as effective in operation as the law itself is just in its spirit and intention, the world would be happier and more harmonious than it is to-day.

This implies that, as an expression of humanity, reasonableness, social suavity and sanity, the law is already considerably ahead of the people and that what is chiefly needed by individuals and nations is that spiritual education or religion as a personal force which ensures personal regeneration, that creates a clean heart and renews a right spirit within; in fact, the conversion of ruinous selfishness and moral disorder into loving kindness and moral order in the heart. This certainly is needed—is so now, always has been, and ever will be—nor would the most complete translation of the Principle of Sympathy into civil law interfere with the supply of that need by priests, evangelists, or philosophers, whatever or wherever they might be. In fact, it would, in effect, enlarge the field of their operations, and provide equal guarantees for each and all, for the effective translation of the Principle of Sympathy into the civil law just means liberty for all qualified by sympathetic, or at least

rational, mutual consideration of each for each throughout the whole scheme of human society.

"For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another. And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

Translate these precepts, or the spiritual truth or rational philosophy that is in them into the civil law, and we have the Principle of Sympathy in operation. It is to this result that all law—pre-Christian, Christian, or non-Christian—has for ever endeavoured to shape, and must for ever endeavour to shape itself. When it succeeds, then, in every city, every land, every man throughout the world shall be free to realize his own soul or genius, and be himself to the uttermost extent that is consistent with equal liberty to others, and with mutual goodwill and well-doing throughout the whole society. Indeed, reflection shows, and experience proves, that without this mutual goodwill and well-doing, liberty to be oneself, to realize and possess one's own soul, cannot exist as a general thing without the love of one for another, without sympathetic or rational mutual consideration as the rule and practice of society.

The case has been stated thus in another way :

"Be ye yourselves, and I shall be myself,
But let us all be careful not to force
Another soul to walk in any way
In which it cannot truly be itself ;
For that destroyeth liberty and love,
Those twin emparadisers of the world,
Whose mutual rule doth mean that each and all
Shall follow their own nature, yet with thoughts
Of frank consideration, each for each,
Else liberty were but an empty name :
It cannot be without its sister, love,
Nor love without its sister, liberty.
So go your ways, and I shall follow mine,
But only to the limit, gentle friends,
Which is consistent with our mutual weal."

Thus we see what it is that is meant by the Principle of Sympathy ; also, that it always has been, and ever

must be, the province of the Civil Law to express it and carry it into practice, and that mankind gain in proportion to the effectiveness and the extent to which this is done by the makers and administrators of this law. From this it follows, that what is now most urgently needed everywhere, and especially within and throughout the British Empire, is a persistently conscious and deliberate determination to extend the application of this principle in the law and its administration, not only in the municipality, but throughout the Empire as a whole, and in every unit of the Empire in its relations with all the other units.

Of course, the patient thinker will soon see that one common difficulty here confronts the practical statesman, and it may be that, in trying to find a solution, he will arrive at a point of view which was first reached many years ago by men of his order, and is now being adopted or adapted by work-a-day politicians. This is, that mankind will shortly have to choose between world-wide chaos and an order of things under which all peoples—except in so far as political and commercial intercourse requires the contrary—shall remain within their own borders; develop themselves there on their own lines, under international compact; and do what is best for themselves by doing what is best for each other through the production and interchange of what all need in common, as politically independent, but commercially homogeneous communities.

It is obvious that this ideal implies that, heretofore, the ideal of rational advancement has, as a rule, been associated chiefly with the acquisition of foreign territory and the subjugation of other races. In the policies thus conceived and developed justice has too generally been but little considered, and small scope has been allowed to the national genius or racial idiosyncrasies of the people who have been conquered, coerced, or exploited under them. But henceforth the international policies of the world must aim more and more at assuring to every people its own national rights and independence, and at more and more devolving upon every country the paramount, all-sufficing policy of making the most of its own resources, in its own way, in the interest of its people, yet also in the interest of all mankind. Then those who think thus know, further, that should this policy be able to establish itself, and to spread and maintain its influence, individual

nations must gain in efficiency, happiness and civilisation; and with the individuality of each assured by all, yet prevented by all from overstepping its due bounds, the world may even yet enter on an era which has hitherto existed only in the dreams of the idealist, or the stories of the romancer.

This certainly is very interesting, and it would seem to be in keeping with the very laws of nature herself. For instance, it is obviously not only desirable but necessary, if ruinous evils are to be averted, that racial purity should be maintained throughout the world. Certain antipathies which seem to be rooted in nature appear to provide for this, and in course of time the international relations of different races will probably include a full and effective recognition of this principle: they will have civilized diplomatic relations with each other, will buy and sell with each other, and meet each other socially in a civilised spirit; but in the best interests of each race separately, and in the best interests of all the races collectively, there will, as a general thing, be neither marrying nor giving in marriage amongst them. There is probably already enough evidence in the world to prove that inter-racial marriages lead, in the aggregate, to undesirable results; and perhaps it is a more or less latent consciousness of this that leads, from time to time to otherwise more or less discreditable exhibitions of opposition to the arrival and settlement in British communities of the Chinese, for example. But what is needed is a broad recognition of the general principle, without the discreditable exhibitions; and, further, a recognition comprehensive enough to admit that what applies to the presence of the Chinese amongst us applies equally to our presence amongst the Chinese in their country; and thus with respect to all other races.

Perhaps if the reader will pause here to think the subject out, he, too, will agree that if headway is to be made in national wisdom and international civility, it is to this point of view that we must adjust our opinions and our actions. He will probably also agree that frothy talk, expressive of irrational antipathy, should be steadily abjured, and a stand taken on general international principles, equally applicable to both sides and all round. Indeed, it is obvious that almost everything that has hitherto been said or done on the subject needs to be called back, and the whole question reconsidered on the basis of a new

international ideal or ethical standard which shall be equally applicable to all.

It may be that this ideal will fail to appeal to that honest conservatism, which is constitutional with British people, to millions of whom ideas, ideals and new movements, are hateful things. "Let nobody pray for them; let nobody pity these men who have taken away from us our old worship; and how their new-fangled customs are to be kept nobody knows." It was thus that the Saxons characteristically expressed themselves when the first missionaries carried Christianity to England. And the same attitude of antipathy to new things presents itself ever and anon along the whole course of British history, public and private, domestic and political. When table-forks were introduced among the English aristocracy only three hundred years ago, their use was passionately opposed, and clergymen publicly protested that it was an insult to Providence not to eat one's meat with one's fingers. When it was proposed to supersede stage coaches by railway trains, the same dear old spirit raged throughout the land; and, in times nearer our own, the introduction of reapers and binders was denounced in obedience to the same national humour, and because such instruments were not referred to in the Bible. And this spirit is still with us, and perhaps it will be well if it remains with us till the end, however grotesque and puerile some of its manifestations may be; for at least it will compel every new ideal to justify itself, and, before being accepted, to prove that it is worthy of acceptance.

Still, it is not well that the idealist should make too many concessions to dullness, for, after all, it is the ideal, not its obstruction, that leads to salvation in the end. This, let it be hoped, will be steadily borne in mind in connection with the great process of political evolution, the goal of which is opportunity to every race in accordance with its native needs and genius, subject to a general international concord and to the integrity of, say, a confederation like the United States of America or the British Empire. These countries are mentioned merely as instances by the way, for, of course, there are many others that stand in the same category.

* But the question is: how is this ideal to be realized—say, even in the British Empire? No answer worth listening to can be hoped for, except from a full consideration of the difficulties

in the way, or the discovery and application of means for dealing effectively with them. And, in this connection the case of Ireland will probably at once present itself to the reader's mind, especially as Ireland's history seems to justify the view, that the last result of international evolution must be the independent establishment of each race or nation, separately, on conditions entirely favourable to its own essential self-development, which of course, means that this is done all round, not only without prejudice to the units, but also without prejudice to the confederation which at once admits of, and is due to, the integrity of the units. In actual fact, there are fine races who, before this stage is reached, seem to be lost in the stream of time as raindrops are in a river; but, happily, there are others that live on and retain all their distinctive qualities until circumstances favour the recovery, or—with their own aid—the creation of conditions which enable them to enjoy an effective individual national existence. They are like the fabled fays or elfin children who, however long they may remain amongst mortals of common stock, or however much they may be misunderstood or misused by them, never lose their essential individuality but even in the end return to their own kin; that is, recover the conditions which are congenial to what is permanent and prevailing in their own natures.

This is stating the case of Celtic Ireland in a Celtic way perhaps; nevertheless it is a truth, that that country has remained true through all vicissitude, to the heavenly vision—to the integrity and continuity of that racial genius which is to a people what his soul is to a man—the best, most distinctive, most precious thing in his possession or within his reach, loyalty to which and the realisation of which are the best things that can happen to him and to the world. Thousands, perhaps millions of Irishmen in the course of centuries may have neither known nor cared anything about this, and thousands to-day may be equally ignorant and indifferent; but the spirit of Ireland is, and ever has been, true to itself and its destiny, which is the realisation of the Celtic genius in the ways that are natural to and constitutional with the Celt. It is loyalty to this destiny which constitutes true greatness in individual or race; for it means that the birthright bestowed by nature is never surrendered or huckstered away for any mess of pottage.

In obedience to this spirit, Ireland has for generations been labouring to become, as a matter of psychological and industrial evolution and collective achievement, an ethically independent nation, self-developed and self-governed on lines in keeping with the genius of her own people ; while continuing to be a free and willing unit of the British Empire, which is, on the whole, a cordially consenting party to the change. In fact, an exactly similar state of things already exists in Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand, and a similar state of things is desired by Scotland, Wales, and England itself. It is even needed as a matter of policy in the Empire's interest, so that—freed from the necessity of looking after purely insular and local affairs—the Imperial Parliament may be at liberty to attend to the greater and more general business of the Empire as a whole. Yet in spite of all these conditions and vitally great issues, a non-Celtic minority in Ireland itself declares that sooner than Celtic Ireland shall be allowed by the Empire to realise its own genius, that minority will obstruct Celtic Ireland and oppose the Empire's will by armed force. It all seems so humorous—as humorous as the fly on the spoke telling the wheel it must not revolve, otherwise it—the poor, portentous, insignificant little fly—will smash things ! Of course, the smallest minorities have their rights, and neither in this nor in any similar case should they be left to the fortunes of chance ; that is, their constitutional maintenance should be fully provided for in every such instance.

Anyway, this Irish episode is referred to here in no partisan or anti-racial spirit, but as an illustration of the perplexing difficulties which await the statesman who desires to give every unit in the Empire the independence without which it cannot realize its destiny, while he at the same time preserves the integrity of the Empire, or it may be harmony in the unit itself.

How, then, is this great and pressingly necessary task to be accomplished ? By means of a Pan-Britannic Parliament, or what ? There has long existed what may be called a Pan-Britannic ideal, which has for its object the political as well as the social confederation of the British peoples. It desiderates a Pan-Britannic Parliament, by means of which every country peopled by men and women of British stock, or by races politically correlated to that stock, shall constitutionally express itself

as united in purpose, with respect to the mutual and interdependent welfare of all, and with respect to the Empire's relations to the rest of the world ; and yet, with respect to its own local and national affairs, each and every unit of the confederation shall remain constitutionally free to do as it likes by means of its own local legislature, subject to the permanent inter-imperial interest of all, regarded as a single world-power.

But this scheme does not appear to be simple enough, or flexible enough, to meet all the present needs of the British Empire. Admittedly, it does not exclude the idea of mutual intermixture in the case of peoples, homogeneous in race, though different in nationality. For instance, the German Empire has, presumptively, more people than it has room for ; the British Empire, especially in Australia, has immeasurable areas, lying undeveloped for lack of population. The British motherland herself, apparently, has not the spare people of the kind that are required to meet the necessity of the case, and there is a growing apprehension that Australia's emptiness will tempt either China or Japan, separately or together, in the near future. This, in its turn, entails unproductive expenditure and disturbing potential preparation on the part of Britain and Australia, whose people will not listen—at least not at present, and perhaps never—to the propositions that the international circumstances might be changed, and Australia industrially developed, by the wholesale introduction of Asiatic men as workers.

However, as already said, the circumstances do not exclude the idea of an international scheme for colonising Australia's unpeopled spaces with Germany's surplus population. Germans are already coming in dribblets to Queensland, but why should they not do so by the million, under international organisation and compact ; not, of course to settle in Australia as Imperial German Colonists, but as Australian settlers and citizens of the British Empire, as their compatriots have done (without international organisation) in America ? In this way, Australia would be assured of becoming, all through, a Caucasian country ; the commerce of the world would receive a momentous impetus, and the international situation in Europe would become a hundred-fold more favourable to industrial progress, to assured peace and permanent prosperity. Indeed, it may be that ere long British, Australian and German statesmen will turn their attention and

that of their compatriots to this great subject, and if they do so with success, they will surely render a memorable service to their own countries and the world.

This, however, is merely an illustration by the way, to show what incidental international developments would still be quite feasible under the most comprehensive realisation of the Pan-Britannic ideal; but it does not—does it?—present that ideal itself as being sufficiently comprehensive for all the immediate needs of the British Empire, which includes another Empire—that of India, whose historic dignity and value to mankind are beyond estimation. Yet though students of history admit the greatness, know the value, and recognise the social and political rights of India and its peoples, there are parts of the British Empire where Indians are neither admitted to citizenship, nor treated with sympathy or equity. The average citizen of such places resolutely persists in regarding all Indians alike as aliens, and this sentiment is represented in the local laws and expressed in their administration, sometimes with discreditable narrowness and ruthless rancour. Yet in parts of the Empire where these things prevail, Indians are admitted in large numbers to supply cheap labour to financial speculators or industrial exploiters; and the question, is, whether the permanent Imperial Authority should not prevent this injustice to its Indian subjects, and whether, were that Authority to become the executive of a Pan-Britannic Parliament, it could expect to receive sympathy or assistance from those overseas communities, where this anti-Indian sentiment leavens public opinion. Yet there are those who hold that the acute racial troubles which arise now and then throughout the British Dominions not only constitute a strong argument in favour of the early establishment of an Empire Parliament, but practically prove that such a parliament is necessary to the maintenance of the Empire's integrity. Others who see difficulties in this connection, still agree that not only the social and political harmony, but the prosperity of the Empire, as a whole, makes it necessary that these outbursts of racial feeling should be constantly averted with the utmost care and forethought. Unless this is done consistently and continuously, the Empire must run very grave risks. Indeed, this is plain enough; but the question is: How are these risks to be averted? Experience does not encourage hope in the matter from the

spontaneous action of individual Dominions. Yet is this failure on the part of individual Dominions to be allowed to endanger the fabric of the Empire as a whole? Surely, no really thoughtful man or woman anywhere in the Empire will reply in the affirmative; nor, surely, will anyone say that events must be allowed to shape themselves. What then, should be done?

This, indeed, is the paramount question, and it paramountcy makes it as difficult as it is urgent. No doubt, there are many who will at once reply that nothing but an Empire Parliament can be expected to deal effectively with such subjects, and that, apart from other reasons, the necessity for dealing with such subjects on broad Imperial lines sufficiently justifies the early creation of a Parliament of the Empire; in fact, makes the creation necessary in the interest of the Empire as a whole. Certainly those who argue thus can say with considerable cogency that, even with the highest intelligence and the utmost goodwill in the world, it is impossible for Britain to govern the British Empire, as an Empire of many units, through the British Ministry; otherwise a grand committee of the House of Commons elected solely by the voters of the Three Kingdoms. Assuredly Britain has her own wrongs to redress, her own burning questions, her own party counter-currents, and her own personal ambitions dependent on these; and with all that pressure and hurly-burly to distract and absorb their minds, it must, indeed, be hard for any body of purely British public men to know well what appertains to the British Empire outside Britain, or to be in a position to deal with the interests of the Empire as a whole, except in so far as these interests may happen to be closely in touch with Britain's own domestic politics. *Prima facie*, therefore, there is logic on the side of those who maintain that the remedy for this is the constitution of a body which will represent the Empire; that is, a body consisting of duly elected or accredited representatives of the units of the Empire; in other words, a Pan-Britannic Parliament; the units of course, to have their own domestic legislatures or Parliaments, while the Empire, as a whole, would be under the jurisdiction of a Parliament elected by the units in the terms of a constitution common to them all.

But though in theory and on paper this is all very well, what about translating it into practice, and immediately, too? This

indeed, is the rub of the whole matter for the present generation. Very likely there will yet be a Pan-Britannic Parliament of the kind desiderated and described; but when? In the nature of things, not for many a long day. Yet something empire-embracing, not yet possessed by the Empire, is needed at once in the Empire's interest. The instant creation of an Empire Parliament would be out of the question, even if every part of the Empire were accustomed to the working of representative institutions. As very important, very populous parts of the Empire are not so accustomed, the act of immediate creation is proportionately still more out of the question. Yet a vital and comprehensive change is needed at once in the interest of the Empire. It must also be a change which will secure intimate knowledge with respect to national or racial units, in a way which will lead to the continuous co-ordination of all such knowledge, and to making it constantly available to the Government which stands for the Empire as a whole and is bound, without arbitrarily interfering with self-governing units, to see that all races within the imperial jurisdiction are treated on that Principle of Sympathy, which involves insight, entails justice, and requires that neither humanity nor racial integrity shall be subordinated to any material interest connected with industry, trade, or commerce. Whenever or wherever there is a matter of choice between dollars and men, the Empire, like Abraham Lincoln, must be for the men every time and all the time. Exploitation must be tolerated in no shape or form or under any pretence, for its existence means that the Principle of Sympathy—comprehensive human consideratness—counts for nothing with the exploiters in their treatment of those whom, in this way or that way, they manage to subordinate to their purposes. Disguise it as they may, talk they ever so grandiosely about enterprise, progress and the rest of it, their sole object is gain—the acquisition of more dollars, and still more and more of them, no matter at what cost to those without whom they cannot make them; while the only object worthy of a great Empire is justice in the government of every people within its jurisdiction, with an operative sympathy for their racial integrity or characteristics, a comprehensive recognition of their citizenship, actual or potential, and a fixed determination that all alike shall be treated with humanity, under an insisently enlightened application of that Principle of Sympathy, without which Government

is a mockery and life a gladiatorial arena. No Government has yet risen to the height of this argument, but it is more than time that every Government did so ; nay, those that fail will assuredly ere long be weighed in the balance and found wanting by the Genius of Humanity. It is the doom they deserve, and their doom it will be.

And the British Empire, not less than any others, stands clearly within the scope of this destiny, to avert which, its statesmen must at once call in aids not hitherto used by them. These, too, may, prove to be singularly simple, though, of course, they will have to be such that the Principle of Sympathy will be expressed more comprehensively and continuously than it has ever yet been in the governance of the Empire.

What is it, then, in the way of political machinery that is needed to secure these great ends without delay, without the creation of a new Parliamentary organ, without effecting the constitutional authority of the present Imperial Executive, and without prejudice to any constitutional movements, the objective of which is the evolution of a Pan-Britannic Parliament? The Constitution already possesses the principle in the Privy Council—a body of merely nominal functions; and why not apply it to an Imperial or Pan-Britannic Privy Council, composed of members called from all parts of the Empire: some perhaps (as in the case of the Imperial Conference) nominated or elected by the self-governing Dominions, others summoned or selected, on a definite plan, by the Imperial Government from non-self-governing portions. This Pan-Britannic Privy Council or Imperial Board of Advice and Suggestion would, of course, be a consultative body, with obligations and duties in the matter of keeping the Imperial Executive intimately informed in regard to all things affecting the individual and collective interests of the races or countries represented by its members. In this way the Imperial Government would be placed in a position to assure to all parts of the Empire, very much more effectively than it can under existing conditions, a régime rooted in the Principle of Sympathy—a régime sympathetically discriminative with respect to races or territorial units, yet collective in its administrative influence or all those together—with preferential favour to none, fear of none and justice to all as its prevailing characteristics.

If the major propositions are admitted, it is not necessary to specify minutely, here and now, how the proposed change can be carried into effect. Whether the Imperial or Pan-Britannic Privy Council should be constantly or intermittently in London, or how often its members should return for instructions, information, or inspiration to the dominions, territories or provinces which they represent, or be subject to replacement by other representatives—these are matters of detail, which, though not unimportant, do not need to be dealt with at the present stage.

It is, then, true that there is now a constitutional crisis in the British Empire—a crisis in the great process of Pan-Britannic Evolution? It is true that the crisis is so vital that it calls for instant treatment—for an effective change in the Empire's administration machinery? Is it true that this change cannot, in the important matter of immediacy, be accomplished by means of a Pan-Britannic Parliament, however desirable or necessary this institution may be as the ultimate remedy, or however advisable it may be to begin at once to work towards it? Is it true that an adequate provisional remedy might conveniently and at once, be found in an Imperial (or Pan-Britannic) Privy Council, based—in the matter of the method of its constitution—partly on His Majesty the King and Emperor's Most Honourable Privy Council, and partly on the Imperial Conference; and that this Imperial Privy Council, as a consultative and advisory body, would or should (as nothing else could) enable the Imperial Government to administer and influence the Empire's business, with a sympathy and comprehension in regard to racial and territorial units, and with an assurance of success with respect to the Empire as a whole, unattainable by any other immediately available means?

These questions would seem to sum up the position. Is it not obvious, too, that each of them must be answered in the affirmative, and that, therefore, no duty is now more urgently incumbent on statesmen than that of answering—in some such way as that which the writer has indicated—the Call of the Crisis which now besets the great process of Pan-Britannic evolution, or, more simply, menaces the effective perpetuity of the British Empire?

It may be that there is nothing novel in this view of the matter, and that others have been thinking about it with judgment, and speaking or writing about it convincingly; but inasmuch

as the present writer has, in his own country, been also thinking and publicly writing about it off and on for at least ten years, he feels under no obligation to make acknowledgments as references, especially as, in the first instance, his convictions were the result of his own observation, study and reflection. He hopes, indeed, that many have been thinking, speaking and writing as he assumes they may have been, and that very many more will do so wisely, well and soon, for he is profoundly convinced that, for those whom it most concerns, it is a case of—Awake, arise, or be, for ever fallen.

JOHN CHRISTIE.

New Zealand.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE REVISION OF THE PURANAS AND ITIHASAS.

NO question can be of greater concern to the Hindu—I mean a follower of Sanatan Dharma—than that which affects the very foundations of his faith. I therefore earnestly invite the attention of my thinking co-religionists to a subject vitally affecting Hinduism, viz., differences in the readings of the Puranas and Itihasas current in different parts of the country owing to interpolations, additions etc., and the need of concerted action for dealing with these very grave defects.

It would be superfluous for me to go in detail into the proofs regarding the existence of foreign matter in the texts of the Puranas etc. Suffice it to say that Indian and Western scholars are agreed—as would be at once evident to all careful readers—that there are passages in our Scriptures which not only do not harmonise with the context but which are sometimes antagonistic to it. Whole chapters have been, in some cases, added to, or deleted from the text, as appears from their not being mentioned in the list of contents and not tallying with the references in other cognate works, not to speak of the internal evidence as regards difference of matter and style. There are differences of entire chapters, and not mere verses, for example, in the Valmiki Ramayan of Bengal and of Benares. The manuscript of the Puranas in various parts of India show the same divergences, being reproduced when they are printed.

There is nothing to be surprised at in this state of things. Even in classical works in English, which have been produced after the art of printing became well-established, there are variations in readings which have continued to puzzle students and critics. What wonder, then, that there should be insertions of extraneous matter, as well as additions and alterations of the

text, in our sacred books in question, written as they were before the invention of printing and copied for long eventful centuries (marked by religious and political revolutions, in which many original works were destroyed) by persons of different qualifications, belonging probably to different cults and sects? In the conflict of creeds and confusion of conceptions through which we have passed, unscrupulous zealots and partisans must needs have changed, introduced or cut out verses and chapters to suit their fancy or belief. Ignorant transcribers also must have played their part. And pretentious Pandits too (of the type of those who put Kabir's or Soor Das's names to their own compositions) might have had their share. To whatever cause it may have been due, it is certain that, intentionally or inadvertently interpolations, abbreviations and additions of a most harmful character have been made in the Puranas and Itihasas.

It goes without saying that it is the duty of every Hindu to rid the sacred works of these serious blemishes. They accentuate sectarian feeling within our community. They often run counter to the basic principles of Sanatan Dharma. They import trivial, contentious matter into grand and lucid compositions. They weaken the faith of hasty Hindus in their creed. They furnish a handle to the unfriendly critics of Hinduism. They do harm in a hundred other ways which are too patent to need pointing out. Instead of religious themes, we find that matters of a reverse character have crept in. Therefore the Scriptures are likely to lose their spiritual value in the eyes of the educated Hindus themselves and their belief in these works cannot but be shaken. What vast amount of money and energy are being devoted by other nations for the spread of their religion! Can we not spend a little time and money for the sake of upholding our own faith, by freeing it from baneful accretions? It should not be beyond our means and ability to collect and compare all the available readings (printed and manuscript) of the *Purana*, *Upa Purana*, and *Maha Purana* as well as the *Ramayan* and *Mahabharat* together with *Harivamsa* and *Yogavashistha*, and reconstruct revised and authorised texts of the same by striking out palpably interpolated matter. A board consisting of the foremost Pandits in the country might be constituted for the purpose, and maintained as long as it should be necessary for the completion of the work.

I would suggest, with this end in view, that a Mahadhi-veshan of the Bharat Dharma Mahamandal be convened at the ensuing Hardwar Kumbh, and that the subject be given prominence among others to be taken up for consideration. At such a representative gathering of Hindus of light and leading from all parts of the empire, the question of ways and means, the programme of work and other details could be settled satisfactorily and a Standing Committee formed under the Mahamandal to carry out the project. I think the business would take at least ten years and cost two lakhs or more. The expenses can be met from a fund raised for the purpose or from monthly subscriptions amounting to at least Rs. 1,000 a month. I shall be glad to contribute my humble mite to meet the expenses of the great undertaking. If it be decided to raise a couple of lakhs, I would pay Rs. 20,000 in lump or Rs. 100 a month provided Rs. 1,80,000 is guaranteed and the Heads of the principal mutts and sects, as well as the Ruling Chiefs, nobles and other Hindus of influence give their sympathy and support to the scheme. The time is ripe for some such action to be taken in the matter. Further indifference and vacillation on our part would expose the whole structure to the risk of undermining.

I shall be thankful for opinions regarding my proposal either sent to me or to the Head Office of the Mahamandal at Benares.

JESWANT SINGH.

Sailana.

THE SALVATION ARMY AND THE CRIMINAL TRIBES OF INDIA. ••

NOT content with the splendid work it has performed in rescuing many of the "submerged residuum"—the inhabitants of slums in the large European cities, people who were sunk in a slough of vice and who were almost devoid of any sort of religious instinct—the Salvation Army now extends its operations to lands often (although not very accurately) described as "heathen." In India a new channel for the energies of the Mukhti Fauj—as the Army is named in Urdu—has been discovered by the acceptance on the part of one of the Local Governments—that of the United Provinces—of an offer by the Salvation Commissioner, Mr. Booth Tucker, formerly a member of the Civil Service in the Punjab, to undertake the reformation of certain wandering gangs, known officially as the Criminal Tribes and whose reclamation from their present mode of life has proved too difficult a task for the authorities to accomplish.

Last year no less than eighty officers left England to assist in this campaign, and another big batch of the martial missionaries is now on its way eastward, showing the demand for labourers in the vineyard to be urgent and on a larger scale than first estimated. Before describing the methods which the Salvation Army is employing in the arduous task of taming hereditary gipsies, most of them belonging to clans who have been accustomed for generations past to subsist on crime, it will not be out of place to mention the various schemes tried—and in vain—by the Local Government of the United Provinces in dealing with these "minions of the moon."

An Act, specially intended to reduce the Criminal Tribes to some degree of order and subjection to the Law, was passed in the early "seventies" and might have answered its purpose

but for two reasons. Little was then known of the history of many of the tribes, hence some of the worst—from a Police point of view—were excluded from the provisions of the Act, while one of the most salutary of those conditions—the power of arresting any member of a proclaimed Tribe who was found wandering at a distance from the locality where his fellows possessed to have their permanent abode, and unprovided with an authenticated Pass—was permitted to become a dead letter. The subordinate Native Police were apathetic in the matter, and seldom bothered themselves to learn the distinguishing traits of the various sects of wanderers, nor had the average European officer good opportunities for acquiring knowledge on that point. In the United Provinces, where most of the people under discussion are to be met with—although distinct Tribes frequent Madras, Bombay, Bengal proper, and the Punjab—only the Barwars, of whom mention will be made later on, were placed under constant supervision and had the pass system strictly applied to them. Orders were next issued to “round up” some of the most troublesome gangs and such of them as were captured were interned within the limits of the Sultanpur Settlement, a sort of penal colony in charge of the Jail Superintendent of the Oudh district bearing that name. The idea was to teach the gipsies certain industrial arts and to gradually wean them from the evil habits of their ancestors. Municipalities were also invited to provide occupation for such males as showed signs of reformation and one of these public bodies applied for, and received, the services of about a score of those penitents. Unfortunately their repentance was not of long duration, for they merely waited till they had got sufficient wages for their immediate wants, and cleared off to resume a life of crime and a nomadic existence “under the greenwood tree.” The love for roving at freedom was not to be eradicated so easily as the authorities imagined. Private landowners, with property requiring the help of unskilled labour to clear away the jungle, and bring the land under cultivation, were then offered the assistance from the Settlement, but fared little better than the urban authorities. The gipsies either decamped as soon as they saw fit to do so or performed a minimum of field labour in the day, while resuming their true métier as thieves during the time darkness prevailed over the countryside.

To enable the reader to appreciate the obstacles facing the Local Government in this matter, it will be necessary to relate the peculiarities of the different Tribes ; the distinguishing features of the several castes, or more correctly gangs, that comprise the Criminal Tribes as a whole, the *modus operandi* followed by them in committing crime and the measures adopted to baffle the efforts of their natural enemies, the Police. The system now being tried by the Salvation Army in its endeavour to reclaim these lawless folk, when the ordinary machinery of the Penal Code and the steps taken by District Magistrates have but partially succeeded in the same enterprise, appears likely, in course of time, to prove equal to the task before it.

Three Settlements—Colonies they are called—have been established under the auspices of the Mukhti Fauj, namely, at Gorakhpur, Moradabad, and Alghurh, three important centres in the United Provinces. The first of these Reformatory institutions is devoted to the Doms, some section of which numerous caste need not be counted as engaged in criminal pursuits, as for ages past they have earned a living at the Burning Ghats of Benares, where they are in attendance at the last funeral rites of pious Hindus who may have come to spend the last period of their earthly existence within the precincts of that sacred city ; an act supposed to be ample expiation for offences committed in other parts of India. Many Doms, moreover, have learnt the art of brick-making and, save for occasional lapses from virtue in the shape of petty thefts, give little trouble to the Gorakhpur officials, in which district the bulk of the Tribe have their abode. One subdivision of the Dom race, to wit the Maghyas, used to wander over the adjacent country and live by crime, but many of them are forsaking that pernicious practice and may be seen in the Salvation colony busied in learning some simple, yet honest, form of labour. The Moradabad experiment had a harder problem to tackle when the Army took over the Sansiahs, a particularly troublesome Tribe, known as Bhattus in some parts of the provinces, and who were never backward in the commission of serious offences, like highway robbery and dacoity. After several disheartening experiences, owing to the Sansiahs escaping from the Colony and immediately reverting to the ways of their forefathers, the Salvationist

officers in charge at Moradabad have succeeded in lessening, and hope eventually to remove altogether, the obstinate dislike entertained by the Sansiahs for honest labour. Weaving is being taught to the inmates of that settlement, so in course of time it ought to be almost self-supporting. The remaining Colony at Aligurh is occupied chiefly by Haburahs and Berias, two tribes with nearly similar customs and both addicted to the more heinous forms of crime ; in fact they are little inferior in this respect to the Sansiahs at Moradabad. Aligurh possesses as is well known, a fine College for the education of young Mahomedans, where there is a staff of English masters, and which more closely resembles a Public School in its mode of working than perhaps any other institution of the same kind in India. Recently letters appeared in the *Pioneer* and other organs of the Anglo-Indian Press, protesting against the presence of the Colony in the neighbourhood of the College. The writers were parents or guardians of scholars and complained that the latter were apt to fall an easy prey to the wiles of the Beriah women who, whether matron or maid, do not hold pretension to morality and universally belong to what Kipling calls the " oldest profession in the world." The Lieutenant-Governor has acceded to the request of the anxious parents, not without an amusing sequence, and one characteristic of India, having occurred. His Honour, after arranging with the Salvation Army about locating the Colony further from the College, decided to utilise the forsaken site as a suitable spot for a Police Station, situated as it was inside the old Aligurh Fort, the scene of a hard-fought battle in the beginning of the last century. That announcement has excited as much, if not more, protests from the Mahomedan community than was roused by the proximity of the Beriahs to the College patronised by Young Islam.

Depraved as that Tribe undoubtedly is, signs are not wanting to show that the unflagging patience, assiduous care and sympathetic attitude assumed by the Salvationists in dealing with the unruly charges, are having some effect. At all events they seem destined to meet with fairer prospects of success than the more drastic treatment favoured by officialdom without achieving the object in view. Being in daily contact with the European Staff appointed by the Army to manage these Colonies, evidently has a restraining effect, an educational

influence over people unused to kindness and who have fitly been dubbed "Modern Ishmaelites" by a Police Officer who has written a very interesting little brochure on the Criminal Tribes! his pamphlet containing a fund of curious information regarding that vagrant community. It will be convenient to follow the classification chosen by the author of the work in question, namely, as separating the Tribes under three main heads; those who occupy a group of villages in the United Provinces which may fairly be pronounced their permanent home, and who never break the Law in the vicinity of such residence but depart every year on plundering expeditions to other parts of India, much in the same fashion as did the Thugs of a former day. Next, we have Tribes who have no fixed abode of any kind but move from district to district, camping at a distance from human habitations, and who live by crime of every description, from ordinary trespass on the fields of a landowner and petty thefts from his tenantry to attacks on rich travellers and "looting" merchants on their way home from the weekly markets common to rural India. Lastly come the castes who certainly lead a vagrant existence but who may reasonably be acquitted of the charge of habitual criminality; who are, in fact, akin to the gipsies still to be met with occasionally in less populous tracts of Great Britain. The folk who earn a livelihood by snake charming; the tribes of acrobats (Natts); the Kalendar with his performing bears (whose name recalls the Arabian Nights), the fortune-teller and the juggler, all must be included in this third class of wanderers. They afford harmless amusement to village audiences and a source of pleasure, not of annoyance, to the agricultural masses of a country where theatrical performances, Cinema shows, and other recreations provided for the British public are unknown outside the principal cities. Varying as are the tribal customs of the castes enumerated, certain points are common to every one of the Tribes: especially to those who commit offences against the Law and who detest the notion of that policy—honest policy—said to be the best in the long run. Each Tribe claims descent from one of the superior castes of Hinduism—in the Provinces under discussion, there are a few Mahomedan gangs—and relate wild legends in support of such assertion. The Barwars declare that they were originally

Kurmis, a caste famed for their skill as small farmers, and of industrious habits generally. The Haburah and the Beriah strive to prove affinity with certain proud Rajput clans and the Sansiah ascribes his being often termed a Bhattu to the fact of his ancestors filling the once important post of family bard (bhat) in the houses of gallant chiefs of Rajputana. For purposes that can easily be guessed the members of a Criminal Tribe have a tongue of their own, a species of thieves' Latin, in which they can converse with one another without dread of being understood by anybody listening to their talk. The philologist would discover many entertaining details were he to study the expressions contained in these peculiar dialects. To give two instances that occur to us on the spur of the moment. The Beriahs use the word "Toke" to denote bread, a phrase that recalls memories of the "Tuck Shop" at school, and the mess of bread and milk known to the lower orders in some parts of Great Britain as "toke." In London a person who gives information to the Police and acts as an Informer, is called a "nark"; and the Khajar gipsies in the Muttra District speak of the individual who "preaches" about the doings of a gang as a "narruk," pronounced in almost identical fashion.

The tribes belonging to the first of our three divisions usually start on a predatory excursion when the rains cease, the Hindu festival of the Dashera being the usual time fixed upon as a signal that the close season is over and that it is time to go a-hunting after the goods and chattels of other folk. It should be noted that a like rule prevailed among the Thugs and the Pindari hordes, the former taking omens prior to leaving their homes and the same signs being deemed auspicious by the Beriah fraternity. The appearance of certain animals, a donkey, peacock, deer or jackal, bear precisely the same significance in the superstitious mind of a Beriah as they do in that of a Thug: everything depending on whether the creatures just mentioned are seen to the right or left of persons watching for their appearance. Not that the Beriahs employ these terms for denoting direction but speak of things as being "On Ganges side or Jumna side," a queer custom due to the tribe living at the apex of the Upper Doab in a district bounded on the west by the former, and on the east by the latter river. Thanks to the

extension of the railways, the Beriahs can cover great distances in comparatively short time and without the toil of marching along a high road, as did their grandfathers. A few years ago, some of this Tribe broke into a temple at Trivandrum in the Madras Presidency at least two thousand miles away from their villages in Mozuffarnagar, and carried off booty to the tune of a lakh and a half, about fifteen thousand pounds sterling. They do not neglect their wives and families remaining behind to look after the plots of ground cultivated during the other seasons of the year, but remit money to those relatives by means of the Money Order system resembling the Postal Orders in use in England. Of course a good clue to their crimes could be obtained by inspecting the postal records of the local office in Mozuffarnagar, but red-tape forbids that obvious proceeding. Consequently, the Beriah, unless caught *in flagrante delicto* has a fair chance of returning in safety from his annual tour. Disguised as a Brahmin ascetic as a rule, but with the forehead marks (tilak) painted in a slightly different manner to that favoured by the real Goshain or Sadhu, he easily passes muster among strangers, to whom a person from northern India is nearly as much a foreigner as a Russian would be in sunny Spain. He further dons a necklace of ruse beads, which are so arranged as to identify him at once by other members of the clan he may chance to meet with on his travels. The Police Officer alluded to above managed to secure for a consideration the services of two Beriahs as informers and posted them at the biggest railway junction on the route from the Central Provinces to the United Provinces. This led to the arrest of over a score of Beriahs on their way homewards after a successful trip in search of other people's property and enabled the local Constabulary to trace the authors of a good many burglaries lately committed in that part of the Indian Empire. The informers probably did not interfere with many of their own relations who were engaged on a voyage of discovery, but apparently had no fear of consequences when they put the Police on the track of the men arrested. The only stipulation they made was, that they were not to be produced in Court as evidence, which demand was granted, as once they informed the local police about a person, the latter had not much trouble in working out the case, articles of stolen property being usually

recovered from the Bériahs on being taken into custody. By the way, the word "swank" by which the Bériahs understand stolen goods, bears a strong resemblance to the "swag" spoken of by Fagin & Co.

The Bériah has been sketched as an example of the Criminal Tribe that behaves honestly at home, but most dishonestly when out on the warpath, and the Haburahs and Bériahs may be selected as specimens of Tribes always on the move, without any permanent place of residence, who never refrain from breaking the Law when opportunity for doing so offers itself. The encampments of these gangs are never far distant from a patch of jungle, handy refuge should a sudden raid be attempted by the Police or a posse of villagers, seeking to take the law into their own hands, and drive off those unwelcome intruders, those insolent trespassers, on to the lands of decent cultivators; in short, a race pronounced a perfect pest by the bulk of the rural community. "Rushing" a camp tenanted by the Tribes named above is a job the Native Police have profound distaste for, not that they fear the resistance of the male gipsies armed with stout bludgeons, but they greatly dread the particularly vile abuse showered on them by the females of a gang. Nor do those women so withered, and so wild in their attire rest content with mere verbal attacks, for they will not hesitate to throw filth of every description at the invaders of their camp or threaten to dash out the brains of a gipsy brat in order that the curse attached to so foul a crime be diverted from the actual culprit to the innocent constables. Their huts are of the flimsiest kind, a few yards of dirty canvass, or bamboo screens covered with coarse thatch, answering the purpose of shelter from the elements. Portable furniture they have none, save a few cane stools and charpoys (bedsteads) devoid of a mattress to cover the strings that are stretched across the wooden uprights. Holes carefully hollowed out of the latter, frequently serve as a hiding place for trinkets and other stolen property of small dimensions.

Attacks on travellers is the favourite method for obtaining money and goods among Haburahs and their fellows of the Bériah and Bhattu clans, but with the extension of railways, fewer persons are now met with journeying along the highways of Hindustan. As remarked above, the Bériah women are frail

beauties and ready to sell their charms to the first bidder.

Many a zemindar has a *bonne amie* from one of these gangs, in return for whose friendship he harbours her relatives and gives the leader—for every gang has its recognised head-man—timely warning of a contemplated raid by the Police.

The Barwars of the Gonda district are the sole tribe to which the Pass system has been applied, but they do not indulge in as violent forms of crime as the people just mentioned. Their special kind of theft reminds one rather of the "kinckin' lay," suggested by Fagin to his new recruit, Mr. Noah Claypole. The Barwar works in unison with three or more members of his gang and frequents the waiting halls for native passengers at some big railway station or at the river *ghats* where bathers congregate. Articles of clothing, brass cooking or drinking vessels, and unconsidered trifles of that sort, are deftly appropriated by a Barwar, who at once passes them on to his confederates. The latter repair to a trysting spot decided upon beforehand, while the real thief—the man who "conveyed" the property—resolutely stands his ground and is usually among the first to condole with the victim, bewailing the remissness of the Police and the shame of robbing poor people at a distance from their homes.

None of the Criminal Tribes can be said to hold definite religious beliefs of any sect, or of either creed, Mahommedan or Hindu; they might be better classed as animists than anything else. At the same time, they employ a Brahmin at times of a birth, marriage, or death occurring in a gang and hold certain shrines in special veneration. Of these the temple of Devi—a synonym for Kali, Goddess of murder and the pet divinity worshipped by Thugs—at Bindachal; the shrine of Juggernaut at Puri; and the tomb of the gallant crescentader Syud Salar, in the Bahraich district, are three spots where the genuine Barwar thinks it wicked to ply his dishonest calling. The Beriah Tribe are perhaps the most cosmopolitan in their rules, for anybody, whether follower of Islam or Hinduism, can become an enrolled member of that community, and the writer found a Brahmin and a Mahommedan tailor living cheek by jowl in perfect amity.

The path towards conversion has been somewhat smoothed for the Salvationists, with their fervid preaching and charitable creed that nobody is too bad to be saved, by the absence of

other antagonistic beliefs among the Wanderers, hence the minds of the latter are a blank page, on which by unwearying patience and perseverance the Army officers hope, ere long, to inscribe the glad Gospel tidings and the moral truths of the Christian faith. From the latest accounts published, it appears that, in spite of a certain number of failures—hardened criminals, too wedded to a life of vagrant freedom, with the excitement of dodging the Police and the wild pleasure connected with a successful attack on law-abiding villagers or rich traders—desertions from the Salvation settlements are becoming of rarer occurrence than was the case when these were first started, and the rising generation of Indian gipsies will probably have different ideas about the livelihood problem than their parents brought up amid less wholesome surroundings. It is hard to resist the temptation to describe other Tribes and their characteristics, but the process would fatigue the majority of English readers. So one must perforce leave the Kanjars, Sanauriahs, Chapparbands, and Natts, till some future occasion, should such arise. Lovers of folk-lore and students of philology have a rich field of research awaiting them where the Criminal Tribes of India are concerned, and doubtless much curious and interesting information might be gathered by visiting one of the Settlements where the Mukhti Fauj is busy in its good work of reclaiming a race of beings hitherto regarded as impossible to reduce to law and order.

ARTHUR N. GORDON

Shahjahanpur

THE STILL-BORN BILL.

THE Council of India Bill has been rejected by the Lords. It was championed by Lords Morley and Crewe and opposed by Lords Curzon and Ampthill. The discussion has not made it clear whether Lord Hardinge was ever consulted. The Government of India has disowned all knowledge of the measure. The *Times* in a leading article remarks that the rejection of the Bill by the Lords has met the widespread desire of the people of India, while the supporters of the Bill say that it will undermine the confidence of the people in the good intentions of the Government. The *Times* seems to have gathered its information from the astral plane, for the people of India have said very little for or against the Bill. There are not many who know exactly the relations which exist between the India Office and the Government of India. Even the Congress deputation did not seem to have any definite suggestions to offer. It was generally presumed that the Bill aimed at little more than simplifying the procedure, and to expediting the disposal of references from India.

The whole controversy seems to have turned on the point whether it is the Secretary of State who is to control and direct the policy of the Government of India, or the Governor-General in Council. So far as official opinion in India goes, it is rarely satisfied with any Viceroy or Secretary of State. It has no policy of permanent use, and resents any guidance from without. There can be no question that the Viceroy ought to be in a position to meet the situation as it arises, with the loyal support of both official and non-official India.

The whole question turned on the respective positions of the Secretary of State and the Viceroy of India. Lord Curzon and his friends were positive that the changes proposed would make

the Secretary of State an absolute ruler ; while Lord Crewe contended that it made hardly any change in the position of the Secretary of State ; an opinion which was possibly shared by Lord Hardinge.

Looking into the text of the Bill, some of the new provisions seem innocent enough. It was proposed to relieve the Secretary of State from signing all the papers issued from the India Office himself, and allowed him the option of framing rules, with the approval of his council, for the transaction of business without the cumbersome method of having every paper pass through the hands of a committee. Secondly, it approved of the reservation of a certain kind of business for the disposal of the Secretary of State himself. He can deal with any matter even now as urgent, and inform his council which allows the members, if they desire, to record their opinion afterwards on it. Both these proposals indicate no radical departure. The change would have simplified procedure and enabled the Secretary of State to dispose of work of an ordinary nature as a matter of routine. It would have restricted the power of the Secretary of State, to deal with only specified and special cases, and allowed the council to have a larger control over things that matter. Even now the Secretary of State is personally responsible for war and peace, treaties and negotiations and confidential relations with foreign and Native States. Finally, the Bill reduced the quorum from 5 to 3, which was inevitable, when the number of members was being reduced from 15 to 8. The Bill also aimed at providing an electoral panel for the two Indian Members of the council and aimed at placing every member of the council in charge of a department—a proposal which is, however, open to objection.

It is clear that the Bill was neither so innocuous as its promoters said it was, nor were the changes proposed of such a sweeping nature as to have made the Secretary of State the autocrat of the India Office, as its opponents feared: The Bill if it had gone to a committee, could have been easily shaped into a useful measure to meet the changed conditions, and the question will have to come up again for decision.

In its proposed form it is reasonable to suppose that the reduction in the number of members would have given the individual members a larger responsibility. The members might have asserted themselves and attempted to control depart-

ments in India ; such a contingency would have meant a change in the character of the council which is not at all desirable. The rejection of the Bill has put an end to all speculation. It leaves behind, however, the larger issue of a policy and a principle for the guidance of the Government of India unsolved. It would be idle to deny that while, on the one hand, the educated classes are impatient to have more power and influence in the government of their country, official India resents all such aspirations and has worked out no definite policy for its own guidance. It merely contents itself by criticising the Government of India and the busy-bodies at home.

The Viceroy is generally the one man in India who is in touch with the outside world and tries to follow a policy. He endeavours to take into account the gathering forces and is anxious to harness them for the good of the country. Official India, on the other hand, is enamoured of the traditions of an absolute rule which are not its own and which it is not in a position to follow. The spirit of comradeship which gives strength to an autocratic government is wanting. There are, of course, officials and officials, but the prevailing opinion, which has the support of the majority, stands for an autocratic personal rule. They are conscious of their power and are supported by the inherited assurance which is the result of unbroken success. They lack the fire and the impulse of great ideas and are losing their real prestige. The Viceroy comes but for five years and his council is soaked in traditions which refuse to take into account the new factors. The Secretary of State knows little about India himself, but he is in touch with the opinions that are now ruling the world and it is desirable that the Secretary of State, with the co-operation of the Viceroy, should be in a position to initiate a policy and inspire India with larger ideals of life.

The Viceroyalty of Lord Curzon consummated a policy and closed a period. The situation in India now demands a Government in touch with Indian educated opinion, on the one hand, and in sympathy with the conditions which obtain in the villages, on the other. The basis of the Government of India was broadened by the appointment of an Indian member to the Executive Council of the Viceroy and having an independent member in charge of the Department for commerce or finance. This was a change in the right direction. The Viceroy needs a council representing the

two sides, official and non-official, so that balanced opinion may guide the policy of the Government of India. It is also essential that the term of the Indian Viceroynalty should be extended from five to seven years, to enable the Viceroy to foster personal relations and loyalty towards the Crown and give his policy a certain amount of definiteness and permanency. It would be as well if many things which now go to the Secretary of State were left to the Government of India.

The Secretary of State should study and control the policy of the Government of India and have on his Council representative Indians and Anglo-Indians to help him to come to right conclusions. The admittance of the Indians in the Council of the Secretary of State and the Viceroy and some of the Provincial Governments, is nothing but the recognition of the policy of Akbar who, immediately after his conquest, associated Indians in the Government of the Empire and thereby assured the success and the glory of his rule. Surely, Englishmen, with their traditions of freedom, cannot grudge the right and the privilege which even an autocratic ruler conceded.

The Council of the Secretary of State is out of date and will have to be enlarged. It grew out of a board of trade and still concerns itself with things which a commercial board directing operations in foreign countries controls. The Government of India is now governing an empire and is concerned with problems which are beyond the scope of a board of trade. The procedure remains well-nigh the same and is in need of further change and expansion. The opposition to the suggested changes in the Secretary of State's council was justified on the ground that it would make the members of the council into Heads of Departments, who would sit in judgment on the decisions of the Government of India. The members drawn from the services, with their bureaucratic ideas, were bound to assert themselves and interfere in things with which they were not in complete touch, and Lord Curzon was right in opposing this proposal.

The Government of India ought to be free to work its own administration and send up only special and important cases for formal sanction. The Council of the Secretary of State must *expand into a Council of Empire, and make use of some of her Pro-Consuls as members for the guidance and control of the policy in India.* That is where a change is desirable. The Council

can begin with India and may be called the Council of the Indian Empire. It can have an executive, with a Secretary of State in charge, as at present, and a larger council with all the Pro Consuls and Governors as its members, who are really fit to shape the destinies of the Empire that they govern, and in which their interest is unfailing. It can also have representative Indians on its board to balance and guide the opinion in the right direction. This Imperial Council of India in London may some day grow into an Imperial Council for the Empire, and weld that Empire into a united whole, working for world-wide peace, progress and the highest possible attainment of social well-being.

JOGENDRA SINGH

Simla.

. . ENGLISH CLASSICS.

(Continued from our last Number.)

CHAPTER III.

THE BEGINNING OF REACTION

Cowper, Burns, Johnson, Burke, Gibbon, etc.

HAVING sketched the principal effects of the Revolution on English literature, let us now take a rapid review of the writers who came to maturity before that upheaval had begun to operate either for sympathy or otherwise in foreign countries. Cowper and Burns were not indeed men who could be quite indifferent to the momentous change, and of which the first impulse has been visible in the revolt of the American Colonies ; Johnson was fiercely opposed to it ; while Burke approved of its commencement, though he recoiled in horror from its later aspect as presented in France. With mere politics, of course, we have here no direct concern ; but the political changes which followed were but part of a general stirring of civilised mankind, and the men who are here mentioned already displayed an originality in letters which was another variation of the mighty theme.

William Cowper (1731-1800) belonged to a good English family, was sent to Westminster School as a boy, and afterwards studied law in a desultory manner until 1754, taking chambers in the Temple and being called to the Bar in that year. For the next eight years he led the life of an idle Londoner with small means and with no very definite aim in life. The gift of an appointment for which he thought himself unfit driving him to mental derangement, he was sent by his friends to the charge of a benevolent and skilful physician at St. Albans, from whose care, when recovered, he moved to Huntingdon. There he found friends in the family of the Rev. Mr. Unwin ; and on Unwin's death (1767) Cowper settled at Olney with the widow, who was destined

to continue his life-long friend. Unhappily he fell at the same time under the strong, but on the whole mischievous influence of the parish priest, a man named Newton who had been master of a slave-ship but had become an ardent Evangelical clergyman. At Olney Cowper joined in the composition of hymns, some of which are still used in worship; but he had a relapse of his mental disorder in 1773. In 1780 appeared signs of recovery, in the form of a volume of verse; and in 1782 his morbid condition was still further alleviated by the influence of a pleasant neighbour, Lady Austen. With Mrs. Unwin and his new friend to cheer him Cowper now passed several happy and healthy years, producing in 1785 the sane and cheerful poem called "The Task," and the immortal mirth of "John Gilpin." He then took in hand the translation of Homer, which gave him further employment until 1791. Three years later his circumstances were made easier by a State pension of £300 a year: but soon after followed the irreparable loss of Mrs. Unwin, Lady Austen having left the neighbourhood long since. Cowper now sank without relief or respite; his last piece "The Castaway," though not betraying any loss of power, testifies horror without hope. In 1800 he was mercifully taken from further suffering by death.

This sad history is important here as an incident in the growth of modern literature and in its emancipation from the semi-French school of the Restoration and its elaboration by Pope. By the time when Cowper's mind began to work in complete consciousness the old system had quite exhausted its reality for all earnest souls, and seemed to be degenerating into a sort of sing-song or cant which ultimately became intolerable. Cowper, it is true, did not abandon the established metres, but he used them with a new freedom. Moreover he introduced a sparing use of metaphor and of epithet, so rendering his style more direct and less artificial. Lastly he took up a new attitude towards "Nature" without going to the extreme lengths into which some of his successors wandered, he looked at sky and field through his own eyes and painted his scenery sincerely, even if usually regarding it as a mere background for human thought and action. He is thus evidently a precursor of reform, and the retirement in which he wrote, combined with good taste and a truthful character, to give his work even more importance than its intrinsic beauty may seem to justify.

An exceedingly original agent in the same work was the Scottish ploughman, who was the exact coeval of Cowper though in very different conditions. Robert Burns (1759-96) was a writer who, if mere merit were to determine the choice, might be dwelt on at a length as great as any writer between Pope and Tennyson. But he wrote his best things in Lowland Scotch, a dialect which, though undoubtedly a form of English, had by long disuse become almost obsolete amongst English readers; and from that reason, and others arising out of his circumstances, Burns is hardly an important factor in the development of our literature: with far more energy and fire than Cowper he has not had the same influence on succeeding authors. Burns in Southern English is common-place.

A writer whose precepts and example have had less weight with posterity than in his own time was Samuel Johnson (1709-84), once deemed an oracle and known as "the Great Cham (Khan) of Literature." This position was due to his massive strength of character, deep, though narrow with the culture and inflexible integrity for which he was famous; and these are qualities most impressive to those with whom a man is in immediate contact. He was brought up in the sunset of the old system and did not live to the dawn of the ensuing day. Nevertheless in his case also we find a bold and manly intellect departing somewhat from the traditional paths. In the domain of verse he wandered but little; keeping to the high road laid down by Pope and Dryden, though the matter was often more original than the form. But in prose Johnson was a successful inventor, almost holding the position in his own century which Carlyle was to fill two generations later. Johnson was one more of the eminent men who found it impossible to complete the University course, though in his case the failure was due to no cause but poverty. After an imprudent marriage and an unsuccessful attempt at school-keeping he went to London, where he joined the many adventurers who "starved in Grub-Street," according to the current phrase. In 1738 he produced a fine paraphrase of Juvenal (Sat. III) in a poem called "London," which immediately became famous. Some years later he was engaged by a syndicate of publishers to prepare a "Dictionary of the English Language which appeared in 1735, and long maintained its authority as a standard work; he received the then not inconsiderable sum of £1,575 for the copyright.

About the same time he produced some periodical essays after the manner rendered popular some years before by Joseph Addison. The first series of these bore the title of " Rambler," followed by a second called " The Idler "; in 1759 he published a tale in which, under the name of " Rasselas-Prince of Abyssinia," he endeavoured to deal with the same class of questions as were raised by Voltaire in the almost simultaneous book *Candide*, in which the brilliant Frenchman endeavoured to rally the Optimists, and console them for such disasters to their theory as the then recent earthquake of Lisbon. The Tenth Satire of Juvenal furnished Johnson with his finest poetical work, " The Vanity of Human wishes," the noble concluding lines of which may be pointed out to any one who may hesitate about Johnson being acknowledged as in any degree a poet. For some years he worked as a mere pamphleteer, with the exception that he had put his name to an edition of Shakspeare, alike unworthy of himself and of his subject. In 1775 he published an account of his tour in Scotland, which may still be read with pleasure and profit, concluding his active career with " Lives of the Poets." This work originally published in four 8vo. volumes, is impaired by the obscurity of many of the subjects of the *Lives*; no one on earth now wants to know anything of Sprat, Halifax, Yalden or Smith. But the masterly vigour of judgment and the freedom of the style have made the book an undoubted classic; and a portion of it has reappeared as such in modern times under the able editorship of the late Matthew Arnold. Johnson was granted a pension in 1762 and passed the next twenty years of his life as the admitted centre of one of the finest literary and artistic circles that London has ever seen. He died in 1784, leaving a name that was dear to his many friends and generally venerated in the world. It is less easy to take his exact measure now; he seems to have been greatest when seen near, by reason of his masculine character and the wisdom of his conversation; read coolly by Posterity, his style appears laboured and artificial to excess; the fact probably being that he had, for a long time, found it difficult to make written language the vehicle of original thought and that he only began to conquer that difficulty after years of strenuous practice. Hence his later work is the best that he did; and if not always an ideal writer he remains our mighty man-of-letters. Johnson's work in any case must not be overlooked. Like

Macaulay he reminded his contemporaries that prose was an art ; like Carlyle he taught mankind that all art was but a branch of human endeavour ; only valuable when cultivated in a spirit of earnest responsibility. The nation honoured Johnson with a statue in St. Paul's, but his best monument is in the dramatic and fascinating *Life* by his Scottish friend James Boswell.

Among the contemporaries of Johnson whose works are still read may be mentioned Oliver Goldsmith (1728-74), a native of Ireland, most of whose copious prose was written solely for money and has fallen into neglect ; while his poetry continues to please and his best comedy (" *She Stoops to Conquer* ") is not infrequently performed on the modern stage. His " *Vicar of Wakefield* " is a story which has never ceased to delight ; and it may be almost called a masterpiece of prose style. Another writer, who was once fashionable, and whose works are not yet quite out of date is Lawrence Sterne (1713-68). Sterne was the son of an officer in the army by a woman of the lower class ; and this mixture of race was visible in his life and writings. He was educated at a Grammar School and at Cambridge, and became a clergyman as a means of livelihood but it was as a writer of rambling romance that he made his way in the world. His " *Tristram Shandy* " has no plot, but the episodes are interesting and the reviews and reflections—with a good deal that is coarse, impertinent and artificial—are full of wit and often tender and true.

On the other side of the Atlantic English letters had but one servant at this time ; men's minds being there mostly absorbed in a struggle for political freedom. Benjamin Franklin (1708-90) had the fortune to be born and bred a Colonial subject of the British Crown, in a humble station, and to end his days as the honoured representative and idol of a young Republic. He said of himself that he " set a greater value on a doer of good than on the highest reputation " ; yet his writings have the charm of sincerity and of a solid if simple wisdom. The fact, in his case as in so many of his day, is that the " Age of Reason " was then in full career. Men were weary of speculation ; Philosophy was practical ; History was decorative ; Fiction was somnolent ; Poetry was nearly dead. A few more names, however in each branch may be profitably considered here.

By far the most original thinker of the period was Edmund

Burke (1729-97), born at Dublin and educated at the University there, which he left with a degree in 1748. Two years later he came over to London as a law-student and remained for the rest of his life a loyal Briton, though never unmindful of his native island. In 1756 he suddenly rose into celebrity by the publication of a little piece of pleasantry called "A Vindication of Natural Society," followed in the same year by the once famous "Inquiry into the origin of our ideas on the Sublime and Beautiful." After these experiments he turned to politics, revisiting Ireland on the staff of the Chief-Secretary in 1761. Four years later he entered the English Parliament, and in 1766 began to distinguish himself as an orator. In 1769 he produced two stirring political pamphlets; and five years after, took an active part in pleading with his British countrymen for justice and conciliation towards the North-American Colonies. In vain Johnson argued on the side of the Ministry: Burke loved him as a friend but was firm. This was Burke's reply: the question between Britain and the Colonies was not one of right but of expediency; even if she had the right—abstractedly—to tax them, the right was worthless if it could only be enforced at the cost of hate and bloodshed; when a whole people was concerned "he did not know the method of drawing up an indictment." This habit of going to practical rules of conduct in opposition to barren generalities is the salt that keeps Burke's writings from decay. Even when we do not agree with him we find that we are in the presence of a wisely sympathetic man. His language is marked by consistent and impressive dignity.

From the fall of Lord North to the end of 1783 Burke was in office: civil-service reform was set on foot and peace was concluded with "The United States," by which title the British Government agreed to recognise the Commonwealth established by the former Colonists. In 1786 began the impeachment of Warren Hastings in the conduct of which Burke took a prominent part: his speeches were much admired at the time; nevertheless from that moment a change, not for the better, has been thought to be observable in his style. In 1794 he made his last appearance in the case; but any violence into which he may have been then betrayed was of more harm than good to his cause, for the accused was acquitted on all the charges.

In 1790 Burke had already shown the same excitable temper,

in his "Reflections on the French Revolution," a movement which, when Burke wrote, had not been discredited by any atrocity worse than the bringing of the King and Queen from Versailles to Paris. Burke soon after ceased to take part in Parliamentary debate: but the former vehemence of his oratory passed into his writings which became inflamed and often more strongly expressed than could be justified by any canons of taste existing at that time. Burke's latest published work was the famous series of "Letters on a Regicide Peace." The way in which excitement affected the style of this very great and able writer may be partly traced in this title. "Peace" was not "regicide," the poor King had been dead nearly five years: but Burke evidently thought there was no harm in begging the question and suggesting to the public that it was wrong to negotiate with a nation where the sanctity of royalty had been violated. Nevertheless, however liable to be marred by temper, Burke's eloquence makes him a "Classic" of the English language. As for his philosophy, we have had a glimpse of it above: wherever a dignified expediency, a high sense of the accommodations due from man to man in civilised society, are found beneficially modifying abstract speculation in English life, there we are sure to feel the action and influence of the great Irishman who was proud of being a Briton also. Those who are not content without some higher flight must look elsewhere.

Of Philosophy apart from social and political application the period under consideration offers few instances. Adam Smith (1723-90) can hardly be called by any stretch of language a literary artist; his famous "Wealth of Nations" was a work that influenced public men and continues to be amongst ourselves a base of economic teaching: but it owes little to charm of style and is never likely to have been read on that account. The celebrated letters of "Junius" are a monument of partizan malignity, the authorship of which has never been certainly known: they are full of fine writing, however, in the style of which Johnson and Burke were masters; vigorous though rhetorical and saturated with Latin words and manner. The Essays of David Hume (1711-76) were in a more chastened style, but have long ceased to be popular reading—if such they ever were.

In history also Hume has been superseded, nor is it very likely that his "History of England" would ever pay the expenses

of reprinting. His style is clear and calm ; but his book is deficient in original research and is besides, distorted by bias. It was continued by Smollett, whom we shall more fully consider when we come to the fiction of the period. Dr. William Robertson (1721-93) was another North Briton of more research than Hume ; but like Hume he has been obliterated by successors in the same field. The only historian, in fact, of the middle and later years of the 18th century who can be said to have produced a permanent Classic is Edward Gibbon (1737-94) ; a true son, he too, of the 18th century ; sceptical, and of defective sympathy ; yet warmed by an enthusiasm of his own, and winged for a longer flight than those already named. Born of a good English stock and taught the rudiments of Greek and Latin at the same school as Cowper, he went to Oxford in 1752 and left it, eighteen months later, a convert to the old creed of Rome, and like Johnson, without a degree. To wean him from Popery, Gibbon's father sent him to the highly Protestant neighbourhood of Geneva, where he boarded with a pastor named Pavillard and soon abjured his imputed errors. At the end of 1754 he—to use his own words “acquiesced in the tenets and mysteries which were adopted by the general consent of Catholics and Protestants,” in other words became a philosophic Indifferent. He now studied to make up for the defects of his early years, acquiring a special mastery of Latin and French. In 1758 he returned to his father, engaged to a Swiss girl whom he was soon induced to forsake and who afterwards became the wife of the French Statesman Necker and mother of the famous Mme. de Stael. In 1761 he published a little Essay in French on the “Study of Literature,” the next two years being passed in Continental travel. During this period he visited Rome and relates how the idea of his great work occurred to him as he mused in the Capitol while “bare-footed Friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter.” In 1770 he lost his father and settled in London upon a modest patrimony. In 1774 he entered the House of Commons, where, as he said, “the great speakers filled him with despair and the bad ones with terror.” Whether this were a cause or only an excuse, Gibbon took no part in debate ; yet he was given a post at the Board of Trade which perhaps indicates some qualities on his part. He had also served for two years (1758-60) as an officer in the Militia ; and with these apparently small experiences he

began to record "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," of which the first volume appeared in February 1776. His office—which was a sinecure—disappeared in the Civil-Service Reform of Burke (1783) a result which Gibbon accepted with entire good humour. In the same year he returned to Lausanne, where the last page of his book was penned, as he records, on the 27th of June 1787. He returned to England for the last time and died there in 1794.

Of the success of the "Decline and Fall" there, never was a doubt. The first volume ran through three editions in a few weeks: Hume expressed unbounded astonishment; Robertson and Horace Walpole joined in expressions of admiration. Gibbon's fame spread to Paris, where he visited the Neckers in 1777 and was welcomed in the best circles. Voltaire and Hume, his immediate predecessors, had prepared his path but not anticipated his exact subject-matter which, as an able writer has observed, was "the greatest event in the world's history."* The chronicler of this event was prepared by a variety of experiences: he had swum in many of the currents of life and not been carried away down any of them. Personally concerned in Theologic controversy, he had ended by being indifferent to every form of theology: he had loved a charming woman with a love which had terminated not in marriage but in friendship. an unwarlike soldier, a silent senator, a minister without duties, he had seen a little of the more important forms of public employment, enough to understand their general principles without losing his individuality in their details. Such a life may seem desultory and devoid of earnestness: it was in any case a good preparation for the kind of history that Gibbon had to write. Instead of a narrative like Kinglake's "Crimea," or Macaulay's account of the English Revolution, in which the story moves at the rate of one volume a year over 50,000 square miles of country, he had to show the occurrences of twelve centuries in most parts of Europe and some of Africa and Asia. And he completed the work; and that in a manner which not only pleased the readers of his own day but has ever since continued to satisfy their descendants. A recent authority has declared "that Gibbon should ever be displaced seems impossible," and, further, "He remains the one historian of the 18th century whom modern research has neither set aside

* Gibbon; by Jas. Cotter Morrison, (English Men of Letters). Macmillan, 1887.

nor threatened to set aside.”* The French historian Guizot expressed himself hardly less earnestly in praise of Gibbon's great work.

Amongst historians, who however, used some of their best powers in fiction, was Tobias Smollet (1721-71), a Scottish physician whose broad and boisterous novels—already mentioned—are redeemed by unflagging spirit, added to a certain thin but true mixture of poetic feeling and pathos. Without any deliberately constructed plot Smollett dashes on through realistic adventures and developments of character, sometimes with intolerable coarseness, sometimes with genuine humour and even pathos. “Humphrey Clinker”—a series of travelling-letters apparently founded on actual experience—was published in the last year of the author's short and troubled life, and is generally esteemed by critics as his best work.

A greater than Smollett was he whom Scott has called “the father of the modern novel,” and who has been praised almost to extravagance by Coleridge in England and by the French critic, La Harpe. This was Henry Fielding (1707-54) an Englishman of good family who, in the course of a dissipated but busy life, wrote three first-rate works of fiction which are still read by the many and idolised by the few. His first—“Joseph Andrews”—arose out of a sort of pleasantry and was intended originally to make fun of Richardson's “Pamela” mentioned below. As the work proceeded the writer's genius awoke: and the resulting study of a simple-hearted country clergyman (Parson Adams) after stimulating the author of the “Vicar of Wakefield,” has reappeared in later times under the guise of Rufus Lyon, and perhaps even in the laic costume of Thomas Newcome. Fielding's next flight was yet higher and more original, and his “Tom Jones,” which the French critic already cited has pronounced “the first novel in the world” raised its author to a position which in later years led Byron to call him a “prose Homer.” With some of the faults of its day it is yet a work of consummate art; the events arise out of each other with an extreme appearance of simplicity; while the hand of the author is never observable save where it is intended by him to be so for artistic purposes. “Tom Jones” appeared in 1749, a year after Smollett's “Roderick-

* The late E. Freeman, Regius Professor of History in the University of Oxford.

Random," but a comparison between two tales generally designed on the same lines will serve to show the superiority of Fielding as an artist. His last work "Amelia," though not so widely known, had the honour to be an especial favourite with Thackeray, a writer whose genius has been already mentioned as bearing signs of kindred to that of Fielding. In one respect at least the later writer has an incontestable superiority. Fielding's stories, like those of too many French writers of later days, have a morality—or rather immorality—which is often coarse and sometimes almost cynical. Nevertheless, a luxurious edition was published so lately as 1882 with an introductory memoir by Sir Leslie Stephen. After "Amelia," Fielding ceased to produce; his health quite broke down, and he left England for Lisbon, where he presently died.

It has been thought that both Fielding and Smollett had been influenced in the nature of their undertakings by the success of *Le Sage*, a French writer whose "Gil Blas"—inspired in its turn by Spanish stories—was a general favourite in their day, as was also "Manon Lescaut" by Prevost. If that was so we may perhaps go farther and attribute the success of the third great English Classic of that period to Marivaux (1688-1763), the publication of whose "Marianne" began a few years earlier, had given the first hint of a general interest to be found in analysing the daily deliberations and motives of uninteresting people *

Samuel Richardson (1689-1761) was the son of a Derbyshire tradesman. He says of himself that he had only the common school education; and he began life as a journeyman printer. Finally, setting up on his own account, he became eminent in his calling, and impressed some friendly publishers so much that they induced him to write a series of familiar letters which ultimately grew into the epistolary narrative which bore the title of "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded." The virtue was that of a serving maid who resists temptation; and her reward was that her tempter (in whose service she was) makes her his wife. The success of "Pamela" was immediate and complete in France

* Of the suggested influence of Marivaux on Richardson no demonstration is possible. "Marianne" appeared in serial parts, of which the first was published in 1731. "Pamela" was produced in 1740. May be the sentimental idealization of common life was the result of a common impulse on both sides of the channel; but the coincidence is noteworthy in any case. The French at once welcomed Richardson.

as in England. Richardson was thus encouraged to a bolder flight ; and in " *Clarissa, or the Adventures of a Young Lady*," he exhibited virtue not rewarded but led into a tragic end. This book was not only esteemed by the best men on both sides of the Channel, but was warmly praised by Fielding, the man who had incurred the author's enmity by his travesty of " *Pamela*." " *Clarissa* " was published in 1748 and was followed five years later by the prolix and highly proper " *Sir Charles Grandison*," in which the method of psychologic letter-writing attained its most tedious aspect. Voltaire said of Marivaux that he knew every way to the human heart except the high way : and Richardson might be said, by a hostile critic, to have aspired to the office of the sexton of sentiment ; so much does he bury the nobler attributes under a mound of verbiage.* Richardson died in 1761 ; his works, in spite of bulk and tediousness, continue to command esteem by their very high qualities : a handsome reprint was put forth in 1883.

Of poets proper ; men who produced genuine poetry, and did no other kind of work, the period in question—say, roughly, the last three quarters of the 18th century—was nearly barren. The only writers of this kind who can be in any degree considered classics are Collins, Chatterton, and Grey. Some, such as Shenstone, Hammond and others who had a temporary vogue but are now stone-dead, need not detain us. Goldsmith may be included, save that unhappy necessities made him a writer of all work. His poems though sweet and thoughtful, are now somewhat out of date.

William Collins (1721-59) was as deserving of admiration for his originality of genius as of pity for the singularity of his life and character : so that he illustrates the common though by no means universally correct view of the connection between extraordinary powers and a disordered mind.† Educated at Winchester and Oxford, he graduated in 1743 when he left the University and attempted a literary life in London. In 1746 he made his first public appearance with a volume of Odes ; but he was an obscure man and apparently of dissipated habits ; his poems were

* A French wit said of Richardson that he did well to imitate virtue but not to make it a weariness.

† Dryden has sanctioned the fallacy : " great wits to madness often are allied."

unheeded and his habits grew all the worse. Coming into a small fortune, Collins retired to his native town of Chichester, and there gradually sank into imbecility, dying in 1759 without having done any other work save only—and it is an important exception—the “Ode on Highland Superstitions,” in which an acute critic has found all the latent germs of the future “Romantic” movement. The remarkable thing about Collins was that he failed to catch the favour of his contemporaries by reason of his very merits: he was at least half a century before his time. His “Evening” is beyond praise for pure and placid meditation.

Another precursor on the same path was far less truthful and earnest than poor Collins though with much stronger intellect. Thomas Chatterton (1752-70) was born in humble life in the shadow of St. Mary's, Bristol, which Queen Elizabeth called the goodliest parish-church in her dominions, and to which the young student was to give a new distinction. Idling about the muniment-room of this old temple, Chatterton conceived the idea of forging a pedigree for a local tradesman; and this grew by degrees into a whole series of modern antiques for which merit was no justification. Chatterton's imposture has been injuriously likened to the “Castle of Otranto” (by his monitor, Horace Walpole); but the difference will be seen to be vital. It is one thing to utter a romance—as Scott and others have since so often done—under a pseudonym or pretendedly ancient name which is not seriously meant to deceive. It is another to give an intentionally false character to a quantity of MSS. and send them to a dilettante in the hope of deluding him into patronage. But Chatterton was a genius; and apparently everything is permitted by some judges to such a character. At the age of eighteen Chatterton went to seek his fortune in London; he lived, three months, by hack work; and then took poison in utter despair of success by his well-loved art.

Chatterton had great power of language and considerable invention; but he was a half-taught stripling working at a time when there was little genuine research of English scholarship. Hence he naturally lacked the knowledge and skill necessary to sustain him in the imposture that he had undertaken. His character was bold and independent, and no one can visit the glorious church with which his youthful musings were concerned without a thought of pity for

"The marvellous boy who perished in his pride."

—Wordsworth.

The clumsy and transparent counterfeits that at first imposed on Walpole were easily exposed when they came under the consideration of a sound and deep scholar. That expert was Thomas Gray (1716-71) a man whose highly trained intelligence and reserved character made him as solitary in his epoch as Collins, although he was far more successful. Collins was unsuccessful—as already said—by the very force of his originality: Gray, as an academic, was fain to bow the knee to the Baal of artifice and personification which blighted the poetry of his period. Gray's "Elegy" is still, it may be feared, more widely known than Collin's "Evening"; yet the latter must be felt to be more pure in style and far more direct in imagery.

The points to be noticed about Gray have been drawn out in a very penetrating criticism by the late Matthew Arnold, a man well fitted by nature and education to sympathise with the refined, fastidious University scholar who was also a poet.* Born in the London middle-class and educated at Eton, Gray was sent to Cambridge where he entered at Peterhouse in 1734. Being unfitted by the nature of his mind for the pure mathematics which were then obligatory, Gray did not graduate in "Arts"; but after a tour on the Continent returned to the University and took the degree of Bachelor-of-Law (1742). For the next five years he led a life of study varied by visits and tours in rural parts of England: and his unaffected private letters of that period show how pure and spontaneous was his love and appreciation of the scenery of the British counties, at a time when "Nature" was chiefly observed in landscape-gardens. In 1747 appeared the "Ode on Eton College"; and the time from that year to 1757 contains the whole period of Gray's production. Besides the famous "Elegy" which many people still know by heart, Gray was the author of a fine ode called "The Progress of Poesy" finished in 1754. Soon after this date he migrated from his old College to Pembroke Hall, disgusted with a practical joke played on him by the undergraduates and treated—as he thought—too leniently by the College authorities.

* See Ward's *English Poets*. Vol. III.

He passed the rest of his life in his new abode, and in 1768 was made Professor of History in the University. With the exception of mathematics he seems to have been deeply versed in all departments of knowledge ; and, had he not suffered from chronic melancholy, he should have been a happy man. But his health was bad, probably from suppressed gout ; and he died somewhat suddenly in the summer of 1771. His body was interred in the precincts of Stoke Pogis parish-church near Burnham Beeches : the very " Churchyard " which is believed to have been the scene of his immortal " Elegy." Arnold has acutely remarked that Gray might have done more work and better if he had lived earlier or later. Coming when he did, in the midst of the Age of Reason, it was as much as he could do to light up a dark corner of that practical and busy world with his small but bright lamp. By doing so he has made himself an ambassador between that age and others of more skill or higher aspiration.

We have now said our word about the few classics of the Georgian period and may go back to the age of Queen Anne sometimes called " The Augustan " ; more positive than its immediate successor and connected with the slightly earlier period dating from the Restoration : from which indeed it is not parted by any very defined boundary. The whole of this literature derives from the school of Dryden, instead of breaking away almost violently as the period of Wordsworth and Shelley afterwards did from itself.

(To be Continued.)

H. G. KEENE.

England:

THE DESERT.

Among 'Creation's Days' thou art not given,
 And yet 'thy paths are as of fine spun gold
 Known to the angels, where the saints have striv'n
 Through the lone watches in the nights of old.
 Thy treeless hills, and amber plains may boast
 The symbol of man's striving, his life's fret,
 A world's long wail of greed—from coast to coast,
 Echoes and dies, where men learn to forget . . .
 Who on this waste cast the wild mignonette?
 A fragile tuft of faded greenish grey,
 That to my eyes brought tears! Remember'd yet,
 Had it not graced the solitary way?
 Its acrid scent was Destiny's dull care,
 The stifling sand, the dry and parching air.

Beyond the dunes, within a jewell'd maze,
 Stood ghostly poppies on their swaying stems,
 Mid porphyry and jasper, chrysoprase,
 The fairy peridot and other gems—
 So in this burning zone the ice plant grew,
 Spreading soft, downy leaves like frosted jade,
 Which through the darkness glitter'd with the dew
 It secreted, and every leaflet bathed,
 Before the morn with fierce pulsations came—
 Or from the fiery surface spread below,
 A heavy wind curled upward as a flame
 In restless tremors, through the pallid glow
 Of that untiring sun's majestic sweep,
 Ere Earth, and Sky, their wonted commune keep.

Egypt! thou Land of homage to the dead,
 Whose disembodied spirits seem to float
 Not in Elysium fields, but here instead
 Around these broken caves—or more remote
 Famed Temples that record their mighty deeds,
 Their savage tyranny, their love, their hate :
 We dream of it at Karnak, and at Thebes,
 The ruined fabrics of their great estate.
 Among such pillar'd shades, and massive stones,
 Comes back the thought, of hands long stiff and dry ;
 Not those embalm'd, these are uncover'd bones,
 Unswath'd in unguents on the earth thy lie,
 The very courts you tread—in part their fame—
 Who challenged Time, while building Pharaoh's name.

In servitude to despots, still they bound
 Their life's incessant toil in magic thread,
 Peopled with Afreet's every rock around,
 And placed the Jinn in planets overhead,
 Perchance there—never worshipp'd them, so they
 Shone on the Nile, that cleft the desert's heart
 Like a fine sword ; across her breast it lay—
 Emblazon'd in the highest form of art :
 One brilliant star too, lit the age-worn well—
 Sharing its quiet waters with the moon,
 Just pattern'd where a feathery palm-branch fell
 To shade its circle from the heat of noon,
 And oft the Arab maid with childish grace—
 As Eve had done—leant o'er to see her face.

Thy Crown, O Desert ! is but tinted dust
 To those who know thee not, but I have seen
 Some hidden mysteries—a by-gone trust,
 Others perhaps have had the self-same dream
 Who slept upon thy bosom, telling how
 The dread Simoon sweeps o'er thy placid face—
 Tearing the veil that shields both breast and brow,
 Tossing thy yellow garments into space,
 And lo ! there sleeping, rest the dead of old
 In chains of flowers—kings, warriors, slaves,

For service waiting, yet in bondage held ;
Their canopy is torn ! the red storm raves,
As though poor souls from Hell were borne on it,
Back, back again to the dark, dreadful pit.

Three days with Eblis ! then the shining stars
Showed constellations only Angels read
On Heaven's blue curtain, which alone depars
Our farther vision, thus it is decreed ,
Save when the Dawn in her ethereal robe
Of light diaphanous, rolls back the door
Wider, and wider, till a flaming globe
The utmost east divides, as shore, from shore,
Ah ! that Beyond— whence the Almighty sees
Our little world, and sends it on its way ;
Which we beholding fall upon our knees,
Christian and Moslem, both alike to pray,
As God, and Death, pass by in solemn state—
For who among frail mortals knows his fate ?

VIOLET DE MALORTIE.

Oxford

AHALYA BAI.

(Concluded from our last number.)

NOW that peace was restored to her Raj, Ahalya Bai resumed her usual role of religious and charitable pursuits. As for Tukaji whom she had entrusted with the administration of the military department, he was brave, considerate and capable, and had great regard for the queen ; and the latter, too, on her part, had implicit faith and confidence in him. Tukaji was engaged in waging battles, making treaties and preserving the peace of the Raj, while Ahalya Bai continued to perform acts beneficial to the subjects and conducive to the progress and advancement of her State. And by this division of power there arose no dispute or disagreement between the authorities. This is to be ascribed to the good sense and moderation of both the parties, to their respect for each other, and to their having distinct, and generally speaking, distant spheres of action. Ahalya Bai was not ambitious of absolute sovereign sway ; and Tukaji knew very well that if he acted in accordance with the intent of such a queen, it would only produce good. He was more than obedient ; he was dutiful, and all his actions were directed to please and conciliate the princess to whom he was solely indebted for his high position. Though older than Ahalya, he used to address her as mother. On Ahalya's demise Tukaji ascended Mulhar Rao Holkar's throne, and it is his descendant who is now reigning at Indore.

Though belonging to the weaker sex, Ahalya exercised sovereign power with such ability and firmness that one cannot help admiring her. The Raj grew stronger and more flourishing under her fostering care. She made a searching inquiry into the income and expenditure of the State, and it was by her admirable method and arrangement that the principality of Indore came to be known as one of the most prosperous States in India. She always kept her eye on the comfort and happiness of the subject people, and tried her best to do them good. The *Purdah* system was not in vogue in Maharashtra, and it is a well-known fact that Ahalya Bai transacted state affairs in open court, so that the very meanest of her subjects could have audience

of her. Shortly after assuming sovereign power, she caused the lands of the kingdom to be measured and recorded, and she had some good rules framed in regard to revenue. No subject was deprived of his vested rights and privileges. She heard the complaints of all, high or low, rich or poor, and dispensed justice according to her sense of right and wrong. Sir John Malcolm says : " Although inquiries have been made among all ranks and classes, nothing has been discovered to diminish the eulogiums, or rather blessings, which all pour forth whenever her name is mentioned. The more, indeed, enquiry is pursued, the more admiration is excited ; but it appears above all extraordinary, how she had mental and bodily powers to go through with the labours which she imposed upon herself, and which from the age of thirty to that of sixty, when she died, were unremitted ! * The hours gained from the affairs of State were all given to acts of devotion and charity. Firm faith in providence was at the root of each and every one of her administrative acts. She used to say :—" The power and authority which God has given me, I am responsible to Him for its proper exercise and application." She was loth to punish the guilty ; and when passing capital sentence, which, however, she did only rarely, she would say, " Before proceeding to kill any created being, it is our bounden duty to weigh and consider the matter very carefully "

She rose an hour before sunrise, and after saying morning prayers and performing the customary ceremonies, would hear the Ramayana, the Mahabharata and the Puranas read to her. Beggars and mendicants would be by this time at her door. She gave alms to them with her own hands, and after sumptuously feeding the Brahmins, would herself eat something. She was extremely careful in regard to food and drink. The widows of the Holkar dynasty had no objection to taking animal food ; but Ahalya Bai never touched fish or flesh ; nay, it is said that she never tasted sweet things after she became a widow. Breakfast over, she again went to say prayers, and then taking a short siesta, would resume her seat in open court and transact business till late in the evening. After the Durbar was broken up, she would do evening service and Poojah for at least three hours, and then, again, take up state business and work at it until eleven, at which hour she retired to rest for the night. She never neglected three things, namely, divine worship, fasting, and State affairs. It is a mistake to think that household duties and religious exercises are two inconsistent things and cannot be performed by the same person. Ahalya Bai, though involved in Raj affairs, never

* See *Central India*, Vol. I. p. 177.

forgot or overlooked religious duties. In fact, she was an exemplary woman, and the world has produced only a few like her.

The times were certainly very hard when Ahalya Bai lived. There was nothing like peace in India, more specially in Central India. The Marhattas, Jats, Rohillas and Pindarees—all robbers and rowdies—were rampant. Plunder and slaughter were the order of the day. It redounds much to Ahalya's credit that she all through preserved peace. Her rule was so very pacific and beneficial and her name possessed such potent influence that the neighbouring princes never ventured to attack her territories. It was only once that the Maharana of Udaypur used force against her for a few weeks; but on being defeated by Ahalya's soldiers, he was compelled to come to terms. The agents of Rajas and Chiefs who resided at her court, all admitted her greatness and nobility of character. Ahalya, too, had her agents at Poona, Hyderabad, Seringapatam, Gwalior, Lucknow, Nagpur, and Calcutta. Her reign was not remarkable for wars and rebellions; it was of a quiet and peaceful character, and her name is held sacred for the good she had done for her subjects and others. She kept only a small number of forces and her mode of doing business was such that by their aid she could well preserve peace and order. She was very kind to good and peaceable subjects, but she never failed to inflict condign punishment on turbulent and desperate characters. She seldom, if ever, had to change her officers. Govinda Punt Gunnoo, a Brahman of excellent character, was her Prime Minister throughout the whole period of her reign. This shows that there was no hitch in the affairs of her State, that all went smoothly along.

Before Ahalya Bai ascended the throne, Indore was an ordinary village; it was she who transformed it into a large, rich and flourishing town. On hearing of her good and beneficent rule, merchants and traders came trooping from distant places and settled in it. However high and dignified an officer might be, if he did wrong or injustice to any of the citizens, she never forgave him. It is stated that Tukaji Holkar had once attempted to take possession of the property of a merchant who had died without issue. At that time Ahalya was not at Indore, but was residing, as she generally did reside, at Maheswara on the banks of the Nerbudda. The merchant's widow, going over there, lodged her complaint before her. Ahalya looked into the matter and on being convinced of the truth of the complaint, ordered Tukaji to desist from his unjust attempt, while she on her part sent back the woman after presenting her with a dress of honour in recogni-

tion of her being the sole mistress of the property left by her deceased husband. Tukaji had not the courage to disobey the queen's order and thus the matter ended well. This conduct on the part of Ahalya became a subject of praise among the residents of Indore and added much to her reputation for impartial justice.

The revenue, or rather tribute, payable by each Samanta Sirdar was anything but fixed and definite, and it was not unoften that confusion arose in the matter of the realisation thereof. To remove this inconvenience, Ahalya got the amount fixed once for all in each case and it was realised without a hitch ever after. She never neglected to devise means for the advancement of the Raj. Merchants, peasants and money-lenders found favour with her, and if they happened to be rising in affluence, so far from deeming their wealth a ground of exaction, she considered it a legitimate claim to enhanced favour and protection. She always kept a sharp eye on the doings of her officers, and if in any case they were found to be oppressive or going wrong, she would take special care to see that their ways were mended.

In those days princes were not wanting who were very hard on their subjects, and tried to rob them of their wealth and effects. In order to avoid their rapacity, the subjects used to conceal their treasures and valuables underground or keep them hidden deep down in wells—they could not enjoy or spend according to their own will and pleasure. In some places the citizens were not allowed to raise *pucca* buildings or use conveyance (*palkee*). Ahalya Bai's mode of action was quite the contrary. She loved her subjects as her own children, favoured them as friends, and treated them well and impartially. Poets, musicians, pandits and artists were invited to her court and were rewarded according to their respective merits. So far from wishing for the hard-won money of her subjects, she would not even receive any gifts and offerings from them. Once upon a time a rich merchant of the Raj died without leaving any issue. A chief officer of the state threatened to confiscate the whole property if he was not paid three lakhs of rupees as *donceur*. By the advice of her kinsmen and friends the widow took a son in adoption; but the state officers did not recognize the boy so adopted as heir to the property of the deceased. The widow in her distress sought the protection of Ahalya Bai, and the latter on making due inquiry and being thereby convinced of the truth of her statements, lost no time in dispensing with the services of that officer, and taking the boy in her lap in approval of his adoption, sent him back after making presents of ornaments, dress of honour, and

conveyance. The widow to show her gratitude wanted to make a valuable present to the good queen, but she would not listen to her proposal.

At another time two rich brothers died leaving no issue. Their property was very large, but there was none to enjoy it. The widow of the elder brother, without adopting a son, wanted to make a gift of the whole property to Ahalya Bai; but she, instead of accepting the offer, told both the ladies to spend the property on good works for the spiritual benefit of themselves and their husbands.

There had existed from time immemorial a custom for accepting presents on the occasion of granting permission to take a son in adoption. But this custom, though prevalent for a long time, was regarded by the good queen as sinful, and she never could be made to accept any money or other present in that way.

Ahalya Bai was in the habit of holding correspondence with some of the distant princes of India, and on getting herself acquainted with the condition of the subjects of those princes, always tried, if she could, to better the condition of her own. She built many forts in several parts of her domains. For convenience of transit she constructed a road over the Vindya range at a very large cost. The Grand Trunk Road from Calcutta to Benares, too, was her making. This is what is called the Benares Road. She also built in her Raj many temples for purposes of worship, and Caravanserais or rest-houses for travellers, and sank wells for the supply of good drinking water.

Mulhar Rao had left immense property. Some say that landed property alone was worth seventy-five lakhs a year, besides ready money to the tune of sixteen crores of rupees. Though Ahalya was the sole heiress, she set apart a large portion thereof for pious and charitable purposes. One of her biographers says that in this way she had spent about twenty crores. Out of the nett profits of the Raj property, she would set apart a certain amount for those purposes and a definite amount for each of the other purposes. The amount so fixed must be spent for the special purpose for which it was appointed; and money appointed for one purpose could not be spent for another. Thus order was preserved with the result that there was no confusion or deficit on any head.

But her munificence was not limited to her own kingdom; it extended far beyond. At all the principal places of Hindu pilgrimage including Puri in Orissa and Dwarka in Gujarat, and as far as Kedarnath, in the north and Rameswara in the south. She built holy edifices, maintained charitable institutions and

sent annual sums to be distributed in charity. Indeed, her good works are visible in almost all Hindu places of pilgrimage. The far-famed "Vishnu Mandir" at Gaya and the no less famous temple of Bisheswar at Benares owe their origin and reconstruction respectively to her bounty. In 1795 A. D. when there was great famine in Northern India, she helped the sufferers substantially, and constructed a very good road for pilgrims to go to Purusottum. This road, though now fallen into decay and out of repair, still affords relief to hundreds and thousands of pilgrims to that holy of holies. In the south she made proper arrangements for the daily supply of Ganges water to several temples and other religious institutions. But her bounty was not confined to human beings; like good Asoka's it took in animal creatures as well. The birds of the air and the beasts of the field and the fishes of the river—all shared in her compassion. She daily fed the poor; and on particular occasions doled out food among Chandals and other low people. In winter she gave away warm clothing to poor old people, and in the hot season made proper arrangements for supplying water to way-worn travellers and thirsty bullocks and buffaloes. She used to keep one of her fields full of crops for birds, and caused balls of flour and pounded wheat to be thrown into the Nerbudda for fishes. When going on holy pilgrimage she took seeds of sorts with her and sowed them broadcast in desert places and on road-sides in order that when they grew up to trees, travellers might rest under their shades, and hungry people eat their fruits, and birds build their nests on their branches.

There were reigning in India, in Ahalya's time, princes who fared much better than she both in wealth and power, such as the Peshwa, Nizam, the King of Mysore, the Nabab of Oude, the Gaekwar and Scindia, but none of them could approach her in pious and charitable acts for the good of humanity. In this respect she stood alone and without a rival. Her stream of liberality flowed on freely and incessantly; it was never found to fail; and the reason for this was not far to seek. For although Ahalya's income was less than that of any of the princes mentioned above, her expenditure was comparatively small. She knew not what luxury or pomp was. She spent almost nothing on her own person. A handful or two of *atap* rice was sufficient for her living. Her military establishment was not at all costly; and yet none could infer from her conduct that she was powerless or ill able to defend herself and her vast possessions. This is the impression which a high Brahman functionary has left of her on record: "During the latter part of queen Ahalya's rule," says this officer, "I held a very respectable post at Poona. I know very well that on the very mention of her

name a deep devotional feeling arose in people's hearts. The neighbouring princes, so far from attacking her kingdom, considered it sinful not to defend it against any hostile attack. She was looked upon by all in the same light. The Nizam of Hyderabad and Tippu Sultan granted her the same respect as the proud Peshwa; and Mahomedans joined with Hindus in prayers for her long life and prosperity."

After Malharao's death, Ahalya's daughter Muckta Bai, was the sole source of her delight and solace. But after her marriage as Ahalya had no other son or daughter she kept Muckta's son with her, whom she looked upon as her own. But as the cruel fates would have it, that boy died not long after at Maheswara, the usual residence of Ahalya; and within a year of his death Muckta also lost her husband. The bereaved lady expressed a strong desire to die with her lord. The distressed mother tried her level best to dissuade her from her fatal resolve. She even humbled herself to the dust before her and entreated her, as she revered her God, not to leave her desolate and alone in this vale of tears. Muckta Bai, although affectionate, was calm and resolved. "You are old, mother," she said "and a few years will end your pious life. My only son and husband are gone and when you follow, life, I feel, will be insupportable; but the opportunity of terminating it with honour will then have passed. So let me go, mother, let me go." Ahalya Bai, when she found all her dissuasions and entreaties unavailing, mustered up courage to witness the last dreadful scene. Accordingly, a pyre was raised on the banks of the Nerbudda. The dead body of her husband was placed thereon and fire was applied to it. Then came the critical moment; Muckta Bai, taking final leave of her mother and others, ascended the pile and lay down by the side of her lord. Up to this time Ahalya Bai had remained standing still, but when the flame wound its lambent tongue round Muckta's body and she raised a hideous shriek, her heart failed and she lost all self-control. She ran up like a fury and was about to plunge into the blazing fire, when two strong-built Brahmans firmly held her arms and kept her back, while the shrieks of Muckta Bai were drowned by loud human voices and louder clangs of drums. Not being able to leap into the flame, Ahalya fretted and foamed in sheer rage. The body of Muckta and her lord were burnt to ashes. By this time Ahalya had so far recovered as to be able to join in the ceremony of bathing in the Nerbudda. This done, she returned to her palace at Maheswara with a heart heavily laden with sorrow and pain. She hardly took any sustenance for three days and remained so absorbed in grief that she never uttered a word. Afterwards, when

the flood of her grief somewhat subsided, she caused a very beautiful monument to be erected to the memory of the dear deceased ; a finer token of maternal love is nowhere to be found.

In this way was completed the thirty years' rule of Ahalya Bai. Few historic events happened during the remaining period of her reign. Her last years were spent in peace, in a solemn simple way, without pomp or display. Ahalya laboured hard to do her duty to the State, and succeeded in doing it as well as could be wished. As regards her own ease and comfort she was quite indifferent. Even during her illness she would not stay away from court lest her subjects felt grieved at not seeing her. At last, she became very weak and unable to get out of her bed. With increasing illness her good works multiplied. She had before established an open-door alms-house where the poor were fed at all hours of the day. Besides that, she now commenced to feed daily one thousand Brahmans and distribute clothes among the blind, the lame and the halt. Ahalya died on the Krishna-Chaturdasi day of Sraban at the age of sixty, worn out with care and fatigue. On the day of her death she ordered the feeding of twelve thousand Brahmans.

Ahalya Bai was not beautiful. Her body was all but dark and was thin withal. In Ahalya was combined administrative firmness with womanly grace. Such harmonious union is seldom found in the softer sex. She always tried to preserve her cheerfulness ; and it was only rarely that she was found to lose her temper. And when she became immersed in her work really even the most favourite member of her household did not dare approach her. The wrong-doer or peace-breaker, however high his position, was not allowed to go unpunished, or, at least, unproved. Even Tukaji Holkar was not an exception to this rule. It is stated that Shivji Gopal, Ahalya's agent at the Poona Durbar, having by his ability and good conduct ingratiated himself into the favour of the Peshwa, Madhav Rao, the latter had expressed a wish to make him his own official. Tukaji without asking Ahalya gave the Agent permission to accept the service of the Peshwa, and the Agent, too, on his part accepted the offer without taking Ahalya's permission. A few days after, when she came to know what had happened, she administered mild reproof to Tukaji, who, being convinced of his error, readily fell at the feet of the queen and asked forgiveness. Ever after, that dutiful servant always took care to receive Ahalya's orders before entering upon any important affair.

From some cause or other misunderstanding had arisen between Tukaji Holkar and Scindia's commander, Jewba Dada, and when

some days after, Tukaji went to collect the revenue due from the Jeypur Maharaja to the Indore State, he was given evasive answers from which he easily inferred that payment would not be made amicably. Accordingly, he made preparations for an encounter, but before he could be ready, Jewba Dada, who had secretly promised aid to the Jeypur Durbar, attacked Tukaji and defeated him. The latter fled and took refuge in the Brahmangao fort, forty-four miles from Jeypur. When this unpleasant news reached the ears of Ahalya, she was much enraged and instantly sent men and money to Tukaji, at the same time, informing him that if he was not bold enough to renew the fight, she would herself take the field and try to regain the lost honour. This mild reprimand was enough to raise the military spirit of Tukaji who was a born soldier. He attacked Jewba Dada and after a war which lasted three months, completely routed him. Jewba Dada, admitting that he was entirely in the wrong, got his pardon at the hands of the Indore queen.

Raghoba Dada having heard that Mulhar Rao Holkar had left nearly fifteen crores of rupees, felt an itching to have a share in the rich pic. Accordingly, he sent his men to Ahalya Bai, asking pecuniary aid of her, as he had not then money enough to meet military expenditure. Ahalya Bai knew very well what despicable stuff Raghoba was made of. Understanding his real intent, she sent word in reply saying that she had set apart the money for pious and charitable purposes, and that if he wanted the money he might take it after she had consecrated it in the usual orthodox way by putting thereon *tulasi* leaves and pouring Ganges water accompanied by the chanting of *Mantras*. The proud Brahman prince, unwilling to accept such a present which only low class Brahmans would be disposed to take, was awfully incensed and vented his anger by warning her to be ready for war. Nothing daunted, Ahalya, in warlike attire, mounted her favourite elephant and taking some five hundred well-armed females with her, appeared before Raghoba. The latter ordered his men to attack the Indore queen, but the brave Marhatta soldiers would not use their arms against members of the softer sex. Thus Ahalya gained her end without the shedding of a single drop of human blood. This happy stroke of policy won for her high renown in Maharashtra.

Ahalya Bai had, by her own efforts, learned her mother tongue and was in a position to teach her husband's sisters, Harku Bai and Wuda Bai. She could read and understand the Ramayana, the Mahabharata and the Puranas, and also pass intelligent opinions on intricate questions of polity. She is represent-

ed as having been singularly quick and clever in the transaction of State affairs.

The rules framed for the collection and realisation of revenue and the general administration of the Raj were really commendable and were highly prized by all. People had such regard for those excellent rules that if they meant to introduce any new rule or law, the very first thing they would consider was to see whether it was in accord with Ahalya's rule on the subject. Like Ram Chandra's, her Raj was looked upon as a model for princes to shape their conduct by. And all subsequent sovereigns who wished for popularity followed the path adopted by Ahalya. If in introducing a new rule of administration, it could be shown that it was framed on the lines of Ahalya's measures, people thought that it was quite consonant with the dictates of morality and religion, and none dared utter one word against it.

But though happy as a ruler, she was unhappy as a householder. It would seem that she was not destined to enjoy domestic happiness. She became a widow even before she passed out of her teens; and her widowhood was followed in rapid succession by the death of her son, grandson, daughter and son-in-law. But though misfortunes came in battalions over her, they did not make her forget or even disregard the duties she had taken upon herself to perform. In fact, her sense of duty was so very strong and her love of her subjects so very deep that she did not give up ruling the Raj as some rulers, under similar circumstances, have done. By the salutary effect of her good sway, the principality of Indore reached the very summit of its power and prosperity.

Though Ahalya Bai had a very deep regard for religion, she was not a bigot. Both Hindus and Mahomedans lived in amity and peace in her Kingdom. So far from being intolerant, she is represented as having been very kind and considerate to such of her subjects as differed from her in faith. She had very great regard for the Brahmans, considering them as so many gods on earth, and her bounty and generosity to them was boundless. But though strongly devoted to them, she was not blind to their faults. Ananta Phandee, who was a very famous Marhatta poet and scholar, once appeared before her for help. This Brahman had come in contact with a Moslem magician, and relinquishing the usual mode of Brahmans, used to exhibit magical shows, thereby making some profit. Ahalya duly rewarded him for his merits, but did not omit to make him understand that he was following an un-Brahman mode of life. This gentle reproof had, it is said, the effect of making him give up the new profession adopted by

him. Phandee's power of making extempore verses was very great. Ahalya being very pleased with the display of such power once presented him with a fine pair of shawls.

Ahalya was not moved by undue praise; she seemed to think that praise undeserved was censure in disguise. Such indifference to fulsome praise, however, is very rare indeed: even the gods are not above flattery. But flattery was lost upon Queen Ahalya. A Brahman sage, with the object of gaining her special favour, had written a book eulogizing her to the skies. He duly appeared before her and commenced reading his work. Ahalya somehow managed to hear him through, and after the Brahman had finished reading, she in all humility said, "I am a poor sinful woman, and do not at all deserve such high eulogiums." After this she had the book taken from the Brahman author, and ordered it to be consigned to a watery grave in the Nerbudda. The Brahman left her presence in shame and dishonour. Sir John Malcolm has justly observed, "A Queen like Ahalya is very rare in the history of the world."

Though brought up in the midst of affluence and luxury, Ahalya had shunned all delights, and though an all-powerful Queen, she proved but a *dasi* to all. In Indore there is a house called *Arsimahal*, something like the *Devani Khas* at Delhi. It is richly ornamented. But after Ahalya had become a widow, she never entered this palace of pleasure. It she had ever entertained love of pleasure, she lost it with the lord of her heart. Her contemporaries believed her to be one who had attained salvation and beatitude even in her life-time, while the natives of Malwa call her an Avatar or incarnation of the Divinity. Though a Sudra, she had, while living, become an object of veneration even to the Brahmans. The following poem (in Marhati) shows how very deep was the regard in which Ahalya was held by her countrymen. The poem was composed in her time by the Poet Laureate of Poona, Mayur Pantha, a Brahman:--

"Oh goddess Ahalya! Thou art an ornament to the earth.

"Thou art equally devoted to Durga and Shiva. Persons powerful as the sun praise thy good works and describe thee as more meritorious than Ban Raja's daughter, Usha.

"Goddess Ahalya! thou hast become the most honoured in all the three worlds. I have not heard of an equally pious lady like thee being born-in the present Kali Yuga.

"Who praises those so-called pandits who after hearing the principles of religion do not follow them in practice? (I was therefore saying) no such really pious lady as thou art is heard of in the present Kali Yuga.

"Thou hast appeared on earth in the shape of Parvati or Sita. Thou hast within a short time earned the glory of doing good works fit for sovereigns to do.

"Oh Lady! Thou art not leaving the bed of the Nerbudda, because Nerbudda is thy beloved companion. She is also the companion of Ganga. Is it owing to this companionship that thou hast become so very holy in heart?"

"It is the duty of the devotees to show thee reverence, while worshipping the feet of Vishnu at Gaya."

"Why should not the poet Mayur adore her whom the whole world adores?"

One need not subscribe to all that the poet has said, but there is no doubt that the object of his praise was an extraordinary woman, the like of whom is not to be found in every age or in every country. Her example has created a prejudice in favour of power being vested, as the purity of her heart has begot confidence, in a female. Sir John Malcolm has made a fair estimate of her character, and we cannot better conclude this sketch than in the pithy and eloquent words of that remarkable soldier-statesman and consummate writer. "In the most sober views that can be taken of her character," says good Sir John, "she certainly appears, within her limited sphere, to have been one of the purest and most exemplary rulers that ever existed; and she affords a striking example of the practical benefit a mind may receive from performing worldly duties under a deep sense of responsibility to its Creator."

SHAMBHU CHUNDER DEY.

Bengal.

SOME IRISH PLAYS AND SOCIAL SKETCHES.

WE have heard a great deal during recent years, about the Irish National Theatre, founded in the nineties and the subsequent rejuvenation in the first decade of the twentieth century. Mr William Butler Yeats, Dr Douglas Hyde, and Lady Gregory have been prominent figures in connection with this dramatic phase of the "Irish Revival," either as enthusiastic supporters, a loyal backers, or as contributors of acting pieces. The name of J. M. Synge has been conspicuous on programmes of The Irish Players. Many magazine articles have discussed the establishment and progress of this idea. *The Contemporary Review* in particular has had much to say of the merits of this movement.

Little was evinced in the way of disparagement until the *Dublin Review*, in January 1913 printed a very discerning article by Charles Bewley on 'The Irish National Theatre'. In that paper it was rather definitely stated that many of the pieces produced by this company, particularly those of Synge were not typically Irish in character at all, as an eager public had assumed them to be. The writer contends that these works were not representative, and lacked true proportion. In other literature as in Shakespeare's Scotch piece, *Macbeth*, for instance in order not to give a picture with distorted perspective, typical characters were introduced for purposes of balance and made to remark upon the peculiarity of the peculiar character. Thus is established the relation of literary figures to real life. By some one, it matters little whom but by some one at least, madness must be recognized and called madness, crime must be labelled, as such folly must be shown clearly to be folly, or all the world turns mad, criminal, or foolish. The objection stated by Mr Bewley is a valid one and the general trend of his argument coincided with what has long been the conviction of the present writer—that the present "Irish Revival," as evinced in drama, prose and poetry, is essentially unrepresentative of the Irish life, mind, and spirit. Suppose, then, we accept these conclusions of Mr Bewley.

Dublin has had a typical group of young writers of its own, including Mary O'Sullivan, Seumas O'Kelly, Alice Milligan, George Russell ("A. E."), and some others. Ethna Carbery was of their number. These were ever patriotic, and they used their genius for the good of Ireland. The feeling has gone abroad that Mr. Yeats, and J. M. Synge had exploited Ireland as a literary opportunity worth while, seising and have loved the fantasy, the myth and the legend of the race and shown the Celtic world as through a mist of tears. A sense of tragedy, and a feeling for the beauty of the tragic—or a quizzical inspection of life itself—these determine the general tone of the works of these men. They are devotees of a beauty that does not exist, they waste, in dreaming of times past, energies that might well be utilized for more worthy ends. Their mood is that of the spectator and the *aesthete*, not that of a vile actor or true interpreter.

We shall speak of an Irish writer familiar to Americans, and to the Irish at home and in America, as a lecturer, as a story-teller, and as a dramatist of ability—Mr. Seumas MacManus. He is one who has found that Irish patriotism and truth in Irish portraiture are not incompatible with literary achievement. He was born and bred among Donegal people and in the words of *The New Ireland Review*, "Their thoughts are his thoughts, he lives their life, he is happy in their happiness, and grieves with their grief." Mr. MacManus is representative to the last degree, and his spirit is nationalistic through and through. For every age must produce and support, admitting full regard for the past, its own active and living schools of thought and standards of practice, typical of itself.

There is now taking place an "Irish Revival," an "Irish Revival" evident in the social, the industrial, the economic conditions of the whole land. Life is changing and there are fresh and stirring forces at work. A new Patriotism has sprung to birth and new currents of thought stir the people. Animated by these rising hopes, the writers of Young Ireland stand true to conditions of to-day, with no shifting mists or indefinite warnings remain true to life and face forward.

The surest test of truth is success, especially in the case of plays in the nature of social sketches. The plays of Mr. MacManus were presented to the most severe judges of his subject, to the Irish themselves, and the approval accorded them in Ireland in spite of the fact that their analysis are often uncomplimentary, even harshly critical, proves their worth. They were written to supply a demand for short pieces suitable for amateur presentation, Mr. MacManus met the needs of the hour; and not only that, but he builded better than he knew.

His pieces have been acted in almost every corner of the hills, and in almost every valley of Ireland. Further than this they have been taken to pastures new, and in America they have been presented on many occasions, in many cities, from the Atlantic Seaboard to the Pacific Coast. And, further yet, they, in their success, stand as a powerful living protest against the shams, the superstitions, the trivialities, the falsity and untruth of what has been called the "Irish Revival."

* * * * *

Two of the plays of Mr Mac Manus are to be classified as allegorical. *The Woman of Seven Sorrows* and *The Townland of Tanney*. They each point a moral. The former in a naturalistic, the latter in a general vein.

The Woman of Seven Sorrows is an allegorical study of the fortunes of *Shenlann Gara*, "the little old woman" that is, Ireland. The piece is patriotic to the core. A publisher's note which appears at the back of the book throws some light on the intent of Mr Mac Manus.

"As this metrical drama, proved, when produced at the Sambain festival, to be a successful stage play the author resolved to put it forth in book form, in order that country dramatic societies might be enabled to make use of it for propagandist purposes. All such in Ireland, who wish to use it will be much welcome to it, free of acting fee."

Shiela is continually accompanied by Memory and Hope. Her pride is humbled, her house crumbled, and thoughts of glories that were hers but give pain. In spite of all the holy ones, who went forth, for hearts bursting their Shiela's wrong, and poured their veins' red sacrificial streams, she seemed not to have freed herself or to have accomplished aught.

Shiela—Oft on my woeful journey has it seemed as now, but yet a little way; and I, though faint, and fain to rest ta'en heart again, and stumbled on, to find when next I looked, 'twas far, and far—or gone. It is a mirage Would any own this way-worn woman, queen—this woman of the tear-stained face, and thorn-pierced feet, of wind-tossed hair, and garments rent and poor—would any own her queen?

Hope—Yes, yes, ten thousand thousand hearts beat true to Shiela still, and love her all the dearer for her woes.

The Seven "Sorrows" are seven denials of assistance by seven persons who had formerly pledged allegiance. A "pale-faced" young man, who has given the flower of his days, asks to be released from the vow to which he had been true "while fondest friends named him fool"; a mountain child who announces—"I go to win relief for parents crushed by hideous want; a country boy, and last an aged couple who

go to join their prosperous children in America. The farewell of the country boy about to join the emigration is worthy of quotation : it illustrates an attitude :

"I wearied of my cramped life within the circling hills that gloomed our home ; my hands were wearied on the spade ; my eyes were wearied watching o'er the ring that shut me in ; my heart went weary yearning, yearning, - for—I know not what. Young men left our hills, and wandered far, and sailed the seas, and after years, returned with tidings strange of lands beyond, where life is life, and hearts can never hunger. They told of cities fair, with spires and domes that glittered in the sun, and gold, and gold, and—gold ! In nightly dreams, and dreams by day, I see these cities now. Their flashing domes, and glittering spires bewitch my soul, and stay I cannot. I cannot break the hidden power that draws me."

If, in this first part of the play, the nationalistic motive has been prominent, in Shiela's closing speech it bursts forth triumphant, with full power of the grand finale. We have been told of the sorrows of "the little old woman," how of her sons and daughters some had wearied of the struggle and some had been torn away by dire necessity. The flower of Ireland many of the most ambitious of her youth, are ever lured afar to push their fortunes in foreign lands, among strange peoples. It is her misfortune that she must lose so many of her supporters. These are her sorrows when her friends and lovers leave her. It is for this reason that in her despair The Dark Rose would banish memory along with hope, banish remembrance of bitter oppressions and tragic partings of the past, bloody slaughters that took the flower of her youth, and persistent emigrations that sapped her strength.

Before leaving this splendid play, we cannot refrain from mentioning a few thoughts that come into our mind in connection with it concerning Mr. Yeats' *Kathleen ni Houlihen*. Mr. Yeats also tells a story of the love of the country-man for Shiela ni Gara, the "little old woman", but tells it realistically rather than allegorically. He lays his scene at the time of a "rising" and shows how the Irishman leaves his lands, his parents, his brother, and even his newly betrothed wife to follow the "little old woman" who represents Ireland. There are two striking passages in the piece : the first is the exit of Kathleen ni Houlihen, down the road, off-stage, declaring in ringing tones, of those who shall support her : "They shall be remembered for ever—and for ever—and for ever." The second comes after the departure of the older brother Michael. Patrick, the younger brother enters and, being questioned, tells how he says he has seen, not as all expected him to say an old woman going along the street, but a young woman, with flowers in her hair, and she walked like a

queen. Except for these two flashes of the ardent Irish spirit, the general tone of Mr. Yeats' piece seems to be depressing. He is continually insisting on the tragedy of life in Ireland, the tragedy brought on by a brave nationalism; his picture is drawn from the point of view of the family. Kathleen ni Houlihan is scarcely more to him than a grim enchantress who breaks up the happiness of the family circle. With Mr. MacManus the canvass is reversed, it is disloyalty to the cause that brings about anguish rather than loyalty to it, and it is Kathleen ni Houlihan who is hurt rather than any individuals. It is a matter of interpretation: Mr. Yeats thinks of the harm of the exactions, Mr. MacManus of the joy of the service; Mr. Yeats thinks of the fact, Mr. MacManus of the spirit that actuates the fact, Mr. Yeats thinks of the test of loyalty as a cruel intervention, Mr. MacManus of it as a glorious transfiguration; to Mr. Yeats the "little old woman" makes an unreasonable demand, to Mr. MacManus she merely receives her due. In the last analysis the chief point of difference between the two men is to be found in the strong patriotism of Mr. MacManus who finds a pleasure in serving Ireland and who considers the need of help as well as the difficulties of giving it.

The others of the plays of Mr. MacManus are chiefly realistic pictures of Irish life and character. Of these there is a small group which carry a nationalistic argument, while the others are largely of a social nature.

The Hard Hearted Man, *Orange and Green*, *Rory Wins*, and *Bong Tong Come to Balriddery*—each of them seems to admit of classification as a play with a purpose. The last of these is a pleasant enough little comedy, built around a good situation, that of two "boarding school" daughters who alter their names to suit the fashion and who try to establish *bon ton* into their home town. The nationalistic sentiments of the piece are introduced incidentally. Two minor characters, Albert Orful of the Local Government Board and Sandy McNab of the Department for Providing Home Employment for the Irish, furnish evidence of the blindness, the lack of sympathy, the unconcern, the incompetency of British Agents who interfere in Irish affairs. *Rory Wins* and *Orange and Green* likewise have noteworthy polemical value.

To say of *The Hard Hearted Man* that, on account of its propagandist nature, the author offers it for playing purposes free of acting fee, is a good indication of the purpose of the piece. It is an anti-emigration play of merit and conviction. The "hard hearted man" is one who discountenances a youth's going to America, who offers work on his own place, and who, finally, at the end of the play, when the "Yankee" has come home repentant, gives him work to do. From this play we learn that emigration is all a matter of pride, that a

haughty refusal to dig the neighbour's land for a wage is more often the cause of leaving than dire necessity. With employment offered him in Ireland, William Breslin plans to leave his old father behind and "to push his fortune" in America. It is, as we have said, a matter of pride. "I mean," says Breslin, "no man who's a man, would live here, in hunger and hardships, and when there's such a country as America afore him." The opposite stand, taken by Maurice Ruddy, he who offered the job, the hard-hearted man, is interesting and constitutes the force of the nationalistic argument :

"Small wonder Ireland is drivin' to the devil—all that I have seen since the days was the sorry sight of our poor country going from bad to worse bein' driven headlong to the devil by careless ones, that will neither help the country themselves, nor teach their children to help her ; but teaching their children three things always—to forget their country's language, an' to forget their country an' to get out of their country as fast as they can—My black curse upon the emmigrant ship, for it's takin' the flower of our girls an' the pick of our men, from innocence here to the greed an' the shame an' the guilt, the unhappy life an' the remorseful death there. An' Ireland—God of pity look down on you Ireland, an' God of mercy forgive them that turn their backs on you, an' forgive, too, the fathers an' mothers that hurry their children an' your children away from you."

Realism is the chief characteristic of all these plays—including the small patriotic group just discussed. *The Lad from Largymore*, *Dinny O'Dowd*, *Nobby Harron's Matching*, *Mrs Connolly's Cashmere*, and *The Leadin' Road to Donegal*, each of these is true to life and each is built around a very good situation. *The Leadin' Road to Donegal* seems to the present writer very nearly, if not certainly, the best of all of this type. It runs as follows. Taidy, the tailor, and his wife are sitting up late to finish a suit for a wedding for the morrow. Just as they are about to go to bed Taidy discovers that the little dog has been playing with the coat and vest of the suit and got them all dirty on the floor. There are a few warm words and Taidy exclaims : "There she goes—there she goes now. Set a woman's tongue goin' an' Bonny-party himself, at the head of all his army, couldn't stop it." Each accuses the other of being a talk-apace ; and finally they agree that the first who speaks a single word "will have to put breedin' on the little dog." They settle before the fire again. The climax comes with the arrival of travellers at confused cross-roads outside the cabin who desire to be told or pointed out the leadin' road to Donegal. Remembering their pledge neither Taidy nor Mary speaks and in turn a footman and a driver flee the room in consternation.

deeming some spell to be on the cabin. The gentleman finally enters and brings about the denouement by offering to kiss Mary.

These are simple plays, requiring few actors and little stage-setting. Plots are not complicated and, in the hands of country dramatic societies, they easily strike home. The situations of the pieces are all pointed and well worked up. Mr. MacManus is direct and lucid at exposition and his handling of tense dramatic moments is usually very good and the action is clear throughout. We cannot say, as we might be led to say of another, that he seems to have caught the Irish spirit. He has known and lived the Irish life and the very essence of his speech and of his mood is Irish. With admirable point to each of his sketches he has built an interesting series—a series true to Ireland.

Mr. MacManus' dramatic skill is shown in one of his defects. Often horse-play of one kind or another constitutes or accompanies the denouement, as in *The Lad from Larymore* where a whip is used to good effect, in *Bong Tong Come to Bahridy* where Aunt Brigid drives two Englishmen out of the house, in *Mrs. Connolly's Cashmere* at the forceful recovery of the "bequeathed" articles, and in *The Hard Hearted Man* in the "rough house" following the breaking open of the trunk of the "comehome Yankee" and the discovery that it is "packed" with one shirt front and some huge rocks. This sort of thing is not in the best of taste, of course and yet Mr. MacManus carries his action along very well, makes the rough-and-tumble good-naturedly humorous and keeps it incidental.

When we say that Mr. Scumas MacManus is, in his plays as well as in his social sketches more than a mere entertainer, we mean that he stands for the Irish race, its national hope and its country life. We shall refer to *The Ballads of a Country Boy* because we find there crystallized the same ideals which are more vaguely and incidentally expressed in the other works of Mr. MacManus. We need refer to but two—*My Creed* and *For Ireland*—to show the bent of his nationalistic spirit, perhaps to quote a couple of lines:

Her glories gild my waking hours, her woes my dreams o'ercast;
And the love that fed my heart's first fire, please God,
shall light my last.

O, Ireland, for your holy sake I'll joyful bear all pain.

To your high cause I consecrate my heart, my hand, my brain.

In poems not primarily on a patriotic theme there is, as one reviewer has said, the tilt of Irish hillsides, and the world of Donegal is pictured for others by one who loves it and who teaches others to love it, too. His spirit is contagious.

But apart from their patriotic merits, apart from their propagandist applicability and weight, the plays of Mr. MacManus are faithful port-

raitures, they are representative of a society which few can know and understand. Living men and women breathe down their pages and the cleverest wit of the Irishman is continually in evidence. Here are no such distorted figures as those in *John Bull's Other Island* by Bernard Shaw, in *The Playboy of the Western World* by J. M. Synge, or in the representation of the priest in *The Tinker's Wedding* by the same author. Mr. MacManus is faithful to his subjects, his tailors are tailors, his countrymen countrymen, his apprentices apprentices. In *Dinny O'Dowd*, if we wish to take an example, we find him dealing with a priest who really believes that Dinny has come back to life and is frightened at meeting him, and yet the execution of the passage is always respectful there is no undecentment of sneering laughter as in *The Tinker's Wedding*. This is but one comparison, others would show the difference in other lights a difference due to the fact that Mr. Synge writes from without, and Mr. MacManus from within, and knows, and has lived the life he has aimed to interpret.

* * * *

If the plays of Mr. MacManus may be said to be of value for their social characterizations so much more so must be his poems and prose sketches. His first volume in verse was *Schuilers from Heathy Hills*; and *Ballads of a Country Boy* his latest dates some years back. Of recent times he has been doing mostly prose studies. Three volumes constitute the main body of his non-dramatic prose work, *The Bend of the Road*, 1898, *A Lad of the O'Leys*, 1902, and *Yourselves and the Neighbours*, 1913. Changing mood from pathos to laughter, from sentiment to heroism his work is ever permeated with the spirit of Donegal lullabies.

When Mr. MacManus strikes the lyric mood, his singing is fresh and natural we seem to hear the bard of a race. Many are the wonder tales he himself has told by evening fire-sides, rollicking tales, tales of enchantment, and Irish tales handed down from of old. *Dr. Kilgannon*; *The Bewitched Liddle*; *Irish Nights*; *Through the Turf Smoke*; and *The Leadin' Road to Donegal* were the kind of story related by this *seanachie* to wondering auditors among the hills of Ireland. *Donegal Fairy Stories* and *In Chimney Corners* are typical of the lore of the *seanachies*; the rollicking stories of the type of *Dr. Kilgannon* are of Mr. MacManus's own creation. Books are very scarce in Ireland. Mr. MacManus has told of how he got "the tradition" of a book and followed that book several times over the range of hills as it was loaned to various persons until at last he was able to borrow it for his own use. Several times in the three volumes of collected social sketches above-mentioned he indicates the rarity of books, and John Burns' jealous care of the few he owned. Histories and biographies were treasured.

Tales were learned and good verse was easily memorized. *When the Nation Came* is the title of one of the studies telling how several men clubbed together to subscribe to the *Nation*, and how, after one had travelled seven miles to get it, they gathered at the house of Denis MacFaddyen, whose daughter Ellen read the paper aloud. So precious and so prized was reading material

The Bend of the Road and *A Lad of the O'Friel's*—anecdotes of his own boyhood and youth in the Donegal village—are very much alike, except that the sketches in the latter form a sequence of a semi-biographical nature. We have used the words "social sketches" as characterizing these pieces of work. This seems the appropriate classification. And in doing social sketches Mr. MacManus has had great success because he thoroughly understands the life of which he writes: he has lived it and is saturated with it. It is all stored within him and now he is giving it forth. For seven years he was *The Masther* in a Donegal village and then one day he turned the key in the door and came over the hills and took the boat for America. It is of himself that he has related the incidents of *Intellectual Feats by the Fireside* and *The Masther and the Boy i Ladh*. He is telling of his own boyish pranks when he writes of the doings of the followers of the Vagabone?

It is of himself that he says

"The bird in the bush and the trout in the burn, not less than the hills and the streams were my companions as well as the other barefooted, gay-hearted lads of Knockagar, who ran with me when I chose. But these latter I did not always choose, for, though they appreciated the nests of mavis and leverock and partridge I showed them, and the trout pool I discovered for them, and the den of wild cherries I disclosed to them, and the tales I told them by the way, and the fiery Irish ballads I said for them—still, they are unsatisfying: they could not run the hills for the hills sake, and a mavis singing on the thorn, or a trout leaping in the pool, suggested to them a fine 'cock-shot' above and beyond all else." The book is a masterpiece. We know of no better means of coming to an appreciation and love of the Irish life and the Irish people. The characterization and the description is splendid. If we never read the book again—though we shall many times—we should never forget the wild loveliness on Glenboran, the confusion of the big Harvest Fair of Glenties, the charm of story-telling in the evenings, the tense excitement of the hand-ball contest, the impressive splendour of a religious pilgrimage to Lough Dearg, the rivalry and glory of the great bonfires on Midsummer's Night, and the real affection of Father Dan

for his people, and his sorrows because it seems that all the boys and girls must go the road to Amerikay.

The patriotism of Mr. MacManus stirs, with an intense fervor, Uncle Donel's rambling reminiscences by the yalla firelight of the days of '98. The fighting, the hiding, the rising again, and the last flight—these are all told. "But there was the one mistake workin' again' ~~the~~, all the time—the want of organization and discipline, and obedience. So that, always what we won with wan hand we lost with the other." Uncle Donel it was who never omitted, at Rosary-time, to call for "Wan Pater-and-Ave for poor sufferin' Irelan'; that God might lighten her burden, and lead her into the bright sunshine of his eternal smile."

Mr. MacManus may not be really autobiographical in any incident, and yet in every incident he gives the impression of writing of something of which he knows and of which he has had experience. With but little difficulty we yield to the impulse of our imaginations and, at the spell of his pen, seat ourselves around Tool-a-Gallagher's candle and come to know all these things even as though part of our own experience.

Yourself and the Neighbour is the title of Mr. MacManus' latest book. The very titles of the studies therein collected indicate the character of the book. It is a sequence again, somewhat after the fashion of the splendid *Lad of the O'Friel's*, but the mood is less imaginative and more realistic, it deals less with thoughts and ideas and dreams and more with hard actualities than a *Lad of the O'Friel's*. The separate pieces are *In Barefoot Time*, *A Day in the Bog*, *Your Courtin' days*, *Your Wedding*; *When a Man's Married*, *The Gentle People*; *When the Tinkers Came*, *The Come-Home Yankce*, *The Masther*; and *Evening's Quiet End*. We, who have been privileged to read this volume in the manuscript, venture the statement that it surpasses both his other volumes. All of it is written in the second person, a trick of the author's which gives a reality, a familiarity, and a charm from which it is not possible to escape.

What in music is called the attack, is simply irresistible in work like this. The reader is captured and put in the proper subjective mood at once, with, for instance, an opening sentence like, "Do you mind the turf cutting, the turf cutting in Donegal, the turf cutting in the lone bogs, far away, among the far hills." *When the Tinkers Came* has a particularly fine opening and another sketch begins: "From the out-shoot bed just adjoining the kitchen fire—a bed that never contained less than three or more than five—you, because you had reached the care-burdened age of eight, tumbled, just at the screek o' day, when your mother, the first in the house to stir, was poking last night's goals

from the ashes in which they had been raked, building them on the hearth, and piling black turf around them—to make a big, roaring, blazing fire, in which should boil the pot for your morning's stirabout."

So, in simple speech, in strong sentences of Anglo-Saxon words, with few French or Latin derivatives, we are transported to the Irish soil. We fall in love, and we join "the Boys," and we look into the eyes of our *cailín*, and know that her soul says to us: "In Ireland all men that are men must divide their hearts between two loves." We go off to reap the Scotch Harvest; we extend our hospitality and have to entertain the Tinker's for all winter; we enjoy with delight and wonder the contests of learnin' in which *The Maslher* is engaged; we glory in becoming one of the great *seanachies* of the countryside and indulging in entrancing reminiscences; we firmly believe in the Gentle Folk and would agree that "there are more neighbours at Knockagar than are on the priest's books. There is hardly a toot of ground without its fairy."

* *

Suffice to say that on rainy days or stormy nights we like to get one of Mr. Mac Manus' books in our hand and think ourselves a boy in Ireland, to renew in our imaginations the lilt of singing birds, the charm of slanting hillsides, the enchantment of untenanted grazing lands, the glint of sun-lit roofs in the wondrous far-off town, the delight in the swirling, dimpling trout pool, or perhaps the spell of *seanachie* tales in the gloaming, the joy in the flickering fire, the friendly interest of the neighbours, and the kindly benediction of Father Dan. This, all this, is ours for the asking.

ELBRIDGE COLBY.

New York.

QUIS BEATUS ?

The death of Desire is the birth of Happiness

—sayings of Sakya Muni.

Vikramāditya the King

Sate of a morning in spring

And all his Nine Gems sat stroking their beards, and looking
nowhere ;

And Nature was so fair and so fresh and so trim,

It wakened a sweet sadness in him

Fair woods, fair trees, fair flowers fair everything,—

But is the world happy ? ' pondered the King,

Children of Sarasvatī,† men are like ants on the sides of a hill,

Hurrying, scurrying never at rest,—

Say, who is with happiness blest ?

Then Kamshka, from out the throne,—

His beard a century long—

Made answer ' To be like thee, O King, were **Indr'asan on
earth :**

The vicar of Brahm† on earth

And a fountain of joy unto worth '

And slowly the others replied,

And each with the other vied

To make out the monarch the best and happiest man ever
born :

But never the least little ripple of smile

Lightened his thought-furrow'd features the while.

* The Famous *Navaratna*

† The Indian *Minerva*.

‡ The Indian *Jupiter*. Indr'asan is the Indian *Olympus*.

And lo ! a poor beggar was passing that way,
 And he was singing,—So happy and gay !—
 “ The wisest have spoken.—Let’s hear the wisdom Misery
 holds :

‘ Ohe, old beggar, is anything less
 Or wanting to thee unto true happiness ? ”

The beggar bowing low to the earth,
 Said : “ O happiest day since my birth !——
 Want ? I want nothing, O King ! Long since have I ceased
 to desire :

And now to be or not to be,
 Is almost all the same to me.”

“ To be or not to be
 Is all the same to thee ?
 Ah, beggar, then, beggar,” quoth the King, “*thou* art the
 happiest man !—

Desire,—ah, thou but away,
 • We men had no reason to pray ! ’

NICHOLAS RAY.

A GREAT LADY AND SOVEREIGN RULER OF HEARTS.

SINCE Miss Nightingale's death and for some years before it there has been a danger that her name would remain in men's minds as a synonym only for a ministering angel in Nurse's uniform. The pretty fact that the letters of her name form the anagram "Flit on cheering Angel," combined with Longfellow's poem of "Santa Filomena," increased the likelihood that Florence Nightingale would flit through the memory of twentieth century persons as that Lady with the Lamp whose shadow was kissed by the wounded soldiers in the hospital at Scutari, who were awake and conscious when she made her nightly round of the wards, and as nothing more.

Sir Edward Cook's biography of Miss Nightingale has put our fear at rest. He has given us a full length, life-sized portrait of her character. The Woman; The Lady in Chief; The Governess of the Governors; The Great Lady, in the sense of a queen of hearts and minds, ruling by doing service to mankind, stands before us.

His portrait does not contradict first impressions, partial sketches, studies of her in one great epoch of her life. She was indeed a Nurse; the Pioneer of modern Nursing. To Miss Nightingale nursing was a vocation, a fine art; something more than a profession, never to be degraded to a trade.

She said in her Memoir of Miss Agnes Jones: "Nursing is an art and, if it is to be made an art, requires as exclusive a devotion, as hard a preparation, as any painter's or sculptor's work, for what is the having to do with dead canvas or cold marble, compared with having to do with the living body—the temple of God's Spirit? It is one of the Fine Arts; I had almost said, the finest of the Fine Arts." After showing that class distinction

EAST & WEST

need make no difference in the art of nursing, she asserts that "there is no such thing as amateur art or amateur nursing. If by amateurs we meant those who take it up for play, it is no art at all, no nursing at all. You never yet made an artist by paying him well. But—an artist ought to be well paid." In an Appendix to her *Notes on Nursing*, one of the most trenchant, pithy and comprehensive books we know, she deprecates the errors in clinical details to be found in fiction. Shakespeare alone could define a nurse. She quotes from *Cymbeline* :

" So kind, so dutious, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like."

In her own person she went near to fulfilling her own ideal,—in the estimation of others : we may be sure that, from her own point of view, the nearer she approached it, the further away did her ideal seem to be. We all, Georgians and Edwardians as well as Victorians, are familiar with Longfellow's picture of "The Lady with the Lamp" in his *Santa Filomena* . no need to quote from the poem. Thanks to the note-book of a friend we have just read some verses published in *Punch*, February 1855, which contain a less well-known portrait of the Lady :—

' A woman, fragile, pale and tall
Upon her saintly work doth move,
Fair or not fair who knows ? But all
Follow her face with love.

Lady—the very name is sweet
Speaks of full song thro' darkness heard
And fancy findeth likeness meet
Between thee and the bird

Whose music cheers the gloomy world,
As thy low voice in anguish dim
That through those sad rooms lieth cold
On brain and heart and limb.

God guard thee, noble woman ; still
Wear the Saint's glory round thy brow,
Let bigots call thee as they wil,
' What Christ preached doest thou.'

Sir Edward Cook in the introductory chapter to his Life of her warns his readers that the Florence Nightingale he shows them is a very different person from this Saint in a popular calendar. Her character, he says, "was stronger, more spacious, and, as I have felt, more lovable than that of the Lady with the Lamp."

He is right. Florence Nightingale is all that popular enthusiasm and loving tradition have described her to be and handed down to us, but she is more also. The Lady with the Lamp is good. Our Queen-regnant in the kingdom of heart and intellect is great as well as good. After her death a preacher described her work as having been done by force of simple goodness.

If we translate simple as single hearted, Miss Nightingale was simplicity itself and her aim was always good. But no one who studies her life can fail to be struck by the many-sidedness of her character, the multiplicity of her gifts. To show the inadequacy of the phrase her words Sir E. Cook gives us the opinion of Miss Nightingale expressed by a man of affairs who had come into touch with men of acutest intellect and greatest administrative capacity. Hers was the clearest brain he had ever known in man or woman. One of Victoria who had expressed her admiration of Miss Nightingale's gentleness and simplicity, was keenly sensible of her clear-headedness and administrative capacity. "I wish we had her at the War Office," she said in a letter to the Duke of Cambridge in 1856.

In spite of the biographical assertion and our own belief in it, we cannot help saying that none of the titles given Miss Nightingale fit her more exactly than that of the "Lady with the Lamp," because it comprehends many points in her character as well as seizes upon a characteristic act which served as a type of her "service at Scutari."

She was a Genius, a Lady with a Lamp indeed. Quite as really as she passed through the hospital at Scutari every night, the lanthorn of Duty and Love in her hand, so she passed through life holding high the Lamp of Truth. She held her lamp in such wise that the aisles of the Past, explored by her searching intellect, stood out to view illumined by the light of the Present for those who have eyes to see. Well-poised in her commanding position, she turned her lamp so that it revealed vistas of the Future also, shaped by men's use of the Present and the Past.

Regarding her as a Light-bearer we see her as the most practical of Mystics—all true mystics are more or less practical—and the most spiritual of Pragmatists. As a mystic she was herself the reflector of Light. She stood firmly on the Truth that she had carefully felt out for herself to be the only safe foundation. In a fragment of a partly autobiographical story in her *Suggestions for Thought* she desires that neither name nor date shall be inscribed on her heroic grave—these words only *I believe in God*.

This was the foundation on which she stood, stood in nobly unself-conscious poise, not that she might be seen of men, but that she might catch the Light, and that the Light, striking the many facets of her character might be revealed to her fellows for the glory of God. The meaning read into the word mystic by some persons who have not thought the subject of mysticism out, as that of a contemplative recluse is soon seen to be a restricted one by a study of the lives of real mystics. This is how Florence Nightingale defined Mysticism.

"Mysticism is to dwell on the unseen, to withdraw ourselves from the things of sense into communion with God, to endeavour to partake of the Divine Nature, that is, of Holiness. When we ask ourselves only what is right or what is the will of God (the same question) then we may truly be said to live in His light."

In a Preface she wrote for a book on Mysticism to contain selections from the writings of Mystics belonging to different periods, Miss Nightingale further gave her definition of Mysticism as the "attempt to draw near to God not by rites or ceremonies, but by inward disposition."

"That Religion is not devotion but work and suffering for the love of God, this is the true doctrine of Mystics—as is more particularly set forth in a definition of the sixteenth century 'True religion is to have no other will but God's.'"

"Where shall I find God? In myself. That is the true Mystical Doctrine. But then I myself must be in a state for Him to come and dwell in me. This is the whole aim of the Mystical Life, and all Mystical Rules in all times and countries have been laid down for putting the soul in such a state. That the soul herself should be heaven, that our Father which is in Heaven should dwell in her, that there is something within us infinitely more estimable than often comes out, that God enlarges this 'palace of our soul' by degrees, so as to enable her to receive

Himself, that thus He gives her liberty, but that the soul must give herself up absolutely to Him, for Him to do this—this is the conclusion and sum of the whole matter, put into beautiful language by the Mystics.” After dilating on the essential quality of Prayer, regarded mystically as an asking, not for anything we wish from God, but to know what God wishes of us, she shows clearly the absence of all self-preoccupation in the minds of these mystics even in the hour of death. “In the dying prayers there is nothing of the egotism of death. It is the reformation of God’s Church—God’s children—for whom the self would give itself, that occupies the dying thoughts. . . . There is often a desire to suffer the greatest sufferings and to offer the greatest offering, with even greater pain, if so any work can be done. . . . These supplicants did not live to see the reformation of God’s children. No more will any who now offer these prayers. But at least we can all work towards such practical reformations. The way to live with God is to live with Ideas, to do and suffer for them. Those who have to work on men and women must above all things have a Spiritual Ideal, their purpose ever present. The mystical state is the essence of common sense.”

If, as we hold it so to be, Miss Nightingale’s definition of mysticism and mystics is true, she certainly in her life and character illustrated and illuminated this true definition. In this respect, she is a Light-bearer, being, as we said, the most practical of mystics.

From Mysticism to Pragmatism is supposed to be a far cry. In Miss Nightingale’s life and personality the mystic and the pragmatist meet and unite.

To quote her own words, she had “remodelled her whole religious belief from end to end,” and had “learnt to know God” before her life of activity—as known by the world—began. She had learnt to know God—the Truth—because she had obeyed the Law of Service, and had thereby found that Truth is Love, and Love can only be known by loving.

Truth is known to be Love because Love is Light and reveals Itself. We can only retain the Light by receiving it and communicating it to others. We communicate it through the media, of acts of service, of aid given practically, intellectually, spiritually—in other words by being an illuminating personality, liberal in the outpouring of self for the benefit of others.

According to pragmatism the value of a creed consists in the life lived by the person professing it, the value of religion in the deeds done in obedience to its precepts. Hence we say Florence Nightingale was a spiritualised pragmatist:

"If it is said," wrote she in *Suggestions for Thought*, "that we cannot love a law—the mode in which God reveals Himself—the answer is we can love the spirit which originates the law."

"Whether we eat or drink or whatsoever we do, do all to the glory of God. To do it 'to the glory of God' must be to fulfil the Lord's purpose. That purpose is man's increase in truth, increase in right being."

Regarding Miss Nightingale as a light-bearer, we see her charming simplicity. She gathered up all her forces and directed them to the one great purpose of glorifying God by serving man. She wrote on the margin of Browning's *Paracelsus*: "To find out what we can do, one's individual place, as well as the General End, is man's task. To serve man for God's sake, not man's, will prevent failure from being disappointment."

Looking at her whole personality, as her biographer shows it to us, we see how many were the parts bent into this simplicity of the whole by her singleness of aim. She was pre-eminently a stateswoman, not a politician. She was ever a fighter, but she was also a consummate strategist. We have but to follow the details of her work as Lady in Chief to grasp the truth of these statements. We see her resourcefulness before she went to the Crimea, during the time she took charge of the Home for Sick Ladies in Harley Street—her "first situation" as she called it.

She entered upon her "first situation" in 1853. This Home was managed by a Committee of fine ladies, to use Miss Nightingale's words. She described her duties thus:

"I am to have the choosing of the house, the appointment of the Chaplain and the management of the funds as the F.A.S. are at present minded. But Isaiah himself could not prophesy how they will be minded at 8 o'clock this evening."

Clearly this "situation" prepared her for taking a "higher post"!. The management tersely described by her significant phrase—"a committee of fine ladies"—was nominally done by means of a Council empowered to appoint a "committee of Ladies" and a "Committee of Gentlemen" To govern the managing body revealed and developed those latent powers of

statecraft and dominance that were to have larger play during the Crimean war.

"I have had to prepare this immense house for patients in ten days—without a bit of help but only hindrance from my Committee." These words from a letter to an intimate friend strike a note of frequent recurrence in this chapter of her work.

"I have been 'in service' ten days and have had to furnish an entirely empty house in that time. We take in patients this Monday, and have not got our workmen out yet."

This was a type of difficulty that exhilarated our Great Lady; there were other kinds that made her good nag, *Patience*, bolt, and obliged her to mount her horse, *Dominant*. For instance, religious narrowness. That was a fence at which she put her fine steed at once, and vaulted over it.

"My Committee refused me to take in *Catholic* patients—whereupon I wished them good morning, unless I might take in Jews and their Rabbis to attend them. So now it is settled, and *in print*, that we are to take in all denominations whatever, and allow them to be visited by their respective priests and muftis. The letter ends thus:

"Amen. From Committees, Charity and Scilism—from Philanthropy and all the deceits of the Devil, Good Lord deliver us!
It will do me much good to see a good man again."

In one of her letters to her father she told him that when she went into service she determined that, happen what might, she would not "intrigue among the Committee." "Now I perceive that I do all my business by intrigue."

Miss Nightingale proceeds to give an instance of her methods of management. A series of resolutions was presented to the Committee as coming from the Medical Men.

"All these I proposed and carried in Committee without telling them that they came from *me*; then, and not till then, I showed them to the Medical Men without telling *them* that they were already passed in Committee."

Other kinds of difficulties that vexed her soul she mastered, not by strategy but by courage in taking responsibility on her own shoulders when Committee and Medical Men refused to broaden their shoulders to bear the burden. For instance—"We have cases of purely lazy fits, and cases deserted by their families. And my Committee have not the courage to discharge a single

case. The Medical Men say they won't—and I always have to do it as the stop-gap on all occasions."

Her pungent letters, doubtless, helped to keep the Dominant Lady's head cool and her heart sweet. She enjoyed her work; she realised that at last she had been able to snap the silken bonds of family solicitude and opposition that had bound her hitherto, fretting her into occasional fits of morbid depression or futile exasperation; she experienced the delights of power—the power of great gifts in the service of clamant humanity; in short, she had been able to respond to her vocation.

She spoke indeed of her difficulties, but she spoke of her consolations also. "I begin the New Year," she said, "with more true feeling of a happy new year than ever I had in my life."

The New Year, 1854, was to be a momentous year for Miss Nightingale. In it she was called to take her part, not only in the history of our own country, but of Europe also, and her name, dear at that time to her family and her friends, was to become as music in the hearing of many nations.

We have dwelt at some length on her "first situation" partly because, while all the world knows the Lady in Chief at Scutari, few people had heard anything of the Lady in Charge at the Governesses' Home, Harley Street, London, before Sir E. Cook's book was published: partly also because it will be interesting for readers of that book to see how this first Charge educated those qualities that made her the Lady of the Lamp when she was entrusted with larger and weightier responsibilities. In Harley Street also we see the woman of affairs, the hard-headed critic, as well as the tender, loving woman. We must never fall into the mistake of supposing that the fount of pity was ever dried up, let humour and sarcasm flow never so freely as caustic from tongue and pen. Miss Nightingale's biting criticism was surgeon's caustic, used for curative purposes. Hers was too strong a character not to be tender. Only weak characters—morally and spiritually weak—are cruel; only the feeble-minded are spiteful; only cowards are tyrannous. Out of strength comes sweetness; out of force, gentleness. Courage gives vent and point to severity, but it is the severity of justice and of true kindness.

Florence Nightingale's clear brain and high courage made her hands strong as steel, and she did not wear velvet gloves.

when she saw occasion to smite ; but her heart was as soft as melting wax, for the fire of Love influenced it. We might multiply quotations from her letters which, taken by themselves, might serve to show her a brilliant administrator, not a gentle ministrant. But, if we did that, we should be constrained to quote too from letters to her, in which she was thanked for her "unwearied and affectionate attention," or addressed as "Darling Mother" ; "Good, dear, faithful Friend" . . .

If we feel called upon to plead for due attention to be given to her milder virtues in her Harley Street work, Sir E. Cook's comprehensive history of her work at Scutari proves the fallacy of the fancy picture of her there, as a "ministering angel." Indeed, we wonder how Miss Nightingale found time and strength for nursing at the seat of war. We know that she did nurse her sick and wounded soldiers there with consummate skill and tenderness, and somehow or other she had leisure to sympathise with their relatives and carry out the wishes and fulfil the requests of those who died in hospital. But all these ministrations were but subordinate parts to her work as a whole. Initiator, organiser, administrator, she had need of all her foresight, all her imagination, all her knowledge of men and plans, all her courage, wit, humour, fighting powers. And what would have become of the Army, the Hospital, the Nurses, if she had not known how to "virtual her forces" and to spend the money at her command ? In the words of a French historian "she embraced in her solicitude the sick of three armies." She was a purveyor of clothing as well as of food, and, in whatever capacity she served, she was hampered continually by *red tape*. There is no need to particularise instances of this, for readers of the biography will read with avidity every detail of this episode in Miss Nightingale's life. What we wish to point out is that Sir E. Cook's intimate knowledge of every detail serves to show the intellectual and moral stature of the Lady in Chief.

And we have no doubt that readers will be struck by one point in the Great Lady's administrative method which bears witness to her common sense as well as her statesmanship. She had received from Government two official responsibilities. She was Lady in Chief of the Nursing Department ; she was Lady High-Almoner. It would have been permissible for her to have dispensed her stores herself or through her delegates ; her far-

sightedness, however, foresaw irregularities and abuses, if she followed this comparatively easy course. She required, therefore, that all demands upon her stores should come from medical authority. For Miss Nightingale was a believer in rules and system. She could both make and keep rules. She was equally ready to break through petty regulations and snap rules that had become ineffective by their want of elasticity. If Miss Nightingale's letters from Harley Street were racy and piquant, those from Scutari to The War Office, especially to Mr. Sidney Herbert, are pungent and lambent. "A fossil of pure Old Red Sandstone" she described one person to be. The Custom House was "a bottomless pit whence nothing ever issued of all that was thrown in."

She was excessively angry when more Nurses were sent out than she considered necessary. And perhaps nothing vexed her soul more than religious quibbles that were raised. She expressed herself clearly:

"I object to the principle of sending any one out *quâ* sectarian instead of *quâ* Nurse." As Roman Catholic Nurses had been received, she did not see how Presbyterians could be refused. "Therefore let six trained nurses be sent out if you think fit, of whom let two-thirds be Presbyterians. But I must bar fat, drunken old dunces. Above fourteen stone we will not have—the provision of bedsteads is not strong enough."

If readers lay to heart all the comprehensive details given them by her biographer of the Crimean episode in Miss Nightingale's life, they will not be surprised to read what she says to her own School of Nurses at S. Thomas' Hospital at a later period of her life

Miss Nightingale used to address the Probationer Nurses of the Nightingale Fund School at S. Thomas' Hospital. The first of these addresses, given January 1st, 1886, was printed and issued in pamphlet form, for private circulation. Every probationer was required by the medical authorities to master this, for it contained the cream of Miss Nightingale's nourishing teaching. In this address the following remarks occur: "A woman who takes the sentimental view of Nursing (which she calls 'ministering', as if she were an angel) is of course worse than useless; a woman possessed with the idea that she is making

a sacrifice, will never do; and a woman who thinks any kind of Nursing work 'beneath a nurse' will simply be in the way."

"If we have not true religious feeling and purpose, Hospital life, the highest of all things *with* these, becomes *without* them a mere routine and bustle, and a very hardening routine and bustle."

Miss Nightingale, however, is undeviatingly insistent, that feeling, religious as well as romantic, is useless without determinate industry and purposeful effort. Progress must be made. "A woman," says Miss Nightingale, "who thinks in herself: Now I am a full Nurse, a skilled Nurse, I have learnt all that there is to be learnt"—take my word for it—"does not know what a Nurse is, and she never will know." Not to progress is not to stand still, it is to go back. Full of pith this address is. She reminds the Nurses that the world, whether of a ward or an Empire, is governed by those who have royal command of themselves. "She who is the most royal mistress of herself is the only woman fit to be in charge."

Rarely did she allude to herself in these addresses. When she did, we have a remark of this kind:—"The greatest compliment I have received as a Hospital Nurse was this: that I was put to clean and 'do' every day the Special Ward, with the severest medical or surgical case which I was nursing, because I did it thoroughly and without disturbing the patient." She added—"I think I could give a lesson in Hospital housemaid's work now." As a sequence to this remark we may notice that Miss Nightingale was an excellent housekeeper. She required her servants to give good service, and she had what she required. Her father pronounced "Florence's maids and dinner perfect" after his first visit to her in her London house. And the Crown Princess of Germany, as the Empress Frederick then was, described luncheon at that house as a "work of art."

Perhaps this is the point at which we may notice the simplicity of our Lady's mode of life. When Florence Nightingale was a young girl, Mrs. Gaskell (author of *Cranford*) described the rooms given up to her use when she went to stay at Lea Hurst, the Nightingale's place in Derbyshire. Her visit was made that she might have quiet and leisure for writing, so "I am left alone," wrote Mrs. Gaskell, "established high up in two rooms opening one out of the other—the old nurseries. It is curious, how simple

it is. The old carpet does not cover the floor. No easy chair, no sofa, a little curtainless bed, a small glass." The outer room was Florence's room when she was at home; there everything is equally simple, the bed is reconverted into a sofa; two small tables, a few bookshelves, a dark carpet only partially covering the clean boards, and stone-coloured walls—as cold in colouring as need be, but with one low window on one side, trellised over with Virginian Creeper as gorgeous as can be."

Put side by side with this the impression given by Miss Nightingale's rooms in the last years of her life. "The bedroom had a crescent-shaped outer wall with pleasant French windows and flower balconies. The bed stood between the windows and the door with its feet facing the fireplace, and behind the bed was a long shelf conveniently placed for books and papers. There were always flowers in the room. The walls were white, and there were no blinds or curtains: the room seemed full of light and flowers. What impressed visitors was the exquisite cleanliness and daintiness of all the appointments which served as a frame to their mistress." One visitor remarked on the little that was in it beside what was necessary. The furniture was simple, neat, cheap, except a few pieces that had come from the two Nightingale houses—Lea Hurst and Embley.

The drawing-room was loftier, more austere than the bedroom, many bookcases were in it; fine engravings on the walls and some photographs of the Sistine Chapel ceiling.

It is well known that Miss Nightingale's wide world narrowed down to two rooms, sometimes indeed, for long intervals, to one room only in her invalid life dating from her return from the Crimea. She occupied a small area, this lady of royal personality, but she exercised a wide rule of imperial sway.

Why did she shut herself up? it may permissibly be asked. Surely, there was no footing in her character for the delusions of a *malade imaginaire*? Yet how was it that, if she were so seriously disabled from taking her part in ordinary life, she should have lived to extreme old age? There could have been no organic disease.

Probably each reader deeply interested in Miss Nightingale herself as well as in the story of her life will answer the questions—sure always to arise—for himself. For ourselves the answer is clear and satisfactory to our own minds, but difficult to express

tersely. That a woman, physically frail, should have lived through the strain put upon her whole being during her two years' service to her Queen and Country in the Crimean War, is explicable only if we realise that she was divinely called, divinely sustained, that she was healthy, though delicate, that her will, of extraordinary strength, flexibility and staying-power, was obeyed by an intellect almost as strong adaptable and persistent as her will. But the tax levied upon all that was perishable was as heavy as her will was strong. Hence when the tax was no longer levied upon her strained powers, they collapsed. The collapse was as complete as the strain had been prolonged. This is a physical law. Dilatation of the heart and neurasthenia, to use the professional words of her Doctor's diagnosis, do not necessarily imply organic disease, but this fact does not prevent many deaths from occurring from functional distress of important organs and from vital exhaustion. The most rabid believers that invalids have not been "as bad as they made themselves out to be" would not deny that Miss Nightingale was in peril of death over and over again. Yes, but she need not have been in this peril object some critics, if she had obeyed the rules common sense laid down and taken care of herself on her return from Scutari, submitted herself to a rest-cure, or whatever other restorative was prescribed for her. Complete rest would have been followed by a return to ordinary life.

These critics forget that the laws of health are not the rule of thumb, and even if they were, the Florence Nightingales of the world can be under no thumb of generality. Consider her personal creed of existence. She wrote to her Father in 1854: "I believe that there is within and without human nature a revelation of eternal existence, eternal progress for human nature. At the same time I believe that to do that part of this world's work which harmonises accords with the idiosyncrasy of each of us, is the means by which we may at once render this world the habitation of the Divine Spirit in man, and prepare for other such work in other of the worlds which surround us."

Is it consistent with this belief, is it in consonance with her character, that she should ever flinch from doing what she was required to do by the inward promptings of the Spirit, that gave

her her individuality, and by the outward leading of events and circumstances ?

(To be Concluded)

JEAN ROBERTS.

Oxford.

DYING DREAMS

The stars have drawn a dusky veil
 The moon seems pale and sighing
 The East doth slowly blow a spell
 And my dreams are dying
 Stay, Night ! stay thy flight
 For my dreams are dying.

O Heart ! how dismal dail and dream
 To thee the Morn comes, flying !
 Ah dull Despair ! how far and near
 The gloomy gleam is lying
 Stay, Night ! stay thy flight,
 For my dreams are dying.

ARDSHIR I KHABARDAR.

Madras.

SOME NOTES ON THE RELIGIOUS REFORMATION IN MEDIAEVAL INDIA.

THERE are some chapters in the history of the world in reading which our heart is weighed down by the different feelings of pity and disgust and we all but lose our faith in the dignity and goodness of human nature. One such chapter is furnished by the Mahomedan conquest of India. The savage tribes of Central Asia, goaded on by zeal and avarice, poured into India, plundered her temples and palaces, burnt her villages and filled her plains with the blood of her own children. Not long after, they were enthroned in the very heart of Hindustan and the horrors of tyranny were enacted over again. Oppression and disorder reigned supreme for some three centuries and the gloomy story is hardly relieved by the skull of a Babbar or the benevolence of a Firoze Shah. Contentions between Emperor and Prince, King and Khan, Rajput and Turk divided and devastated the country. The people were oppressed in the most brutal, sometimes in the most refined, manner. Bands of the rude warriors of the North swarmed on the frontiers and struck terror into the hearts of the people. Insecurity reigned in the country, bigotry in courts, and desolation in the homes of the people. Life had few things worth living for.

Long since Harsha, the last of the great Hindu Emperors, who died in 648 A.D., the Hindu religion was on the decline. Even during the reign of that great king, Hinduism had become eclectic and weak. Buddhism, lost in pompous pageants and gorgeous ceremony, was about to disappear from the land. Strange and uncouth tribes had settled in India and added their barbarous customs to the multiplex ceremonials of Hinduism. Sankara rose and fought out the intellectual battle of Hinduism against Buddhism. Ramanuja sometime later proclaimed the

doctrine of *Bhakti* and introduced a popular element in religious thought and activity. Both the doctrine and the method bore abundant fruit in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. But these Acharyas inaugurated no great and widespread popular movements. The sway of dogmas and idols continued. Social and religious institutions were petrified and all originality and life seemed to have fled from the country. The pundits carried on their discussions in philosophy, using time-honoured formulas, riddles and arguments. The Puranas and the Epics were read and interpreted to unthinking masses. The ghats of rivers and the porches of temples were crowded with eager votaries seeking salvation in baths and in offerings. The tenets of religion were held in ceremonial reverence. The pageantry of Mahomedan rule only gave a gilded appearance to the artificiality, the sloth and the superstition that corrupted the life and morals of the people.

India entered the most acute stage of her existence when political tyranny conspired with religious and social decay to make the life of her people insecure, artificial and insincere. It was at this time, when both gods and kings seemed to have turned away from the people, that the new wave of religious hope and aspiration spread over the length and breadth of Hindustan. It slowly gathered force in Oudh and in Bengal, spread over the whole of the Gangetic valley and penetrated even Rajputana and Kathiawar. It culminated in a grand movement of revival and reform in Maharashtra, while it helped to make the peasants of the Eastern Punjab into a new and united people. The movement reached its climax in the fifteenth or sixteenth century, and forms an important chapter in the history of this country.

The story of the mediæval saints and reformers, as told by their pious biographers, is full of interest. These men, the saints and reformers, were poor, often of humble origin. Some of them even bore the marks of a social brand. Yet they worked on, unheeding the calumny and the prejudices of men, looking for their reward in their own love and faith. Their hearts were overflowing with benevolence; their minds with devotion. Their one solace, we find, lay in preaching to the people the new gospel, so that all alike may share in the joy and the light that were in them. They wandered from place to place, preaching the gospel of love. Before the cottage-door, in the market place and in the temple, in

the mansion of noblemen and in the council-hall of kings, they preached and sang, taught and exhorted. Kings respected them and even sat at their feet: the common people flocked around them wherever they went.

The heroes of this reformation were many—poets, prophets, statesmen. Poetry was the first to discover and embody the new ideals and hopes of the age. Jayadev wove the mystic story of Radha and Krishna into one great allegory and song. Tulsi Das re-wrote the story of Rama, infusing into it all the devotion, the fervour and the hope of mediæval India. The blind bard Sur Das, all joyous at the vision of a kind-hearted and merciful God, yet deeply conscious of human frailty and sin, poured out his soul in a number of stirring songs and hymns. Bidyapathi Thakur and Chandi Das sang in sweet verse of Divine Love and Mercy. Prophets and reformers also were not wanting, who in words, stern as well as kind, called on men to think, to be of courage and faith, to throw aside the fetters of superstition and dogma, to purify their mind and conduct with good thoughts and holy deeds. Dnyandev, intrepid and clear-sighted, ridiculed the follies of the Orthodox. Kabir denounced images and with a trumpet-like voice called on all, Hindus and Moslems alike, to worship the "One Living God." Chaitanya, mad with ecstasy divine, roused Bengal from its slumber. Dadu, who from a cotton-cleaner rose to be a saint, became the instrument of reformation in Rajputana. Ramdas, the patriot-saint, taught the new ideals to Sivaji, the father of the Maratha nation. There were many more—men of humble ways, yet staunch faith—like, poor, suffering Tukaram, and the low-born but highly devout Chokamela.

The one theme that made poet and preacher alike eloquent was that of a Loving and Merciful God. Poets addressed their songs and prayers to the kind-hearted Vishnu, to the merciful Rama and Krishna. It is the story of the loving and merciful Rama that Tulsi Das sang in immortal verse. These mediæval saints and poets conceived of God not as a severe ascetic, not even as a just but unapproachable king, but as One, poor and humble like themselves, full of love and forgiveness, mixing in the common affairs of men and helping them out of their troubles. "It is impossible to describe the vividness and faith with which they conceived the Reality of God, His Mercifulness and Love." The

sublime hymn of Tulsi Das (which occurs in his Ramayana) addressed to Rama, is the finest expression of the faith and devotion of Mediæval India—"I reverence Thee, the Lover of the Devout, the Tender-Hearted and the Merciful. I worship Thy Lotus Feet which bestow upon the unsensual Thine own abode in Heaven. I adore Thee, the wondrously Dark and Beautiful, the Delight of the greatest Sages and Saints, the Dispeller of all Error, the Destroyer of all the enemies of the Gods, the Mine of Felicity, the Salvation of Saints—I worship Thee, the One, the Mysterious, the Unchangeable and Omnipresent Power, the One Absolute and Universal Spirit, the Joy of all men day after day. I reverently adore Thee, the King of Incomparable Beauty. Be gracious to me and grant me devotion to Thy Lotus Feet."

Salvation, they proclaimed lies in pure and single-minded devotion to God, in the sweet surrender of our will to His service. Fasts, pilgrimages, vows, Vedas all these cannot avail—what is wanted is Faith and Love. "The Lord can be found in Love alone. He is not in knowledge, nor in meditation, nor act, nor caste, nor rite, nor custom. He is not in Mahabharat, nor Ramayan, nor Manusmṛiti, nor the Vedas. He is not in temples, nor in worship nor in the sound of temple-bells. The Lord ranges bound by the one band of Love." This ideal of worship through Love filled the minds of the mediæval saints with a rare joy and enthusiasm. They sang: "Sanctify the mind with meditation on God: Sanctify the Ear with hearing the ambrosial words of Love: Sanctify the tongue with praise of God. Let us sing and be joyful." This devout enthusiasm reminds one of the ecstatic rapture of Francis of Assisin and his followers.

By the side of this strong faith in God, His Mercifulness and Love, along with the devout rapture with which they adored Him, there was also displayed on their part a true spirit of self-abasement and humility. The poets sing with tears of their weakness and sin and pray for Divine grace and mercy in terms which move our hearts even to-day. In all the religious literature of India, there are few pieces so touching as the following from Sur Das:—"I am sinking fast: O Lord, why dost Thou not raise me up? O Lord, Friend of the Helpless, Treasure-House of Mercy, remove from me the pain of *samsar*. Every moment, thirsty desires flash round me like lightning. They have consumed

my body and soul. The thunder-roll of this fearful world fills me with dread and misery. The waters of this world have cast up the dirt and mire of *Kaliyug*: I, poor wretch, am overwhelmed therein: O Lord, Sur Das knows Thou art the help of the sinners: Remember and fulfil Thy promise."

The new faith spread fast among the people and filled their homes with a sweet and benign light. But soon followed the dissolution of the Moghul Empire. The anarchic forces were let loose. India became the battleground of nations. Slowly India was consolidated into an Empire by the strong arm of Britain. Life has been regained in peace and security. Order prevails. But still, as in mediæval times, the load of poverty heavily weighs on the people. Famine still spreads her terrors periodically. Still caste divides man from man. All the same, the memory and the teachings of these mediæval saints and *bhaktas* shed a ray of light and happiness on the homes of the poor and move even the prince and the merchant to acts of charity and love.

K. V. RAMASWAMI.

Madras.

THE EUROPEAN CONFLAGRATION.

THE armaments of the European Powers were steadily growing ; every Power was competing with another ; the taxpayer could not be assured that there would be any limit to the expenditure, and the treasury officers were sighing at the inexorable demands of military and naval officers ; science was discovering new methods of destruction or defence, and in despair the very friends of peace were constrained to hope that a general war, if nothing else, might put an end to the uncertainty and the tension. And for good or evil the conflagration has at last broken out. It would be vain to discuss the rights and wrongs of each of the wars declared during the last few weeks. In the assassination of two members of the royal family, Austria had some tangible reason for declaring war on the State which was charged with sympathy with the assassins. In the violation of Belgian neutrality, Great Britain had a substantial cause for declaring war against Germany, apart from the *entente* with France and Russia. The only reason one can assign for the declaration of hostilities between Germany on the one hand, and Russia and France on the other, is that a feeling of hostility having existed and having plainly manifested itself, a war was inevitable and any shadowy excuse was sufficient to draw the sword. The other ruptures were the necessary corollaries of the Russo-German and Franco-German hostilities. The Russians accuse the Germans of trying to undermine the integrity of the Slavonic race and to paralyse Russian influence in the Balkans. France has to pay off old scores. Austria-Hungary has a composite population and is unable to resist the pressure of a masterful neighbour. The Austrian monarch was deeply injured and could not but take revenge. The Tsar has right on his side, the Kaiser's conscience is invulnerable, President Poincaré is a champion of liberty and peace, England's righteous chivalry shines with the purest radiance. Belgium's only fault is that Nature has placed her between the hammer and the anvil. Montenegro's sins are her coveted geographical position and her diminutive proportions. The other

European States have declared their neutrality. Italy's neutrality was unexpected, and many refuse to believe that it will continue long.

To the general public the cloud has appeared to burst all of a sudden, because the exact significance of some of the preliminary phenomena was not understood. The visit of the King of England to France, and of President Poincaré to Russia, could not have been without a political significance. Such visits serve as the movements of pilot engines, and the reception of the visitors by the crowds and the newspaper comments, not to mention the speeches of the responsible actors in the drama, indicate the currents of national sentiments. The newspapers insisted that at the Irish Home Rule Conference, His Britannic Majesty had made a reference to foreign politics, and that the passage was not published. The papers published by the Foreign Office in England to show how strenuously Sir E. Grey had laboured to maintain peace, and Italy's later declaration that she could not join a war which she had tried her best to obviate, leave no doubt that in diplomatic circles the impending storm had been foreseen, as it was perhaps bound to be. It is probable that a minority has in every country been opposed to the war. In the British Cabinet Lord Morley and Mr. Burns saw no necessity for British participation therein. In Germany socialists have condemned it as an "absurd war," and though the voice of the minority has been hushed everywhere, it may be heard more distinctly when the first flush of enthusiasm has passed away, when some thousands more are killed and more families wring their hands and the bells ring less frequently. Whether the armament fever will abate after the war, may be doubted. Russia did not conceive a dislike for war after her disasters in the Far East. Perhaps the first thing the Powers will do after the war is to repair the waste. Yet whoever may win and whoever may suffer, the war may have a chastening effect on the most sanguine of the parties.

In this war the makers of history have begun by falsifying some of the expectations and predictions of the readers thereof. It appears to have been expected by not a few that irresistible, methodical, and unrelenting Germany would come down upon France "like a wolf on the fold"; having beaten the Gaul to his knees, and dictated his own terms of peace—the exact nature of which does not seem to have been predicted—he would next triumph.

phantly turn upon the Slav and drive him out of Europe altogether into the fastnesses of Siberia. Whether all this will come to pass some day, no one can tell. The wolf could not enter the fold through Luxemburg. It turned to the north. The plucky Belgian did not tremble at the sight of the much-dreaded German. Belgium is indeed no match for Germany, and it is not known in India how many of the spirited defenders of Liege and the opponents of the German advance have laid down their lives in the defence of their country. At the time of writing it is given out here that the forts of Liege are intact, but Namur has practically fallen. Belgium has delayed the German entry into France, but at terrible cost to herself. The enemy has overrun the greater part of the State; has occupied the capital, compelling the Government to take refuge in Antwerp, has burnt down Louvain, and would appear to have committed barbarities on the very women the recital of which should fill any civilised nation with shame. A great holocaust is expected along a line extending over some 250 miles. The French have occupied the greater part of Alsace and are pronounced to have demonstrated the superiority of their artillery and their greater readiness to face the bayonet, as compared with the Germans. Thousands of Germans have been taken prisoners, and the stories which some of them appear to have told about the demoralisation in their army will instil fresh courage into the hearts of the Allies. Perhaps stories of quite a different description are published in Germany. Those who leave the battle-field in haste do not flee, but invade fresh territory; the stories of demoralisation must be intended to deceive the foe; the delay in marching beyond Liege must have been intentional, for it would give time to the Allies to huddle themselves together in Belgium, so as to be crushed as the Germans would say, all the more quickly in a mass. The Russians allege that factories of false news have been established in Germany and the stories emanating from those sources about the naval engagements in the Baltic are all unfounded. Austria and Servia have their own versions of what has taken place on the banks of the Danube on the Russian frontier, and in the Adriatic. Battles are fought, losses sustained, victories are won, ships are sunk or captured, but no great progress has been made anywhere, and nothing decisive has taken place. The English army is already in the thick of the fight, the Kaiser has left his

capital to be nearer the scenes of impending battles, the Tsar is about to join his army. Outside Europe, no fighting has taken place. An island off the coast of Western Africa, belonging to Germany, has been occupied by the British and the French unopposed, and a village in British East Africa has been occupied by the Germans. No news about military or naval movements or battles can be obtained or published without the permission of the appointed authorities. The course of events up-to-date seems to have been, on the whole, favourable to the Allies, but experts from England warn us that in view of the vast resources of Germany, it would be premature to strike a note of triumph before a decisive battle has been fought in France. After a battle in which all parties lost heavily, the Germans have succeeded in forcing their way into France and are in the neighbourhood of Cambrai. The resources of England are being rapidly augmented, and Lord Kitchener's new army attracts recruits by tens of thousands every week. Meanwhile, the Russians have made remarkable progress in Eastern Prussia; they have invested Koenigsberg and are about to reach Posen.

If every one of the combatants is really determined to fight to "the last man and the last shilling," this war will certainly stagger humanity. But will it really come to that? The "rebarbarisation" of Europe, of which Lord Rosebery spoke at an International Conference, can scarcely be denied, notwithstanding the use of aeroplanes and Dreadnoughts in war. In the East demons fight in the air and execute feats of magic more wonderful than science has to relate; yet they are classed as barbarians. Some of the foremost German thinkers have preached that Christianity has only taken away the manhood of the nation and they will command the respect of the world if they go back to the days of their pre-Christian ancestors. If might overrides right in the Titanic struggle between the civilised nations of Europe, they may possibly revert to the worship of Odin and Thor under new forms. But when the best military experts suspend their judgment on the possible outcome of the war the time has not yet come for others to despair of civilisation generally. President Wilson is said to have offered his services as a mediator. But where the peace of a continent is disturbed by an ardent aspiration for military ascendancy, no arbitrator other than the sword is likely to be listened to.

INDOPHILUS.

THE MONTE

WHEN we closed our notes last month, Serbia was on the brink of a war with Austria. The war was declared **The War.** by the latter on the 28th of July, exactly a month after the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his consort at Sarajevo. After several fruitless attempts to cross the Danube and enter Belgrade, the Austrians forced their way into Serbia by crossing the Save, but are said to have been repulsed after severe fighting at Shabatz. Austro-Russian conversations continued for a couple of days after the declaration of the war, but no satisfactory conclusion was reached, and Russia ordered general mobilisation on the 30th of July. Germany demanded an explanation; France ordered mobilisation on the 1st of August, and on that day Germany declared war on Russia. On the next day France was invaded at Cirey; on the 3rd of August Germany sent an ultimatum to Belgium to allow her troops to march into France through the latter neutral, independent State; on the 4th a second ultimatum was sent, and as it was peremptorily rejected, Belgium was at once invaded. England immediately declared war on Germany on the same day, and on the next day Germany declared war on Great Britain. Thus in one week the greater part of Europe was drawn into one of the most tremendous wars that will be recorded in history. The subsequent declaration of hostilities between Serbia and Germany, France and Austria, and England and Austria, was the natural and inevitable consequence of the earlier ruptures. Up to the landing of the British Expeditionary Force at Boulogne on the 17th of August, Belgium and France gave a good account of themselves in the encounter with the German forces. Belgium was still holding the forts of Leige, though the enemy, after suffering severe losses, could carry on raids north and south of the fortress.

The French entered Alsace on the 7th of August and occupied the greater part of it. The arrival of the British forces on the continent opened a new chapter in the history of the war; we devoutly hope it will end better than it has begun. In the South African war Lord Kitchener had earned a name for not allowing war correspondents to satisfy the curiosity of the outside world, and for not allowing women to occupy the thoughts of the warriors. In this war also he has been strict on those two points. War correspondents were required to leave Belgium; and in the instructions issued to the soldiers, which they were required to keep in their pay-books, they were warned to avoid wine, and intimacy with women, to whom, however, they are to be courteous. They are also to resist the temptation to plunder. The German army has been accused of barbarities unworthy of a civilised nation. The Russian advance into Eastern Prussia has been rapid, but not rapid enough.

MEETINGS have been held up and down the land to wish success to the British arms and to call upon the people to place their resources and services at the disposal of Government. It is everywhere felt that as Great Britain has entered upon the war only

India and the War.

to repel aggression, the cause is just and success is deserved. At the same time Germany is universally admitted to be a powerful nation, a nation under arms, and a nation which has for years been preparing for war and for contesting the supremacy of other nations. Experts in England predict a long struggle; Lord Kitchener is raising a new army, and the havoc which the war may cause has cast a gloom over the future. The ordinary effects of war have already shown themselves to some extent in the larger towns. India was carrying on much export and import business with Germany and Austria-Hungary, and the cessation of this trade has entailed hardship on many in the commercial centres. The Government does everything in its power to discourage gambling in prices, yet the prices of many articles of import are bound to rise. Fortunately, Great Britain's naval supremacy has kept the trade routes within the Empire open, and as the rains in India have been satisfactory, no anxiety is felt about the crops. The theatre of the war is far away, and the German fleet in the Far East can inspire no dread, not only because the

British navy in the East is able to cope with it, but also because of Japanese friendship and co-operation. Japan sent an ultimatum to Germany, and as the latter did not condescend to reply, she has declared war on that common enemy of so many nations. Notwithstanding the rumours that are started by people whose imagination is surpassed only by their ignorance, no signs of unrest or disorder are visible anywhere, and the confidence in the police and the magistracy remains unshaken. The masses are content and the effects of the war have shown themselves only in a few places on a small scale. The vast majority of the people being agricultural, the distant war has caused no anxiety or alarm among them. H. E. the Viceroy has announced that a large force is to be despatched to England from India; Indian Princes and Indian soldiers from British and from Native India will have the honour of participating in the war in Europe. For the benefit of the families of these soldiers, and for the relief of widows and orphans, an Imperial Relief Fund, with His Excellency as President, has been started. There is no doubt that India will rise to the occasion and Princes and peoples will respond heartily and generously to the call of patriotism and philanthropy. The Maharaja of Mysore's munificent offer of fifty lakhs of rupees towards the cost of the Indian Expeditionary Force, besides placing all his troops at the disposal of the Imperial Government, is especially worthy of note.

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ENGLAND expects her sons to join the army as a matter of duty, while educated Indians seek service as volunteers as a right of all loyal citizens. Indians resident in Great Britain approached Lord Crewe with a request that they might be admitted into one or other branch of the fighting army, and were advised in reply that they had better attend to their studies, for which their parents have sent them to England, and if they want to be serviceable, they may tend the wounded and the sick. In India a few writers have advised their countrymen to press upon the Government their claim to take the same share in the defence of the country as is permitted to Europeans, but others are of opinion that the Government may feel embarrassed if they seek to force its hands on such an occasion, and it is for the Government to consider whether the services of

Indians as volunteers should be invited and utilised. Lord Crewe's reply was given mostly to students, and we cannot infer therefrom that a similar reply would be given to others in India. But the Viceroy's announcement that a large force, including Indian soldiers, will be despatched to Europe and that in India an appeal will be made to patriotism and philanthropy to supply the sinews of war, may be taken to indicate that the Government does not as yet feel the necessity of enlisting the voluntary services of Indian fighters of all races and communities. To make concessions in a panic may not comport with the dignity of a Government, and hurried concessions may create a panic where it does not exist. Up till now the British have undertaken to protect India, with the help of a paid army, and the people are expected to attend to their daily avocations in perfect trust in the Government's ability to protect them and undisturbed by the cares and anxieties of war. What is expected from the people of the United Kingdom is not expected from the people of India, and the appeals addressed to the former cannot be imitated and repeated in this country. In England the people are asked to remember Germany's vaulting ambitions and they are told that their very existence as a free nation is in peril. The nation must be induced to arm itself for a great struggle and stirring appeals to patriotism are necessary. It would be ludicrous for Indian journalists to imitate their brethren in England. The Indian nation is not called to arms, and it is doubtful policy to frighten the people here with exaggerated accounts of German might and lurid pictures of a prolonged, world-wide, and disastrous war. Attention is called from Simla to the socialist protest against the war. If Simla would encourage the optimistic belief that the war will be of short duration, we should heartily share that optimism.

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HINDU moralists tell us that there are occasions when truth should not be spoken, and even falsehood may be justified. Some years ago, when a controversy was raised by certain hasty remarks made by a great official about oriental and occidental standards of veracity, the qualifications of the absolute duty of truthfulness laid down in Hindu literature were commented on in a critical spirit. The fact is that all nations have recognised higher duties than truthfulness. One has only to read the war telegrams from

**War and
Veracity.**

Europe to realise the limitations to which veracity may at times be subject. Unfounded reports may not be deliberate untruths; they are disseminated with very good motives. Truth may sometimes be disheartening and if it is likely to damp the spirit of a nation or paralyse the arm of a soldier, the balance of good may require its suppression. Therefore we should not be surprised to receive from the seat of war telegrams couched in language which skilfully hides the truth from the majority of superficial readers. We may read one day that the German cavalry is not well supplied with horses; the next day we may read of the extensive raids of this very cavalry; the third day we may be told that for strategic reasons the force that was opposing the cavalry had to make a movement to the rear. We must look to the general results, but the preliminary reports about indecisive events cannot be relied on. The proverb which says that everything is fair in love and war sums up the morality of all nations.

TELEGRAMS from Europe about the death of Pope Pius X state that he was a victim of the war. His Holiness **The Pope and the War.** is said to have deplored in one of his last moments that he was powerless to stop the war, which in ancient times he could have arrested. This expression of regret by the head of one branch of the Christian Church reminds us of the immortal precepts of the Prince of Peace and the attitude of Christianity towards war. The Tsar invoked the blessings of his Church the other day on the military enterprise in which he is engaged, and at one time the Popes are said to have blessed adventures of the Latin nations for which non-Christian Indians have no reasons to be thankful. But every age has its own standards of right and wrong, and we are concerned more with the present than with the past. We have little doubt that in our century the Popes will invariably cast all the weight of their authority in the scale of peace. The early Christians understood the Sermon on the Mount literally and refused to participate in any war. When Christianity became a state religion, that Sermon was differently interpreted, and in the Middle Ages, Bishops did not hesitate to lead armies and take active part in war. Nevertheless, Christian sects have from time to time arisen to protest against war, and they have faced persecution and death rather

than obey laws which made military or naval service compulsory. Among these sects may be mentioned the Catharists of Bulgaria of the ninth century, the Waldenses of the twelfth century, the Franciscans of the thirteenth century, the Lollards, the Moravian brethren, the Anabaptists, the "Family of Love," and, better known than all the rest in the English-speaking world, the Quakers. The socialists oppose war on economic grounds. The socialist leader who was shot in Germany the other day for refusing to serve in the army was by no means the first martyr to the cause of peace. Christians with religious scruples have paid a similar penalty before for their loyalty to Christ in Christian countries. Modern Prussia at least is not distinguished for its loyalty to Jesus. Mr. W. E. Wilson, in his book on Christ and War, has discussed the reasonableness of disarmament on Christian, humanitarian, and economic grounds. It was published last year and the literature of peace is abundant. The present war, however, demonstrates that it has yet to convince all. War sometimes produces unexpectedly good results. The present war has deferred the fratricidal strife in Ireland, and secured autonomy for Russian Poland. The Tsar has been graciously pleased to grant it in view of the war with the neighbouring Powers.

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MR. SHEO PRASADA MATHUR, in an interesting booklet, reads the "Signs of the Times" in a somewhat original fashion. The faults that he has to find with educated India are summed up by him in the word "puritanism," and the reformer is his special object of dislike. Under the charge of puritanism he includes want of graceful manners, such as the Persians of old taught, lack of reverence, such as the old religions inculcated, the neglect of the fine arts, which were patronised by the old aristocracy of the land; and indeed he would attribute even the absence of originality in literary productions to puritanism, for Indian writers are said to be mostly didactic and critical. Mr. Sheo Prasada believes that Dr. Coomaraswamy and Mr. Haveli have rendered the greatest service to this country by awakening our interest in Indian art. We have no quarrel with Indian art, but we fail to see why Mr. Sheo Prasada should fall foul of what he calls puritanism in so many other departments of life, and hint that even anarchism arises out of the neglect of art and the

graces of life. His remedy for the present state of things appears to be to start boarding houses attached to educational institutions, where Indian superintendents may inculcate Indian ideals, uncontaminated by contact with the undesirable features of Western civilisation. Except that Mr. Sheo Prasada uses the word "puritanism" in a sense not ordinarily attached to it, his criticism of the products of Western education is familiar enough. But who is to lay down authoritatively the canons of good taste, good behaviour, of all that is lovely and beautiful in all departments of thought and activity? The ideals of the superintendents of boarding houses may not be accepted even by the professors of the colleges to which they are attached.

We have before us several other booklets which are more or less characteristic of the literary activity and the intellectual ferment around us. From the Theosophical Publishing House we have received "Esoteric Christianity," "The Outer Court," and "The Great Teachers." The authors are not Indians; but the booklets are "didactic and puritanical," and evidently meet an intellectual want felt by many Indians. Whatever one may think of the esotericism that is contained in them, we are sure that the influence of the puritanism in them will be distinctly wholesome. Mr. F. T. Brooks sends us two books in which he explains why he has lost all faith in the esotericism of the theosophical teachers, and we expect that many of his readers will sympathise with him. Mr. Singaravelu, in his lectures on the "Interpretation of Science," discourses on life and death, on chemical research and psychic research. Some of these lectures appear to have been delivered before young Buddhists under the auspices of a scientific association which avoids the promotion of any form of theistic or metaphysical speculation. The association does not profess to carry on any original research in science, but to popularise the teachings of science on subjects of speculative interest as well as those which relate to the material welfare of the people. It seems to combat the popular inclinations towards occultism. Dr. J. J. Modi's "Moral Extracts from Zoroastrian Books" are intended for the use of teachers who give moral instruction in schools. Similar extracts from the sacred books of other religions have already been published under the auspices of the Bombay Government. Literature of this kind does not appeal to our æsthetic sense. Not much of English poetry is written by Indians, but the

fame acquired by Dr. Rabindranath Tagore in the West ought to remind one that educated Indians may write vernacular poetry of a superior order. If the fine arts are not studied or patronised by educated Indians, English poetry forms largely the groundwork of their literary education, and English verses are written by Indians of a literary bent of mind. We have before us a little poem by Mr. P. Seshadri, being an English version of the Sanskrit romance of Bilhana. A poet of Kashmir, who had been employed to teach a princess, fell in love with her. The irate king at first condemned him to death, but subsequently pardoned him and the lovers were happy. Mr. Seshadri has evidently an artistic temperament and knows now to tell an Indian story to English readers.

EVER since the Government of India disapproved of certain appointments made by the Calcutta University, the cry has been repeatedly raised in Bengal that higher education is in danger. The precise danger is not indicated, but some vague suspicion is from time to time expressed. The educationist is everywhere a dissatisfied man, he is always thinking of some improvement, and changes must be expected in every department of education in India, where progress takes place in sympathy with the movements in England, besides being suggested by local experience. The highest authorities in India have laid down that scholastic education must be made more practical and less academical. One way of achieving this reform is to introduce the Sloyd system of manual training. It is already introduced in Mysore, and an experienced teacher from that State has been appointed to train teachers in the Bombay Presidency, so that the system may be introduced in this Presidency as well. Another way of making the knowledge of the physical world more vivid and realistic, and of training the powers of observation, is visual instruction by means of lantern slides and stereographs. It appears that English children are nowadays given instruction of this kind about the colonies and other parts of the British Empire, and the Colonial Office suggested the same to the Indian educational departments some years ago. The Bombay Government has sanctioned the necessary expenditure to supply the schools with the slides and the photographs.

AGRICULTURE is the principal industry of India, and every improvement in this industry conduces to the solution of the great problem of making the material prosperity of the country keep pace with the growing population. Experts are employed by Government to find out what crops may be introduced, how the yield of the crops may be increased, how the pests that destroy the crops may be kept away, and the industry may be otherwise helped. The knowledge that the experts have to communicate to the cultivator cannot be imparted through literature only, partly because the cultivator cannot in all cases read, and partly because practical instruction can best be given through demonstrations and by personal explanation. The diffusion of agricultural knowledge, therefore, requires a special organisation and a sufficient number of instructors. In Ireland, Japan, and other countries where agriculture is systematically improved, such organisations exist and are supported partly by the agriculturists. Agricultural associations have done some useful work in this country but, as the Bombay Government remark in a recent Press Note they are "unable to carry out any systematic work owing to lack of staff and funds." It has, therefore, been proposed that the local fund cess may be increased from twelve to thirteen pies per rupee of land revenue, and the cultivators in certain districts appear to have agreed to the proposal. But the Government is unwilling to raise the tax without further expression of opinion by the people, and opinions are therefore invited.

EAST & WEST.

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ARCHITECTURE—EAST AND WEST.

THE mere etymology of the word gives but a very imperfect conception of its meaning: ἀρχι — τεκτων. being a master-builder, architecture is the *work* of such a master. Wherefore "Building" comes nearer the mark than any other word, but there is, perhaps none that is sufficiently inclusive to express all that we understand by the term "architecture."

This embraces the construction of dwellings, monuments, defences or other conveniences, made by human beings for their use or pleasure; leaving out of consideration for the moment all edifices of a merely religious character, such as temples, churches, tombs and the like. What were the characteristics and accommodation of the earliest dwellings of the most primitive races must be to us in these latter days purely matters of conjecture; nor can we safely assert that the process of development was either uniformly dependent on the progress of civilization, governed by other considerations.

For instance, the Bedawin tents are not inconsistent with far higher social and religious conditions than those prevailing in a West African village whose well-built huts are surrounded by stockades capable of resisting the attacks of a besieging force.

If indeed the type of any building, ancient or modern, was taken as an absolutely sure index of the character of builders or inhabitants, then undoubtedly the dwellers in the Commercial Road, or the occupants of the pitiful artisan's "Villas" of Islington or East Ham, are infinitely lower in the human scale than those who lived in the villages of ancient Mexico or Phœnicia!

The consideration of purely monumental erections need not be pursued at any great length in this short article; suffice it to

say that they are all "memorial" in their nature, and have no connection with human convenience.

A battle, the death of a chieftain, or the conclusion of a treaty caused the setting up of a heap of stones, a huge boulder, a tall monolith, a pyramid, an arch or an image. Such memorials varied from the rudest pile of unwrought rocks to the costliest monument which skill and wealth could produce.

Military architecture, by which term we understand artificial barriers of defence, implies either the strengthening of some natural formation with earth or stone, or the employment of water diverted or directed into new channels so forming lakes or moats; or again the building of walls and towers with gates, opened or closed at will. Civil architecture includes the various works executed not only for safety, but for comfort and convenience; the Dam that protects man from flood, the Aqueduct or the cistern that stores his water, the Bridges and Tunnels that afford transit over rivers or beneath the hills, and the Causeways, Quays and Harbours for his shipping.

But those buildings occupied as *residences*, whether permanently or only on occasion, are those with which we are more immediately concerned.

The primary objective of all such was undoubtedly the provision of a shelter from the elements and the incursions of beasts, with which primitive man perforce waged a ceaseless warfare.

This security was attained either by the adaptation and enlargement of some natural cavern, and the strengthening of its entrance by some rude door.

The invention of window or chimney marks a much later and more advanced stage of architecture, but even in very early times there came into the mind of our ancestors a desire for something beyond mere warmth and comfort in their surroundings. This evidenced itself first of all in rude scratching on their pottery and gourds of spots and lines of "ornament," and the carving and polishing of their weapons, whether of flint or bone or bronze, and the tattooing of their own faces and bodies.

But when men emerged from pure savagery, by a natural process of evolution, they were possessed with a desire to convey somewhat of individuality from themselves to their dwellings. Accordingly, the lines and scratchings of their pottery were

transferred to the walls and doorposts of their huts, and so in course of time they attained to a "style" of building, each tribe or nation following its own devices; and progressing stage by stage and step by step from the rudest to the most artistic and magnificent level of architecture, they arrived finally at the highest point of perfection attainable, and there either stayed, or slowly retrograded.

This progress was indisputably accompanied by the development of what we call "civilization," but the progress of either was by no means concurrent; that is to say, there was no *exact* ratio of speed which would enable us to assert, with any certainty, the stage of civilization reached by any people (in other directions) by their advancement in the builder's art. Another point may be noticed, which is that in all countries the change of style in buildings dedicated to religion has been slower than in those of a civil, military, or domestic sort. This is not to be wondered at, for by its nature any religion claims a finality, to which neither art nor science can pretend; such a pretension would, indeed, be repudiated by any intelligent professor of worldly learning.

In any purview of human art, we cannot fail to be struck by the wide divergences of "style"; while there are of necessity certain features common to all, there are differences not to be accounted for either by any purely local conditions, or by the presence or absence of suitable material, or mechanical appliances for building.

Compare a Rock Temple in Central India or Mexico with the Parthenon at Athens, and (say) the Cologne Cathedral. Here in each case we see evidence of a plentiful supply of stone, the marks of skilled labour, and proof of the existence of ample facilities for the "Mastery of Nature"; yet so great is the contrast that one would almost regard these several edifices to be the work of different orders of beings.

The explanation of the phenomena is threefold. These divergences of style fall mainly under the following three heads:—

- (a) Climatic conditions.
- (b) National Characteristics.
- (c) Isolation.

(a) On the first head little need be said, for it is obvious that the hut of an Eskimo is more suitable for his habitation than would be the paper-walled house of a Japanese. So too

the deeply shadowed portico and the flat roof of an Egyptian Palace are more fitted for that climate than the steep-roofed, many-storeyed Hotel de Ville of a French or German town. This is true enough; nevertheless, it is impossible to establish an *exact* correlation between climate and style. Suppose we look at a map of the world, and thereon follow any given degree of latitude round the earth's circumference; what do we find? Let us take a line, roughly speaking, 42 degrees north of the equator. This passes through Lisbon, Madrid, Sardinia, Rome, Constantinople, Trebizond, Baku, Khiva, Peking, Mukden, Hakodati, Utah and New York.

Not the wildest stretch of fancy could suggest that climatic conditions alone produced the variety of forms and details exhibited by the buildings!

Some other agency has manifestly been at work to produce such wide differences both in outline and detail.

(b) When we come to the consideration of national character as the determining factor in the production of "style," we are on firmer ground, whether we regard the buildings of the past or the present day.

Let us return to our 42 degree parallel for a moment, and we shall see that just as the Portuguese, the Spaniard, the Italian, the Turk, the Caucasian, the Turkoman, the Chinese, the Korean, the Japanese and the modern North American differ, so do the buildings inhabited by them.

But there is something more noticeable still, and that is the fact that the various styles of buildings approach more nearly to each other on the border lands than do the characters of the builders themselves.

(c) This brings us to an explanation of distinctive styles generally overlooked, but by no means to be lightly put aside. Just so far as the designers and makers of a nation's artistic works have been isolated, so far and no further have they been able to originate and develop their ideals. Is it conceivable that the Temple of Heaven at Peking and the Parthenon could have been built by two human beings had they lived side by side, or had their respective nations been neighbouring States, enjoying close commercial and religious intercourse?

Undoubtedly it is this isolation that has forced the stream

of invention into such widely distant channels, and given the necessary impetus to the artists.

It would seem, *a priori*, reasonable that the more one saw of one's fellows, the more one would learn in art as in other branches of knowledge. On the contrary, it is almost absolutely demonstrable that when once the bar of isolation has been removed, art has declined and suffered debasement. Certainly, in Europe, the so-called Renaissance sounded the knell of originality; and in England, the downgrade has been a veritable *debacle*. Let it not be understood, however, that *all* modern buildings are absolutely destitute of merit and artistic value; but this at least is indisputable, style has vanished; there is *no* English architecture. Unhappily, we see the same canker vitiating the art productions of other countries. Noticeably is this the case with the Japanese. Compare a fire-screen bought to-day in the Tottenham Court Road, with one imported 50 years ago, at ten times the price (perhaps), but of a thousand times the value! What has caused this deterioration? Intercourse with the outside world, and the absorption of European ideas.

Where, then, shall we seek a cure, and if no panacea is to be hoped for, where shall some alleviation be found for this world-wide evil?

We cannot put back the hands on the dial of Time; we cannot (and would not if we could) retire once more to the isolation of the Middle Ages; but something must be done to raise the level of our modern buildings above the depth into which they have fallen.

Illogical as it may appear, the only hope seems to be the abandonment of originality! A reactionary policy, the retracing of a progress of which we have been falsely proud, the humble confession of our inability to rival the attainments of our forefathers—those giants of a generation that is gone.

Does this imply a mere slavish imitation of the actual buildings they erected? By no means. But it does demand our acknowledgment of their superiority to anything we have accomplished these many years past, and our fixed resolve to attempt *first* of all to equal, before dreaming of surpassing them.

Perhaps at this moment these considerations are more worthy of thought than ever before, in regard to Anglo-Indian affairs, when such an opportunity offers as has not occurred for centuries.

of creating a new city which may be the glory of the Empire or a scorn and derision to the ages.

What shall New Delhi be like ? Will its people follow the steps of the spoilers of Calcutta, and house itself in buildings that reach and overpass the very limits of absurdity in their utter inappropriateness to the climate and the place they occupy ?

Shall New Delhi turn its back on the exquisite delicacy of its old buildings, and scorning the national style, rear up piles of - Greco-Italic-Georgian masonry ?

Shall its loftiest ideals be found in the South Kensington Museum, the New Post Office, and the Ritz Hotel ?

Of a truth it were better to reproduce the White City or the Earl's Court Exhibition ; for they at least would be capable of easy destruction, should men come to a better mind ; while the former would endure to be a lasting reproach.

India is a part, a great part and perhaps the most glorious part, of the British Empire ; is that any reason why a bastard style of architecture should be imposed upon a people already possessed of buildings beautiful beyond words and faithfully reflecting the national character at its best ? Will it make for loyalty ; will it satisfy the demands of the people, will it gratify any rational subject of our Emperor-King ? Will it further the advancement of a single soul to see the art of a thousand years belittled and despised ? I trow not.

ERNEST GELDART.

England.

LUDWIG II. THE LATE KING OF BAVARIA.

DURING the latter half of the seventies a better-looking man than Ludwig II. of Bavaria did not exist in the whole of Germany, and to see him walk in State processions or on other public occasions was a feast for his people, who shouted "Ah! every inch a King!"

Ludwig and his brother Otto of Bavaria were the children of King Maximilian and Queen Marie.

Queen Marie was the daughter of Prince William of Prussia, who was the son of Frederick William II. and the uncle of mad Frederick William IV. The Queen was born on October 15, 1825, and died on May 17, 1889, having passed many years in acute melancholy. This latter fact, as well as her Prussian-Bavarian kinship, has been carefully covered up for tens of years. Ludwig II., suddenly elevated by his father's untimely death, (Maximilian died in his fifty-first year,) gave himself up to the most extravagant enjoyment of kingly puissance, taking the mediæval notions for his standard, and acting in a general way as if his kingdom were an empire of the vastness of Charlemagne's realm. This can be plainly seen in all the manifestations of his inner life, his relations with his mother, with his officials, with his people, and in his government, as well as in his attitude towards and his contributions to art and literature.

The present chronicler has neither the technical knowledge nor the material at hand to attempt a complete parallel of the cases of Frederick William IV. of Prussia and his grand-nephew Ludwig II. of Bavaria; but that a marked similarity existed between the mental condition of Queen Louise's son and the Bavarian grandson of William of Prussia is notorious, as many of Frederick William's idiosyncrasies survived in Ludwig II. Alas, that such a thing is a hereditary chain! And alas, again, that it

should be the one which drew Ludwig below the reeds of the mountain lake !

Paranoia (confusion of the senses) was the medical term given to the characteristic condition of both Frederick William IV. and Ludwig II.

To begin with, the symptoms of a monomania of grandeur showed themselves in Ludwig's "*l'elat c'est moi*," which he borrowed from Louis XIV. with whom, however, he had little in common, either outwardly or inwardly.

Ludwig was endowed with a remarkable memory just as his grand-uncle Frederick William IV. was the rhetorical wonder of his time—for a German.

While insanity usually instils an overwhelming passion for military things in its victims, Ludwig differed in the point of bellicose proclivities. During the last ten years of his life he scarcely ever donned uniform, but though trotting and marching and counter-marching had no allurements for him, he utilized the army for purposes designed to heighten the lustre of his royal appearance. The drives and foot-paths of the Munich royal park, (*Englischer Garten*) were fairly alive with soldiers, gendarmes, police, and detectives when the King was at home. Ludwig never rode or drove out except like the Shah—with cavalry in the front, on both sides, and in the rear.

A lady-in-waiting of the Court of Munich has written of several visits she paid the King in his lonely mountain castles, on behalf of her mistress.

"Sometimes," she says, "I secured permission to gaze upon the King's face for a second or two, that I might be the better able to make a minute report to Her Majesty. On other occasions I watched, unknown to him, as he drove past in his gilded carriage over lonely roads regularly patrolled by pickets of good-looking horsemen attired in the most fetching uniforms. Even after his misanthropy had degenerated into positive hatred of mankind—such hatred that he was unable to look a person in the face at times—he would not miss his regiments. To him they were the representatives of kingly might. He was possessed of this passion for mummery (uniforms, liveries, masquerades, in and out of season) and sometimes carried it so far as to dress his servants as Indian Rajahs, and sit down to supper in the open, while the thermometer was near the freezing-point."

Like all victims of morbid impulsiveness, a symptom going hand in hand with megalomania, the King thought himself above the restrictions of space and time. If he wanted a thing, he imagined he had only to say so in order to procure it, whether it was a collar-stud dropped under the table, or a historical painting for which a dozen square yards of canvas had just been erected. The palace regulations stipulated that no servant should be found in the King's apartments during his presence in the castle, and as it often happened that his coming was sudden and unannounced, the servants had hardly time to light up the innumerable candles in the reception rooms. To drop the work was impossible, no noise or disorder must be noticed by the King; often the only way to avoid the royal displeasure was to run away, trusting to good luck that the evidence of disorder in the rooms might not be noticed. During the last two years of the King's life the Chinese ceremonial was in vogue at Castle Linderhof—the servants had to scratch at the woodwork to announce someone's presence at the door because he could no longer tolerate a lackey. No one wearing the royal livery dared look the King in the face, and finally, Ludwig even thought the sound of his voice too good for his people. Ludwig II. had a great infatuation for the stage, and he was a patron of the drama of the most legitimate order. The classics of German literature appealed mightily to his sense of the ideal, and their foremost interpreters stood high in his favour. Some of these were granted the unheard-of privilege to *tutoyer* the King. The King's *loible* for the theatrical approached the abnormal only when his enthusiasm for Richard Wagner degenerated into a cult. It was then that Richard Wagner was drummed out of Munich because Ludwig desired to make him his minister of finance.

The manifestations of his inner life in his relations to his mother, his fiancée, and his intimate friends, form a curious chapter in his psychology.

On the 15th of October 1885, half an hour after midnight, one of Queen Marie's ladies-in-waiting was called up from bed by the night-watch rapping at her door. With her senses benumbed by sleep, she understood only these words: "Majesty wants you."

"Is Her Majesty ill?" she cried, much alarmed, while pulling on Her slippers. By that time her maid had arrived:

"The King has come from Linderhof, and wants to see the Queen," she said. "He has had the candles lit in the reception rooms by his own servants, and is impatiently walking the floor, wondering why Her Majesty keeps him waiting." The maid told her this while they were running to the Queen's bedroom. In ten minutes the Queen was dressed. In five minutes more the lady-in-waiting heard the noise of wheels in the courtyard below. The King was driving away!

The lady-in-waiting listened downstairs to accompany Her Majesty back to her apartments. She looked awe-struck, but did not speak a word. Only when she was in bed again and the lady-in-waiting was about to retire she said: "M. I do not want you to retire with feelings of misgiving. The King brought no alarming news. He talked of nothing but the weather and at the moment of departing added: 'To-day, I believe, is your sixtieth birthday. Accept my Royal felicitations.'"

To compel a sickly old woman to get up in the middle of the night for the pleasure of haranguing her with platitudes—who but a madman could conceive so preposterous an idea! Yet if we look at the date we see that it was only eight months before Ludwig's torturous career came to a horrible end.

At the head of the Wagnerian movement there walked as was fit, a great king. That at the end of his life he became an insane King, tortured by morbid restlessness, it was only a few people's privilege and misfortune to know and witness. The King's adjutant, military and civil secretaries, representatives of the various cabinets, body physicians, valets, wardrobe-men, keeper of the silverware, cellarer, master of the horse, coachmen, grooms, cooks, kitchen employees and the host of flunkies who accompanied him from one fairy castle to another, were so well trained in handling the endless accessories and baggage, that an order to get ready at an hour's notice, in the middle of the night or the early hours of the morning, neither surprised nor disconcerted them.

This was all the more wonderful as quite frequently not one of the men was able to learn anything beyond the hour of departure.

As in later times he addressed his attendants only in monosyllables, and did not take the trouble to speak distinctly, they had to take their chances, and had to work completely in the dark.

The adjutants often knew no more of His Majesty's intentions than the stable-boys.

However, long before his idiosyncrasies had thus grown, Ludwig proved Wagner's staunchest friend and protector. It was owing to this great King's enthusiasm and understanding that Wagner owed the early productions of his musical dramas at Munich. Without his illustrious friend he would never have had such great success during his life-time, for he had no funds, but many debts and many enemies.

It was summer in Munich when the first performance of one of the Master's operas was to take place on a Sunday night.

For weeks and weeks Munich had spoken of nothing else. On the critical evening the theatre was crowded with the great and chosen ones of the Fatherland, including all the finest representatives of music and art. Together with the Master, the King had attended the last rehearsals, and all the decorations had been carried out to his orders and designs. In spite of all the prejudices of the critics and the animosity of the crowd for anything new or original, the success of the opera was one unheard of in the annals of first productions. The King's happiness was boundless; to see his faith in the Master's divine powers gloriously realized, was more than he had dared expect from his beloved Bavarians. Like a God, in the light blue uniform of his regiment and covered with all the orders of his illustrious house, he stood in his Royal box, his friend and Master's hand in his own, bowing to the enthusiastic audience. A lonely and forsaken man, he had listened, not very long before, on that same spot, to the message of the "Holy Graal" when that opera had been given for him alone. Over and over again, the Master was called, and acknowledged his indebtedness to his Royal friend. Later, they spent the hours of the night together in the Royal conservatory, fulfilling what is written by a German poet,

"Drum soll der Sanger mit dem Konig gehen

Sie beide wohnen auf der Menschheit Hohen."

The Master, with beaming blue eyes, drank in the transcendental beauty of his friend, who revealed to him his grand ideas and plans regarding Munich—which he intended to make a great centre of art and culture, unsurpassed by anything the world had known. It was to be a kingly residence of the Master's art, and an everlasting blessing to his people.

Triumphal streets and arches, gigantic statues of Wagner's hero-figures in marble and bronze, were taking shape in the King's brain; and the man who thus strove for the realisation of his ideal in beauty was dreaming his dreams with another great one who loved him, and understood something of the vastness of his schemes. But what they together planned on this memorable night, did not fit in with the annual budgets. The latter never reached the millions which the work would have cost—and these master-builders had no heads for figures! That was clearly a deficiency in both their mental make-ups, and a proper appreciation of values grew more incomprehensible as Ludwig's brain became more clouded.

Unfortunately for Ludwig his grandiose ideas only led him towards his doom. It cost the Bavarians thousands of millions to build the King's fairy castles Linderhof, Neuschwanstein and Hohen Chiemsee, and they are still paying the debts which then beloved King contracted. It was considered a disgrace for a courtier or a Minister of State not to cater for his idiosyncrasies, or to refuse to advance him the sums he demanded.

At the time of his betrothal to the Wittelsbach Princess, the beautiful Sophie of Bavaria—who later became Duchess of Alençon—he showed to what degree he was endowed with a sense of the truly beautiful. Splendour upon splendour was showered upon his beloved, and the apartments for her future Majesty he had decorated in a fairy-like style which well befitted her then famous beauty. Magnificent jewels and wonderfully arranged flowers were daily received by his bride-elect, and this at any hour which Ludwig chose during the day or night, as he considered himself beyond the restrictions of time. From his Rose Island he came to see her regularly, crossing the lake in his swan boat. The Princess fulfilled all Ludwig's exalted ideas of beauty, and he engaged the finest sculptors to have her exquisitely shaped head and figure modelled. On the day that their engagement was celebrated publicly with Royal pomp and splendour, the most miserable person in all that glittering assembly was he who, in the light blue uniform with a big diamond star on his breast, looked as beautiful and perfect as a demigod—the King himself! The great love that he bore the Princess, added to the anxiety of preparing for the supreme day, had shown him clearly that he was attempting the impossible, and when the great event

was over and he was back in his mountain castle, the tortured but great Wittelsbach soul was struggling in agonies with the powers of darkness which threatened to rob him of his love.

It caused a sensation in the country, and the cries of indignation were loud, when shortly before the wedding was to take place, the King broke off the engagement. A trifling incident was a welcome excuse for his stopping all preparations for the forthcoming ceremony, but the underlying deeply-rooted reason was Ludwig's uncontrollable fear of marriage and his ever-growing passion for solitude. He felt lonely even when in company with his dearly beloved fiancée. Also he felt and knew that he could never be the man—the average, normal type of man—that she was surely expecting, and had every right to claim. Her sunny nature would have to suffer under his gloomy disposition, and he could not bear to think of this union of day and night.

One solitary creature, if any, fully comprehended and understood the poor Wittelsbach King—she was his counterpart, his *alter ego*, so much were they alike, and she was Sophie's charming and beautiful sister, the Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria, the future Empress of Austria and Hungary. Ludwig compared her beauty with that of night, and Sophie's with that of day.

While Sophie's beauty and presence tortured him, Elizabeth's gave him his soul's peace, and for the last five or six years of his life she and she alone had his full confidence, and was allowed to see him when everyone else, relatives and ministers alike, had to keep at a distance. The poor Empress shared none of the sad suspicions and fears of his entourage. To her loving eyes the King's increasing eccentricities were but flashes of genius—that genius that she delighted to listen to, and of which he liked to talk to her. Many Bavarians still believe that their sublime, mighty, and beloved King was more than a man—a demi-god. Certainly he himself had taken Vespasian's death-bed jest, "*Vae puto decus fio*" ("Methinks I am becoming a God") in earnest from the beginning of his reign at the age of 18.

Towards the end of his life the King used to vary the monotony of his exertions in carrying out new building projects, by studying minute accounts of battles and other happenings; and it is an acknowledged fact that it was his dethronement which plunged him into the hopeless melancholia which finally drove him to suicide.

For many years the Empress and the King corresponded

with one another, and any letter bearing the 'Empress' seal, which was in the shape of a swan, which he had once presented to her on the Rose Island, was opened, read, and answered by him.

"A letter bearing this seal I shall always read, even in the hour of danger or death." All her letters were addressed: "From the Dove to the Eagle," and the answer from the Eagle to the Dove followed.

Then out of the grey depths of the Bavarian mountains rose that dismal morning and those bells announced the sad news of the King's death. Elizabeth was one of the first who appeared in the death-chamber of her late friend. The news of his tragic end in Lake Starnberg had brought her at once. Alone she entered the blue room of Castle Berg where he lay, covered by a blue silk eiderdown, which left only his face uncovered; she found him, and she placed his favourite flowers upon his body. When she left the room at the end of an hour, her attendants thought she had gone mad. She cried out: "He is not dead! Let him come out of his death-chamber; he only pretends to be dead, so that they who have tortured him should leave him in peace." It was long before her entourage succeeded in pacifying the poor Empress. After six days he was laid to rest with great pomp. Hundreds of beautiful flowers arrived at Munich from all the countries of the earth, but his body was covered with flowers "From Elizabeth"—and every year her black veiled, lonely figure could be seen at the foot of his stone coffin at about Whitsuntide; and there she would remain, repeating a long prayer, for hours. When she had gone, a bunch of his favourite flowers could be seen lying on his sarcophagus. Now she no longer comes. No one comes! She is dead and gone. All is peace.

There is one remarkable feature in the lives of all the three Wittelsbach cousins, Elizabeth, Ludwig, and Sophie. In India it would be called twin karma. All three were remarkable for their great talents, their extraordinary physical beauty, their great unhappiness in life, and, last but not least, their tragic fates. Elizabeth was assassinated in Switzerland, and Sophie of Alençon succumbed to the flames in the great Charity Bazaar fire in Paris.

MILA SCHAEFER.

England.

IF THE FRENCH WERE RULERS OF INDIA:

(Madame Caillaux, the beautiful wife of a former French Minister, was tried in Paris for the murder of a well-known French Journalist. Several melodramatic scenes were enacted during this trial. The prisoner sobbed while her husband described the felicity of their married life. Overcome with emotion, the latter was permitted to go to the dock where he kissed the prisoner's hand. During the perusal of certain love-letters between M. Caillaux and his former wife, now divorced, the prisoner collapsed and had to be carried out insensible, and the sitting was suspended amid uproar. Madame Caillaux was finally acquitted.)

THIRD CRIMINAL SESSIONS, HIGH COURT, BOMBAY.

(Cor : the Hon. M. le Juge Sympathique and a Common Jury.)

IN this case Mahomed Yusuf, a sturdy young Mahomedan, was charged with causing grievous hurt to his wife Chandbi by biting off her nose. The case had excited intense excitement, as the parties belonged to a wealthy Mahomedan family and the husband pleaded grave and sudden provocation under circumstances that gave this trial the dignity of a *cause célèbre*. The court was packed with spectators, several seats being reserved for Purdah ladies who were heard sobbing piteously long before the Sessions opened. In one corner of the court, the men of the Ambulance Brigade mustered strong with half-a-dozen stretchers.

Punctually at 11-30, the Hon. M. le Juge Sympathique took his seat on the Bench which was draped in black. His Lordship was holding a bottle of smelling-salts in one hand and in the other a flask containing eau-de-cologne, while his Chobdar, wearing the customary red robe with a black band round his right arm to mark the occasion, carried a chest of restoratives in case the smelling-salts failed to revive the Judge during one of his swooning fits. His Lordship already seemed overcome with emotion. His eyes were red, and so was his nose. Lest the thoughtless reader put a wrong interpretation on

this phenomenon, it should be explained that the eyes were red with weeping, while the nose partook of the same hue owing to constant blowing. The Crier thundered out his customary "Silence," but he could not check the choking sound of piteous sobs that filled the court in every direction. M. le Clerk de Sessions then rose to read the charge. For a few minutes he stood like a statue, not being able to utter a word, so overcome was he with emotion. The Petit Clerk was fanning him all the while, and applying eau-de-cologne to his feverish forehead. But as it was found impossible for the unfortunate officer to discharge his painful duty, the Hangman was summoned to read the charge. He sauntered in jauntily and read the charge without even the semblance of a sob. His performance was greeted with withering contempt and he was hooted as he left the court. But as the latter explained to our reporter afterwards, had he taken to weeping like the others, he would have been drowned in the ocean of tears, years ago. The accused was then asked if he pleaded guilty or claimed to be tried. Mahomed Yusuf, who looked defiant till then, now broke down completely and fell in the dock with a thud. A doctor was immediately summoned and he brought him round with the utmost difficulty. The accused, who was supported by two sturdy warders, continued to weep like a child, and though he made an effort to speak, he could not. His Lordship thereupon remarked, with tears in his eyes, that though the accused could not plead to the charge as he was overcome with grief, his eyes bore unmistakable proof that he wanted to plead not guilty. The Judge thereupon recorded the plea of not guilty.

The Jury was then empanelled, a Jury of nine true men and tearful. They filed into the box as in a funeral procession, with downcast eyes and heavy hearts, and were sworn in with difficulty, as they were already overcome with emotion. A fat Bania, who had applied ashes to his forehead as a mark of penance, and was heard to cry "Rama, Rama" every now and then, was selected the Foreman. Each juror was supplied with half-a-dozen cambric handkerchiefs, a bottle of smelling-salts and a large flask of eau-de-cologne. A doctor, specially qualified in diseases of hysteria, was in attendance on them. After the charge was read out to the Jury, M. de Brutus rose and said he appeared for the prosecution. It is, as is well known, the boast of this eminent counsel that he has never yet wept in the discharge of his duties, and that is no doubt the reason why he is generally retained for the prosecution. Then rose counsel for the accused, M. Lachrymose, nicknamed by his friends at the Bar "M. Le Crocodile," a thin, sallow-faced gentleman, well-known for his infinite capacity for shedding tears. He muttered something in a husky voice, but was

Hardly audible. Before resuming his seat, however, he turned round towards the accused; their eyes met and glistened. The Judge and Jury were visibly moved, and two ladies in the visitors' gallery fainted outright.

M. de Brutus briefly explained to the Jury the facts of the case. There was not a drop in his eyes; he did not blow his nose even once; and he narrated the story in a voice that never faltered. The ladies present in court marvelled at the heartlessness of the performance; they could not understand a man so devoid of emotion; M. de Brutus seemed to them the Hangman's double. Only once did he betray some emotion, and that was when he graphically related the circumstances under which Mahomed Yusuf had bitten off Chandbi's nose. His voice became hoarse, his eyes filmy. But M. de Brutus soon realized that his reputation was at stake; if he gave way to his feelings now, the Prosecution would brief him no more. So, with an almost superhuman effort, he swallowed the lump in his throat, pulled himself together, and began reading some relevant sections from the Code Napoleon.

Evidence was then led on behalf of the prosecution. The first witness called was Chandbi, the unfortunate victim, a pretty little woman of four and twenty. She was lying in the vestibule of the court in a stupor. Two doctors were in attendance, and nurses were trying their utmost to keep her quiet. When her name was called out, she was brought round with considerable difficulty and carried on a stretcher to the witness-box. As soon as she was seated in the box, she fainted. Her face was hardly visible; she had covered it completely with her handkerchief. The constant stream that flowed from the corners of her eyes showed that she was in a flood of tears. The sight was so heart-breaking that several ladies had to be taken out of court on stretchers. The men of the Ambulance Brigade were kept exceedingly busy. It was then noticed that the Judge had laid his massive head on the table with the exclamation "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" and fainted. But the Chobdar soon revived his master. His Lordship realized that the dignity of the court must be maintained. So after a sip of water and a liberal application of eau-de-cologne, he asked M. de Brutus to proceed. Chandbi's voice was so choked with sobbing that the Interpreter, himself in tears, had the greatest difficulty in catching her words. She deposed that she was married to Mahomed Yusuf years ago. She could not say how many years had elapsed: she was quite a child then; her mother had told her, when she was 12, that she was Mahomed's lawful wife, and that was all she knew about her marriage. They had been very happy. The accused had been a good husband

on the whole, considering that he had three other wives. She was his favourite at one time, but with the nose bitten off, she could not aspire to his favours any more. Chandbi then described, by slow stages, the felicity of their married life. The picture she drew of her domestic happiness was so touching that all the handkerchiefs in court were wet through and bottles of smelling-salts were in constant demand. No one cried more piteously than the witness herself. In her agony, she took off her handkerchief from her eyes and thoughtlessly commenced blowing her nose, when she realized, to her horror, that she was deprived of that organ. This incident was noticed by many and added poignancy to their grief. Mahomed Yusuf, on the other hand, stood like a statue in the Dock. His eyes were dry, and he looked defiant. It was arranged between him and his counsel that, in proof of his innocence, the former was not to shed a single tear: the weeping part could be safely entrusted to the latter. And it must be admitted that M. Lachrymose played his part most heroically. But when Chandbi deposed to her domestic happiness and described her husband as a paragon of virtues, Mahomed Yusuf was overcome with emotion and fainted. Thereupon Chandbi begged his Lordship to allow her to go to the Dock and soothe her husband. The permission was readily, though tearfully granted. She was taken to the Dock on a stretcher. There she fell down on her knees and kissed the feet of her lord and master. Mahomed Yusuf ostensibly patted her on the head, though the spectators from the top of the gallery observed that he was kicking her violently from below. Needless to say, the sitting was suspended for a time and the Judge and Jury retired for much-needed refreshment.

On resuming her evidence Chandbi, who seemed a little composed, narrated the incidents that actually led to the biting off of her nose. M. de Brutus then asked her to let the Gentlemen of the Jury see the extent of her injury. He coaxed and cajoled her at first, then threatened her with dire punishment if she refused. But Chandbi remained obdurate. Counsel thereupon appealed to his Lordship. The Judge addressed Chandbi thus:—"My dear and unfortunate sister, while fully sympathising with you, I must ask you, in the name of Justice, to remove your handkerchief and let the Jury see to what extent you have been deformed. It breaks my heart to insist upon this, but stern duty makes it imperative." Saying this, he covered his eyes and sobbed piteously. Chandbi, finding further resistance useless, took off her handkerchief from the place where once rested her shapely nose. Exclamations of horror filled the Court. Chandbi fainted immediately after and as most of the spectators followed suit and the doctors and the whole of the Ambulance Brigade could not

cope with the work of revival, the sitting had again to be suspended for the day.

The next day M. Lachrymose cross-examined Chandbi at great length. He asked her about her paramour, Ismail Sheriff, and Chandbi had to admit that she was on friendly terms with him. He put it to her that she was on intimate terms with Ismail: indeed, he suggested criminal intimacy. He read letter after letter, punctuating each with tears and sobs, to show her illicit connection with the paramour. Chandbi was again in a flood of tears, and there was hardly an eye in the whole Court that was not wet. At this stage the Hindu foreman lifted the end of his *dhotar* and wiped his eyes with it. The Judge, noticing this, sternly reprimanded him, characterizing his action as "highly indelicate, particularly when a woman, even though noseless, was in the witness-box." M. le Foreman, in offering a halting apology, explained that as all his handkerchiefs were wet through, and he had not a dry rag near by, he was obliged to use his *dhotar*. Moreover, he added, he had put on his wife's silk stockings which reached almost up to his hips, so that he submitted he could not be accused of wilful indelicacy. His Lordship let him off with a sobbing, and ordered the Crier to supply the Foreman with a large bath-towel. The cross-examination of Chandbi was then resumed, but it soon ended tragically. While M. Lachrymose was reading a letter from Chandbi to Ismail Sheriff, containing fervent love-passages, the witness fainted and fell down in the box. The efforts of the doctor to revive her were unavailing, and she was carried out insensible on a stretcher. The sitting was again suspended amid uproar.

We will not harrow our readers' feelings any longer by recounting all the evidence in the case. Suffice it to say that while M. de Brutus tried to prove, with a callousness that befitted only the Hangman, the guilt of the accused to the hilt, M. Lachrymose, amidst tears and sighs, exerted himself to show that his client had not bitten off his wife's nose and that even if it could be proved that he had, he did so under very grave and sudden provocation. At the close of the case for the prosecution, M. Lachrymose said he had no evidence to adduce on behalf of the accused. Thereupon M. de Brutus addressed the Jury. He reviewed the facts of the case briefly and asked them to say that it was the accused who had bitten off his wife's nose, that he had done this under circumstances that warranted no commiseration from them, that jealousy was no excuse and that if they were satisfied on these points, they were bound to bring in a verdict of guilty. He implored them not to let sentimentality override their reason. They were empannelled in the jury-box, not as

so many weeping-willows but as men of the world. All the Jurors shook their heads violently, denoting strong dissent from this view, but M. de Brutus took no notice. He proceeded to observe that his learned and tearful friend ("more tearful than learned," he added slyly) had failed to prove the innocence of the accused. He had used more tears than words in cross-examining the witnesses, and he ventured to predict that in his address for the defence, tears would be shed rather than arguments advanced, "thus proving," he added, "the aptness of his professional nickname, M. le Crocodile." M. Lachrymose vehemently protested against this remark and appealed to his Lordship. But the Judge merely replied with a faint chuckle—the only chuckle heard during this trial. Thereupon M. Lachrymose challenged M. de Brutus to a duel after the trial was over—a challenge which was readily accepted.

Then M. Lachrymose rose to deliver his memorable speech for the defence. Those who were privileged to hear it, will remember it long. It was the most melodramatic speech ever delivered in the High Court of Judicature at Bombay. For the first few minutes, M. Lachrymose stood transfixed like a statue, while tears flowed from his eyes as freely as from two jets of a fountain. When it was discovered that he was muttering prayers, the whole Court rose, except the Judge and M. de Brutus. These two kept their seats, the one out of consideration for the dignity of his high office, the other from sheer callousness. After the trial it was freely remarked in the Bar Library that M. de Brutus had committed a tactical blunder in retaining his seat at such a solemn moment, for it stiffened the Jury against him. The prayers having been said, M. Lachrymose dramatically turned to the Jury and begged them, with tears in his eyes, to forgive him if he added to their intense grief by the remarks he was about to offer, but he owed a sacred duty to his client, and he must discharge it regardless of their feelings. His learned but callous friend ("far more callous than learned," he retorted) had asked them to judge of this case as men of the world. That would be possible only if they forgot their own humanity, and he ventured to hope that not one of them would do that. The prosecuting (he had almost said persecuting) counsel had also asked them not to let sentimentality override their reason. But he seems to forget that the Jury does not consist of nine hangmen, but of nine ordinary human beings with human feelings and human sentiments. He could see that their hearts were overflowing with the milk of human kindness just as his own eyes were overflowing with the salt of human misery. M. de Brutus had twitted him on his capacity for shedding tears: he had also been ridiculed for being called by his friends at the Bar 'M. le Crocodile.' "The

ridicule will be avenged," he fiercely added, "not in tears, but in blood." The Judge here interposed and asked M. Lachrymose to confine himself to the trial. M. Lachrymose apologised and proceeded. He asked the Jury not to be ashamed of their tears. Even the Heavens wept in India almost ceaselessly for four months during the year. He had been at the Bar for five and twenty years, but hardly a day could he recall when he had not wept. And he was not ashamed of it either. M. Brutus here interposed with the remark "You ought to be," but his rival took no notice.

M. Lachrymose then placed these three points before the Jury for their consideration :—(1) Whether Chandbi's nose was bitten off. (2) Whether it was the accused who had bitten it off, and (3) If they were satisfied that the accused was the real culprit, whether he had not bitten it off under such grave and sudden provocation as entitled him to acquittal. On the first point, M. Lachrymose frankly admitted that Chandbi's nose was missing. But why was it not produced in Court, he asked. Then it might have been possible to prove, by the impression of the teeth thereon, that it was the accused and the accused alone who had bitten it off. M. de Brutus here interposed with the heartless remark that Mahomed Yusuf might have swallowed it. The Judge, after a shiver or two, begged the prosecuting counsel not to make his lot and the Jury's harder to bear than was possible under the circumstances.

Adverting to the second point, M. Lachrymose asked the Jury to say if they thought it possible that a good and loving husband like Mahomed Yusuf would bite off the very ornament of his wife's beautiful face. The prosecution witnesses had themselves proved that the nose was shapely : was it likely that the accused, a man of refinement and education, would deprive her of an organ which was "a thing of beauty and joy for ever"? He asked the Jury to say if they would ever dream of inflicting such an injury on their own wives or sisters. Loud groans thereupon emanated from the jury-box.

"But even conceding," exclaimed M. Lachrymose, warming up, "for the sake of argument that Chandbi's nose was bitten off by Mahomed Yusuf, does that make him guilty in the eye of law, having regard to the heart-breaking circumstances under which the deed was done?" He then recounted the story of the love-affair between Chandbi and Ismail Sheriff, read all the letters that had passed between them, and described the agony which his client must have gone through in consequence. He supposed some of the Jurors were married : he asked them to put themselves in the place of the accused. The married Jurors moved uneasily in their seats. It may

be asked, continued M. Lachrymose, why the accused had bitten off the nose, and not any other organ, say the ear. He put forward the plausible theory that Mahomed Yusuf having caught hold of Chandbi, bit off what came the handiest, and the nose being the most prominent and outstretched part of the face, he bit it off before he was conscious of what he was doing. Then he turned towards the Foreman rather viciously and asked him if, under exactly similar circumstances, he would not be tempted to bite off his wife's nose. The fat Bania, horror-struck, cried "Kshma, Kshma," and explained to his Lordship that he was a Jain, and his religion forbade him the polluting touch of flesh in any shape or form, not even his own wife's. M. de Brutus laughed contemptuously at his rival's discomfiture, but the latter would not give way. He next turned to an Irish Juror and asked him a similar question. "Begorrah," Pat replied, "I'd first sae that the bloomun' nose was clacn." M. Lachrymose did not pursue the subject. He said he had finished, but would like to read a few lines from an author who was world-famous. Saying this, he took up a fat volume of Shakespeare and began reciting the oft-quoted lines "The quality of Mercy is not strained." But before he could finish, he had fainted.

The Judge then asked the accused if he wished to make any statement. Mahomed Yusuf begged that his wife might be called and asked if she wished her husband sent to jail. M. de Brutus objected to this procedure, but M. Lachrymose pressed for it, and the Judge thought that the dictates of humanity, if not of justice, warranted the procedure. Chandbi was therefore recalled, and the Judge addressing her gently as "My dear sister," asked her the question. As soon as she heard it, she began to pull her hair and tear off her clothes. She implored his Lordship not to send her beloved Mahomed to jail for biting off her nose, for even if she had a hundred noses, she would allow her lord and master to bite them off, if he so wished. She exclaimed that the lot of the noseless wife of a respectable person was an unhappy one, but that of the noseless wife of a gaolbird was intolerable. The court was visibly moved at this touching appeal.

His Lordship having summed up very briefly and tearfully, the jury were asked to consider their verdict. M. le Foreman observed that they were already agreed upon their verdict. The Jury thought that the accused was guilty, but after carefully weighing all the circumstances of the case, they unanimously found him not guilty. The Judge accepted this verdict and midst tears of joy ordered the accused to be acquitted and discharged, with the warning that he should let the nose of his other wives alone. On hearing of

his release, Mahomed Yusuf became insensible. But he was soon brought round and as soon as he regained consciousness, he rushed towards M. Lachrymose and the two were clasped into each other's arms for several minutes. It was a most touching sight. The gentlemen of the jury were hugging each other prior to departure. The Judge thanked them from the bottom of his heart for the trouble they had taken and hoped they would not have to sit in judgment over a similar trial again. Speaking for himself he would far rather attend a funeral. He promised to recommend them to his Government for some sort of ribbon or decoration in recognition of their arduous and tearful labours. He strongly advised them to have complete rest for a few days and added that he was himself leaving for Mahableshwar that very afternoon for a rest-cure. The "Marseillaise" was struck up by the band outside as his Lordship left the Bench.

CUHOTA BABA."

ENGLISH CLASSICS.

(Continued from our last Number.)

CHAPTER IV.

THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION.

Thompson, Pope, Addison, Swift, et.

THE end of the seventeenth century was almost as important in England as was the end of its successor in France. It was then that in their more moderate manner the English broke with the past; and the accession of George I. completed the establishment of an oligarchic Government of a new pattern that was to endure for over one hundred years. Nevertheless, so far as poetry and prose were concerned, no violent change accompanied the Revolution. Patronage had been the distinguishing element of authorship ever since the Restoration, and patronage went on, only with increased proportions. Where Dryden had been fain to take ten guineas from Dorset for a dedication, Prior became an Ambassador and Addison a Secretary-of-State. Such glories must have been good for the dignity of letters even if they had little power of influencing its inspiration. Accordingly, the chief difference between the period of Charles II. and that of the first Hanoverians is that the writers of the latter time are more like fine gentlemen and have some ideal of decorum and gold lace where their immediate predecessors appeared to write in rags bedizened with ribbons, and to oscillate between the extremes of destitution and of debauchery. On the other hand, their immediate successors were to become dependent on a rather low order of publishers unless they happened to have private means. The lives of James Thomson (1700-48) and Cowper exactly cover the whole of the eighteenth century, the latter dying in 1800 whilst the former was born in 1700; and their fortune illustrates the difference that had

entered into the position of literary men during the course of the century. One lived in a dull hamlet on the Bedford Level in the society of his female cousins, and would have starved if he had no income but what came from his work: the other contemplated Nature under the auspices of the Countess of Hertford or in the lordly groves of Hagley, supported by sinecures and pensions. We think of Cowper as an invalid in a dressing-gown and night-cap: Thomson seems to come before us as Surveyor-General of the Leeward Islands, wearing a bag-wig and a sword. It must, however, in fairness be added that Thomson—who was a native of Scotland—was by no means the conventional artist that we might expect from such conditions. On the contrary, he almost anticipated the art of seventy years later and wrote—to use Wordsworth's phrase—"with his eye on the object." And let us never forget that it is this objective method rather than any peculiarity in the choice of matter that makes the genuine artist. The time was certainly not favourable to sincere literature. readers' minds were indolent and ill-trained, so that conventional epithets were accepted and traditional treatment was not so much tolerated as peremptorily required; but, when allowance is made for such a state of things, we shall be disposed to give Thomson something like his due. Take him off his guard and oblivious of the Muses, the vernal airs, and other literary properties of that age of artificiality, and how often we shall come upon a note of truth, how often we shall find him delivering himself like a man of sense and describing like a master. An especial indication of independence is that he does not follow *fashion* in regard to form. Fashion in his day demanded the metre which had been adopted by Waller and Dryden, to be finally developed by Pope. Thomson did not try to obtain command of this art which consisted in stringing together a series of rhymed complets—each a complete phrase, often an epigram. By a sure and happy instinct he reverted to the forms consecrated by Milton and Spenser. It is remarkable that Pope himself gave advice and active help in this, contributing occasional passages to "The Seasons" in which he showed that he himself could have been as great an artist in blank verse as he was in his own more elaborate line.

Of this poem, on which Thomson's fame chiefly stands, the first part to appear was the "Winter," published in 1726, and by it the young Scotsman's position as a poet was at once assured;

a second and a third edition were called for within a few months. In 1728 appeared "The Four Seasons," and in 1731 the poet accompanied a young pupil to France, Switzerland and Italy. Soon after his return he obtained a sinecure office in the Court of Chancery; and when he lost this, a pension was conferred upon the poet by the Prince of Wales; while a little time later came the Surveyor-Generalship above alluded to, which seems to have had some duties though they could be discharged by a local Deputy. He now settled at Kew where he befriended Collins and produced his masterpiece—"The Castle of Indolence"—adopting this time the metre of Spenser which he handled with as perfect skill as what he had displayed in blank verse. He died in 1748 leaving a renown which has never undergone much diminution. Pope had aided, Collins mourned him, and soon Johnson followed with judicious and discriminating praise. In later times good judges have combined to maintain his reputation. Coleridge in a very penetrating passage compares Thomson to Cowper, pronouncing the former of the two "the born poet." He would perhaps have been (like Gray) a still greater artist in a better age. As it was, he did more to keep alive the sacred fire than might have been done by a more divinely inspired priest like Collins. A careful critic of our own day has observed that no poet ever gave the special pleasure of which poetry is the vehicle to so large a number of persons or in so large a measure.*

The great and exquisite artist who has been above named as Thomson's adviser, was twelve years his senior. Alexander Pope (1688-1744) was the son of a London tradesman, and bred a Catholic; he was born in the year of the Revolution and lived into the reign of George II., so that his life might be taken as exactly answering to the beginning of modern times. He began to write at the age of 12—which he called "lispings in numbers"—and before he was 21 had elaborated the system of rhymed couplets above described: his "Pastorals" appeared in 1709 they were well received by a small but luxurious circle and were followed two years later by the "Essay on Criticism," a work of remarkable power and cool judgment for so young an author. In 1712 followed "The Rape of the Lock," which Addison justly pronounced "delicious"; it is indeed a piece of almost flawless workmanship: it was enlarged in a subsequent edition when Pope added

* G. Saintsbury in Ward's *Poets*; Vol. III.

the purely imaginary portion, the "machinery" (as it was called) of Sylphs and Gnomes. Between 1715 and 1720 the translation of Homer's *Iliad* came out in instalments; and though Pope was no scholar, his public was in the same case, and the melody of the method compensated for defects of matter. In 1717 Pope lost his father and he removed to Twickenham where he spent the remainder of his life in a little villa residence on the Thames bank the house has long since disappeared but traces remain of the skilfully laid out grounds. In 1728 Pope sullied his reputation as a man by an acrid piece called 'The Dunciad' in which he lashed a crowd of obscure scribblers of whom Posterity would never have heard but for his immortal verse. He associated with all the best men of the day and that ought to have satisfied him. Swift the witty Dean of St. Patrick's, Arbuthnot the clever and benevolent Scots physician, Bolingbroke the versatile and brilliant politician all, and more were his friends and visitors, but nothing would content him unless he could worry a number of hack-writers on whom the worst that he could say seldom amounted to more than that they were poor. Such a deep fault as this could not be atoned for by any splendour of art and the 'Essay on Man' (1732) could not conceal under the splendour of its diction the superficial nature of the author's mind. Unhappily, Pope never showed any sense of his error, the last work he produced being a new edition of the *Dunciad* (1742) in which the treatment was revised and strengthened but no attempt made to modify the malice. Pope died at Twickenham in the early summer of 1744.

A great controversy has been going on almost ever since as to Pope's place on Parnassus. "If Pope be not a poet, who is?" asked Samuel Johnson in later days, on the other hand, Matthew Arnold, Johnson's editor whilst admitting that he is a Classic—says that Pope is a 'Classic of our prose.' The final award must depend upon the final agreement that may be concluded as to the nature and province of poetry. The acute stage of the crisis lasted about forty years; from the first appearance of "The Iask" to the time of Campbell and Shelley. Cowper had laid down the proposition that:—"God made the country and man made the town"; and Bowles about 1819 argued, in the same spirit, that the poet was to describe the doings of God, not those of man; a rule

that would condemn Sophocles and Corneille as well as Pope, assigning the name of poetry to Paley's "Natural Theology." If "Nature" was to be used as a term exclusive of man, his thoughts, words and deeds, then dramatic, lyric, and even a large portion of narrative verse must go by the board. Pope himself left a prose note in which he showed that he was not unaware of possible criticisms of his method. "When Nature," he said, "forms the body of a poem, it is as absurd as a feast made up entirely of sauces": and Gray—who certainly was not indifferent to natural beauty—laid down the rule that description should never form the bulk of a poem's matter. Perhaps we should not go far wrong if we concluded that poetry involves two essentials, *idealism* and *form*: the extreme limits being reached by Pope on the one hand and, say, Walt Whitman on the other; while the great permanent darlings of mankind were (on this side or on that) somewhat nearer the centre. Pope was, for whatever reason, too indifferent to what Bowles called "every variation of Nature in her secret places": granted, but his mastery of his own peculiar form no other has ever equalled. What has partly blinded successive generations of critics to this great merit has been the decay which unhappily followed such ripe perfection. As Cooper wrote less than 40 years from the master's decease—

"Then Pope as harmony itself exact
In verse, well-disciplined, complete, compact,
Levied a tax of wonder and applause
Even on the fools who trampled on their laws:
But he—his musical finesse was such
So nice his ear, so delicate his touch—
Made poetry a mere mechanic art
Till every warbler had his tune by heart."

Pope acknowledged that he owed his skill to Dryden; but the versification of Dryden has a "brave negligence," a power of climax, beside which Pope's elegant compactness is felt to tend towards monotonous equilibrium.

In any case the question raised by Johnson has a real significance. If Pope was not a poet, there was none between the Revolution and the forenoon of the Hanoverian dynasty. The only other writers of that day who are in any degree alive now must be Blair whose "Grave" was written about 1730 though not published till more than 12 years later: and Young

whose "Night Thoughts" (1742-4) are still noticeable. Both works are like statues with feet of clay; solemn compositions, but not perfect in point of art or charm. Southey thought the former an imitation of the latter, but the chronology forbids the view. Parnell, an Anglo-Irish clergyman (1679-1718), is commemorated by the appearance of his "Hermit" in books of elegant extracts; and Prior (1664-1721) has been praised by Thackeray. These two writers had taste and skill, but their work was conventional and somewhat insincere: the only thing that need detain us further is the "Nocturnal Reverie" by the Countess of Winchelsea (about 1700) which has been excepted by Wordsworth from his charge of general indifference to Nature brought against the poets of the period. A critic of our day calls her "a poetess of singular originality and excellence."*

If the period is to maintain its title of "Augustan Age" the claim must be based on other grounds than poetic excellence. One swallow does not make a summer; and perhaps a severe criticism would not find more than one great metrical artist among the poets of this time. In the matter of prose-writers however, the number of classics is larger, including one who was an undoubted master. This was Joseph Addison (1672-1719) of whom great judges, from Johnson to Macaulay, have recorded unqualified approval. Addison's style, says the former, is an indispensable pattern for everyone who desires to write English that shall be familiar but not coarse, and elegant without ostentation. Macaulay calls him "the unsullied statesman, the accomplished scholar, the master of pure English eloquence, the consummate painter of life and manners."

Addison's honourable career is a very pleasant exception to the condemnation that is, with some justice, urged against political adventurers and *litterateurs* in office. From his Oxford days he was a marked man, on account partly—as it seems—of verses on various occasions which were admired in an unpoetic age. In 1699 he was selected for employment by official patrons who sent him abroad with a handsome allowance to *prepare him for office*—an unusual proceeding surely, and one which suggests that he must

* Mr. Edmund Gosse, in *Ward's Poets* Vol. III, where are preserved some few more of this lady's verses: her family name was Kingsmill and she died in 1720: the exact date of her birth is unknown, it was about the Restoration.

have already displayed some remarkable qualifications. The whole official history of the country might be searched, and still Addison's case would remain a record. The son of a country clergyman, unconnected with any governing or patrician house, with no fortune beyond his fellowship at Magdalen, for no apparent cause or claims to preferment but the reputation of having written some Latin and some English verse, he was suddenly selected by the Ministry and prepared at the public expense. On his return to England Addison was appointed to a sinecure office and he published (1705) an account of his travels in Italy which he dedicated to Lord Somers. In the following year he was made Under-Secretary of State: and for the next few years produced nothing beyond one or two half-successful dramas. In 1709 he was made Chief Secretary for Ireland and sat, for two sessions, in the Irish House of Commons where he seems to have taken part in the debates—a thing he never did in the Parliament of England. In the summer of the same year he struck what was to prove the true vein of his genius, taking part in *The Tatler*, a new departure in journalism which his friend Steele was setting up in London. Of Addison's contributions to the new periodical, which appeared thrice a week for about a year and a half, Macaulay pronounces that "never had the English language been written with such sweetness, grace, and facility"; and he adds that as a moral satirist the writer "stands unrivalled". In 1710 the Whigs went out of power, and Addison lost his post, but he was returned to the British Parliament at the General Election and was recognised as a man of influence and popularity on all hands. *The Tatler* being discontinued, he collaborated with Steele in a new venture, *The Spectator*, which was to appear every morning but Sunday, and which was much more influenced by Addison and much superior to *The Tatler* in all respects. He now adopted a deliberate and highly honourable project. Social, and what Macaulay terms moral satire, had hitherto been chiefly crunched in metrical form and had often been little better or purer than the conduct it professed to chasten. In Addison's hands the thing became a delicate instrument of suasion which left London life in a wholly different condition from that in which that life had ever before been. And the effect was permanent. Never in the deepest degradation of the later Georgian epoch was there the same state

of things as we find recorded in Grammont ; the daily duels, the nightly drunken orgies, the shameless lives of great ladies. This reform was due to Addison's conscious and express efforts, conveying reproof with a well-bred smile and enlisting ridicule on the side of that decorum and right-doing against which ridicule had hitherto been engaged.

In this wholly commendable crusade Addison was to the end aided and, indeed, inspired by the "Christian Soldier." Steele modestly said that he was "undone by his auxiliary"; and it is quite possible that his fame may have been so far outshone by Addison's, that many people forget that he was not only the first to set the movement going but was the originator of the conception of the *Spectator's* Club and of the famous character of Sir Roger de Coverley. To say this is only to do justice to a man who has been treated far otherwise; for instance, in Macaulay's Essay on Addison, where Steele hardly receives the notice due to a sort of literary Sancho Panza. His reputation was indeed restored by Thackeray; and the favour with which the careless but amiable journalist met in the "Lectures on English Humourists" did no more than revive his claims to attention. Richard Steele (1672-1729) has therefore a clear right to mention in any praise given to his more prudent colleague. After being Addison's schoolfellow at the Charter House, and keeping a few terms at Oxford, he left the University without a degree. Towards the end of the century he became an officer in the Coldstream Guards, and in 1701 produced a sort of "soldiers' pocket-book" under the title of "The Christian Hero." This turn of affairs proving somewhat distasteful to his brother-officers, Capt. Steele proceeded to "enliven his character" by writing a play. He went on for some time in this way; a courtier, a man about town, and a man of letters; until the spring of 1709, when he started *The Tatler*. The *Tatler* was followed by the *Spectator* of which about half was written by Steele and other contributors, while Addison was answerable for the rest—some 274 articles marked by one or other of the letters forming the name of *Clio*, the Muse of History. The *Spectator* was discontinued in December 1712, after a vigorous reign during which it had been the delight of the very classes whose faults and follies it exposed; it was collected in book form and an edition of 10,000 copies at once sold out. The distinguished associates next appeared with a

third venture, *The Guardian*, of which Macaulay tartly observes that it "began in dullness and disappeared in a tempest of faction." Political animosity was now beginning to be excited to a very high point by causes which need not be examined here; Addison does not, indeed, appear to have taken a direct part in the discussions which preceded the fall of Marlborough and the Peace of Utrecht, but he produced a drama which had the singularly good fortune to be applauded by the Whigs on account of supposed allusions to contemporaneous politics; while the Tories were equally favourable as if to disarm those allusions or show that they would not acknowledge them. This drama was the once famous tragedy of *Cato* which would now be as impossible on the stage as it is usually found intolerable in the chamber.

In 1713 Steele turned ardently to politics, in spite of warnings from his calmer friend, who took the opportunity of bringing out a supplemental volume of *The Spectator*; the Queen died, and the calm author found himself once more a Minister while the ardent politician had to be content with a knighthood and a subordinate place in the household of the new King. Henceforth the two went their several ways: Addison advancing in all prosperity; and Steele going, pecuniarily, from bad to worse.

Addison was now indeed in an enviable position and one in which Steele might fairly have been expected some measure of assistance. A Secretary-of-State, possessor of a fine country-seat,* married to a great and beautiful lady—the Countess of Warwick—to such heights had he risen by dint of personal dignity and serviceable abilities. But nothing came of it for "poor Dicky," and a complete estrangement followed.

The only draw-back to Addison's happiness now seems to have been that which comes, soon or late, to all but came to him too soon. Losing his health he resigned his place in the Cabinet and went home to his death-bed. It was hard to feel that such a life was leaving one before middle-age was over; yet some consolation must have remained to a man who felt that from comparatively humble beginnings he had grown to be the head of London intellectual life, and master of Holland House. In that beautiful and glorious home Addison expired, calm as ever, on the 17th June, 1719.

* Bilton Grange near Rugby.

In a career so complete there is something that harmonises with the work that it produced. At the same time one cannot help feeling a sense of over-powering perfection almost marred by an element of self-complacency from the time in which Addison claimed to have been personally favoured by Providence with a mild day in which to cross Mont Cenis to the moment in which he called on his step-son to "see how a Christian could die."

Poor Steele never recovered his prosperity nor did any good work after he lost, what Thackeray has called, "his head-boy." The comedy of "The Conscious Lovers" (1722) was but a transient gleam; he retired to a house in Carmarthen and died there, desolate and disheartened, in 1729.

The last years of Steele's literary activity were also years of passionate political controversy in which Steele took a vehement part. But there was a deserter from the Whig ranks lately recruited by the enemy before whom Steele was to fall and fade; the famous Jonathan Swift (1667-1745), best known to posterity as Dean of St. Patrick's and author of "Gulliver's Travels." Indeed, it may almost be said that Steele's final collapse was begun by the contemptuous refutation of his paper on the fortifications of Dunkirk in 1713.*

Swift had not always written for the Tories. As a young man he had been private secretary to a retired Whig Statesman, Sir William Temple, and had distinguished himself before Temple's death by a pamphlet in behalf of Somers and the Whigs; and a little later (when no longer a young man) by a prose satire which he called "The Tale of a Tub." The defects and the great qualities which were hereafter to distinguish the author were already announced in this singular production, which is a well-sustained fable intended to exalt the Church of England at the expense of Rome and Geneva: but it is anything but conservative in tone and does its work with a cynicism which to many readers has always appeared to injure the cause of religion at large. This strange and unconventional polemic appeared in 1704, and was probably intended to advance the author's ambition in the clerical profession, which he had embraced after finding that the Whigs

*The *Guardian's* paper was called "The Importance of Dunkirk Considered"; the pamphlet in which Swift replied was grimly entitled "The Importance of The *Guardian* considered." The base title of the one was almost a refutation of the other.

would do nothing for him in political life ; but the result was quite otherwise. He obtained some small preferment in Ireland but passed a great part of his time in London, where he became intimate with some of the most eminent men, chiefly on the Tory side. The time has been already noted as one of strong party rancour ; the storm of the Civil War had left a ground-swell, and the fall of a Ministry still implied the possible fall of ministers' heads. The elements of modern life were fermenting ; the Demos—not yet crowned—was beginning to feel that politics had an interest for all ; the debates in Parliament being however still held with closed doors, pamphlets in which grave questions were discussed found an eager welcome among a fierce, ill-instructed community. Men were in a fever of alarm from anxiety as to the intentions of the French King and other friends of the exiled tyrant controversy affected their lives, their fortunes, and—what they thought of most—their opinions and beliefs. In such a state of things the presence of such a gladiator, on one side or the other, as the dauntless, scornful Swift, was or seemed to be a matter of the utmost moment.

All efforts on behalf of legitimacy came to nothing in the end. The Queen died in 1714, when the House of Hanover was peacefully installed and the Tories fell from power. Swift, who had already obtained the Dublin Deanery, shared in the disaster of his friends and ceased to weigh in English politics. The great work of his life, however, remained to be done, had he only known it. When the "Conduct of the Allies" has sunk into the dust of a back-shelf in the largest public library, "Gulliver" will continue to delight children of all ages. "Gulliver's Travels" appeared in 1726 without the author's name and took the public taste at once. The author's incorrigible faults were there ; and in the "Fourth Voyage" the misanthropy and coarseness were, from the first, painfully perceptible. But in an age like that such things were less offensive than in our more squeamish times. And on the other hand what merits there were ! What invention, wit, directness of style, and minute attention to detail ! Swift's mind began to give way before his death and *Gulliver* was the last triumph of a powerful brain always, it seems, affected by disease. Did space allow, one could show by quoting instances how very peculiar was the stern irony of Swift. In speaking of a pigmy king he describes him as almost the breadth of your nail higher than his

courtiers—"which bred an awe in the beholders." Among objections to the abolition of Christianity he mentions *that it might even prove of danger to the Church*. Well might Churchmen dread such a defender.

A contemporary whom it is natural to compare with Swift was Daniel Foe (1661-1731)—or Defoe as he preferred to call himself—born the year after the Restoration and distinguished as a political writer for many years after the Revolution. Unlike Swift, he was always true to the cause of freedom, at whatever risk or cost to himself; but, like Swift in one important respect, he has bequeathed an imperishable masterpiece. He also resembled Swift in another matter which must interest us here; the style of each was simple, clear, and free from quotation, artifice, or negligence. Swift indeed far excelled Defoe in artistic gifts, having in abundance a wit keen, flexible, and deadly as a small-sword in the hand of a master. But it may be doubted whether Swift or any other English author surpassed Defoe in minute strokes of realism and what has been called "forging the hand of Nature." Some of his novels have passed with intelligent readers for actual relations of events; and, although they may not be generally much read now, there is at least one—the immortal first part of "*Robinson Crusoe*" whose fame has gone out into all lands. Published in 1719, this marvellous fiction had an instant success; and it has continued ever since to be childhood's choicest treasure. Through the rest of his life Defoe went on producing work only second in value to this; his life, which had once been agitated and anxious, benighted by the triumph of his principles: he made money and settled at Stoke Newington in his own house. He died quietly in April, 1731, when the second Hanoverian King had been some years upon the throne and a great minister had given peace and welfare to the land.

An important part of the age's literature was taken by the Drama, of which, unfortunately, the serious side was too artificial, while the comic portion was infected by the lingering profligacy of the Restoration. Tragedy was represented by several writers of ability, Southerne, Rowe, and Congreve; but none of their works can be said to have become classic. The comedy, however, has been very much more durable; in spite of its indelible licentiousness it has continued to be studied for its wit and language and the four best writers of that day have been admitted

masters of that sort of drama ever since, having been excused by Charles Lamb and edited by Leigh Hunt. Of these it must suffice to notice the best and most celebrated Wycherley (1640-1715), Vanbrugh (1664-1726) and Farquhar (1678-1707), now little more than names except to special students; but William Congreve (1670-1730) has influenced later writers, has been reviewed by Macaulay, and has been republished as recently as 1888, so that we cannot properly pass him by.

Macaulay's essay on the Comic Dramatists has been reprinted in many forms and has also been extracted by way of prefatory matter, in the best issue of Congreve's works, so far as that writer is concerned.* We are thus dispensed from entering into details beyond observing once more on the extraordinary favour shewn to authors during the Revolution age. Congreve was by birth no more than a poor gentleman; and he never distinguished himself except by the production of a few plays. Yet he held during his life no less than five public offices; and he died a chosen inmate of the palace of one of the greatest ladies in the British Islands. His tragedy "The Mourning Bride" (1697) shows invention and scenic instinct: as literature, however, it is only redeemed by one over-praised passage. He had already brought out "Love for Love," which is still the finest comedy in the English language: and it will be valued by connoisseurs as long as any feeling of regard is left for high spirits, brilliant talk, and pure English.

Soon after the appearance of this play the author, and indeed his whole school, received a severe but wholesome chastisement from an uncompromising critic in the person of a non-juring priest named Jeremy Collier. Congreve, after a futile defence, produced one more comedy "The Way of the World" (1700), but Collier's work had begun to tell; the play, though as bright as ever, was not well received and Congreve retired in dudgeon to private life.

The only remaining dramatists of the period whose success calls for mention are Cibber (1671-1757) and Steele, already considered under another aspect. Their comedies have not become classics of our literature, but they should be noted as the first-fruits of the improved day whose dawn was due to Collier.

* Congreve, the Mermaid series (Ed. A. E. Ewald) London 1888. One of Congreve's plays has been occasionally acted in modern times.

Cibber is also noticeable as the author of an amusing book of Reminiscences—as they would now be called—in which his own character and the manners of the theatric world of his time are well and usefully recorded. It is entitled “An Apology for the life of Mr. Colley-Cibber, Comedian” (1740) and has been republished in our own day.* The mention of Cibber’s autobiography may fitly close our review of a period of artificiality and wit that arose naturally out of the fusion of the French movement of the Restoration with the prosaic spirit of the years to come, when Collins and Gray, Chatterton and Goldsmith, were to add some truer tones to the almost worn-out instrument.

(*To be Continued.*)

England.

H. G. KEENE.

*New edition by R. W. Lowe. London, 1888. It may be noticed that the title was borrowed by such a different man as Cardinal Newman.

A GREAT LADY AND SOVEREIGN RULER OF HEARTS.

(Concluded from our last number.)

WHEN Florence Nightingale was "finishing up" her work in the East, she summarised what she had learned by living for the Army during her two years of service. She was, to use her biographer's phrase, a passionate statistician, and, as she compared her observations with statistical lists, she found that a very large number of our soldiers' deaths were preventable. By her own exertions the rate of mortality had been checked, but there was a crying need for reforms in sanitation and other methods. Her personal knowledge was more intimate, more comprehensive, more detailed, than anybody else could have. Her personal influence at the War Office was also unique. So was her position. The throne erected for her in the public estimation was nothing to her as a personal tribute; it abased her modesty; she shrank from it as a place to be noticed in; but, as a position from which she could sway minds in the direction of a great purpose to be achieved, she appreciated it as a fact to be made use of. Therefore, when she returned to England, she did not yield to symptoms of physical reaction until she had begun her work of agitation for reform. Throughout the long period when she lay critically ill, often nearer the life beyond death than life on this side, on that narrow border-line which tilts us, when we are dangerously ill, swayingly from hour to hour, she yet so managed herself, so conserved her strength in respect of those things we generally spend ourselves in, that she was able to do for her cause that which seemed impossibly much for her shattered powers to do. If it is asked what her cause was, we point to a private note made by her in 1856 :

"I stand at the altar of the murdered men and, while I live, I fight their cause."

She fulfilled her vow. She fought other causes too—Hospital Reform; Nursing Development; Workhouse Reform at Home; and for India the great Social work of progress and sanitation, and the Cause of the Army. She waged her war against ineptitude and wrong; she fought the battles of the weak and suffering; she strengthened the arms of the righteous and brave, not *in spite of* her seclusion from ordinary society, not in proof that she need not have lived "such a do-nothing life," but because she knew and measured her weakness and strength and cut off avenues of opportunity for using her forces indefinitely, in order that she might concentrate those forces, peculiarly her own, on work that none but she could have undertaken. That she might have emerged from her straitened isolation, after a time, and lived a guarded and restricted life, but one far more normal than she did live, is quite probable. But the current of thought that issued from the brain of the self-imprisoned Great Lady and fed the sea of progress, amelioration of abuses, advancement of good to mankind, would have been hindered and diverted, if not entirely checked. That she made minor mistakes, that her shut-in life encouraged ~~over~~-much introspection and the growth of some mental weeds, and was not conducive to tolerance of others' short-comings, can easily be believed. But we are concerned with the question—Why did she live a life of isolated invalidism if she could have lived one of greater normality? And the answer is, that in that life alone could she "follow her Gleam." And when we think what Gleam she saw, we can but revere the Lady, who not only set her face steadfastly to catch the Light and her feet to follow it, but so set herself in her attitude towards men, that they might see her Light, be helped and guided by it, and might teach others to look for the Gleam also.

Many were the subjects considered by this Lady, who shut herself away from the artificial lights of the world, and the glare of notoriety in order that she might ponder over them in the light transcending the light of day—subjects for initiation, development, organisation, and reform; involving often the working out of difficult problems, and making as many

demands upon her resourcefulness as were made on the Lady-in-Chief at Scutari. First of all there was the health of the Army. Opposition, expected and unexpected, delays, disappointments, apparent failures, never daunted Miss Nightingale though they gave point to her pen and incisiveness to her *viva voce* comments

In 1869 she could write to an intimate friend that she found in the reports upon the last four years' returns "that, every year, 729 men were alive who would have been dead but for Sidney Herbert's measures, and 5,184 men always on active duty who would have been 'constantly sick' in bed. In India, from the reports taken of the last two years, the death-rate of Bombay, civil, military, native, is lower than that of London, the healthiest city of Europe. The death-rate of Calcutta is lower than that of Manchester and Liverpool. But that is not the greatest victory. The Municipal Commissioner of Bombay writes that the natives clamorously invoke the aid of the Health Department if but one death from small-pox or cholera occurs, whereas formerly half of them might be swept away and the other half think it all right."

These remarks about India and the fact that we have the pleasure of writing for Indian readers, induce us to pass over those interesting chapters, in which Sir L. Cook gives us much insight into Miss Nightingale's methods of Nursing Reform and her inauguration of new methods, and, most interesting of all, her careful training of her Nurses and ceaseless interest in them—individual as well as general—and dwell especially upon the efforts she made on behalf of India. The success of these efforts may not have been as appreciable as that which crowned some of her labours, but we cannot forget that Miss Nightingale herself considered her Indian work the most important of her life's labours.

As early as 1859 she wrote to Miss Harriet Martineau that for eight long months she had been importuning Lord Stanley "to give us a Royal Sanitary Commission to do exactly the same thing for the Armies in India which the last did for the Army at home. We have just won it. The Queen has signed the Warrant."

This Warrant was issued on May 31st, 1859. Mr. Sidney Herbert was Chairman, until, on a change of Ministry, he went

to the War Office and consequently resigned the chairmanship. He was succeeded by Lord Stanley. Two of the members were members also of Miss Nightingale's inner circle of friends, Dr. Sutherland and Dr. Farr, each with the requisite knowledge of, and enthusiasm for, sanitation. But the person on whom the Chairman relied pre-eminently was the prompter and instigator of the whole proceeding, the unseen presiding Genius—Florence Nightingale. Well may her biographer say that upon her fell the lion's share of the work. To draft the questions sent to every military station in India; to analyse the answers—van-loads of papers; to make observations on them, all this was the work of the Lady behind the scenes.

Of her Observations Lord Stanley remarked that "the style alone (apart from the authority which your name carries with it) will ensure their being studied by many who know nothing of the subject."

Presumably she shocked the Treasury by illustrating her pages with woodcuts of Indian hospitals and barracks and native customs connected with water-supply and drainage. Miss Nightingale turned the official demur, which took the form of objecting to the cost, to advantage by paying for the printing herself and being thereby able to hurry the printers and have copies struck off for private use. When, years afterwards, Sir Bartle Frere was asked what had set the sanitary crusade in motion in India and what had given Miss Nightingale her influence in the country, "not the big Blue Book," he replied, "but a certain little red book of hers which made some of us very savage at the time but did us all immense good."

When, towards the close of the labours of the Commission, Sir George Lewis, Secretary for War, died, it was through Miss Nightingale's strenuous exertions that Lord de Grey was appointed his successor. She knew that in him a sympathetic Chief would be found. And when the then Viceroy of India, Lord Elgin, died, her whole heart was set on the appointment of Sir John Lawrence to succeed him. Sir John Lawrence was appointed. Miss Nightingale wrote to congratulate him thus:—

"Among the multitude of affairs and congratulations which will be pouring in upon you, there is no more fervent joy, there are no stronger good wishes, than those of one in the

humblest of your servants. For there is no greater position for usefulness under heaven than that of the government of the vast Empire you saved for us. And you are the only man to fill it. So thought a statesman for whom I worked not daily, but hourly, for five years—Sidney Herbert—when the last appointment was made. In the midst of your pressure pray think of us, and of our sanitary things on which millions of lives and health depend."

Before the new Viceroy left London for India he called upon Miss Nightingale, and his visit led to a sustained correspondence between them. Sir Bartle Frere, who was Governor of Bombay at the time, used to say that it was always known when the Viceroy had had a letter from Florence Nightingale. It set the bell ringing for sanitary progress.

But the progress did not keep pace with the rapidity of Miss Nightingale's mind and wishes. Lord Stanley begged her not to be discouraged. "My idea of the matter is," he told her once, "that the Indian authorities only want time to set things a little in order—that they are willing to mend, but not inclined to give us the credit of having just put them in the right way. That is human nature." He was right. In one direction alone the amendment was so considerable that we are assured that the death-rate from preventable disease among the British Army in India has fallen far below the figure named by the Royal Commission as a counsel of perfection.

This was only one of the many objects of interest and work in India. Her interest and activity never flagged until her busy brain was lulled into quietness during the few last years of her life on earth. In 1906 her Secretary had to tell the India Office that it would be no longer of use to forward Papers to her. Of course her courageous expectation was frequently checked and her hopes fell, but, as Mr. Jowett said in his Christmas letter to her in 1886—"You are alone in your room devising plans for the good of the natives of India or of the English soldiers as you have been for the last thirty years, and always deploring your failures as you have been doing for the last thirty years, though you have had a far greater and more real success in life than any other lady of your time. There are those who respect and love you, not for the halo of glory which surrounded your name in the Crimea, but for the

patient toil which you have endured since on behalf of every one who is suffering or wretched."

We fear we are encroaching on the space given to us, but these remarks of Mr. Jowett remind us that our readers ought to be allowed a glimpse of our Great Lady at work in the solitude of her room, and also that no study of Miss Nightingale's life is complete that does not include a glance at her friends.

She herself said "To be alone is nothing; but to be without sympathy in a crowd, this is to be confined in solitude." And in the words of her closely intimate friend, Professor Jowett, "Friendship should help the friends to work out better the work of life."

So continuous and strenuous was her work in solitude, even in those years of most pronounced illness, when, for weeks at a time, she was unable to leave her bed, that an old friend told her, after she had written to him about Indian affairs, that he was reassured about her health by the Homeric frame of mind she was in. "You will live an hundred years. You will write a Sanitation in 24 books and Lord Derby will translate you into all known languages." She wrote incessantly, but she could not have got through the vast amount her work involved but for the help of her friend and secretary, Dr. Sutherland. We may call him her Secretary for State and Foreign Affairs! She had other private and Home Secretaries, and not one of them could ever feel to be in the ranks of the Unemployed. Indulgent to faults and shortcomings in no one, it would seem that to stand highest in Miss Nightingale's esteem and service was to be exposed to the hottest fire of her censure and criticism. It is impossible not to suspect that Dr. Sutherland took his revenge for his frequent roastings by a little teasing cloaked under the thin disguise of self-indulgence and truant-playing. When the business was not too intricate to be directed by notes, Dr. Sutherland received his directions by means of written slips sent down from the Head (and Bed quarters) of the Lady-in-Chief to the room below her; and the Lady's questions, answers and directions certainly went to the point.

"Can you answer a plain question?" "I cannot flatter you on your lucidity." "Why did you tell me that tremendous banger?" She addressed him once as her "Dear, howling,

epileptic Friend." She answered emphatically " Oh Lord, *no*." Her dependence upon this loved and trusted friend showed itself in her reliance upon him to entertain her friends for her, as notes like the following prove :—

" Was the luncheon good ? Did he eat ? Did he walk ? " The answer to her last query elicited, " Then he's a liar ; he told me he could not move."

Miss Nightingale's rules against invasion of her privacy were stringent and admitted of few exceptions. Royal personages' proposals to visit her were not treated in the way that their invitations are treated—as commands ; but she granted the requests, if possible, on condition that the personages came unescorted. They must come as private, not State, visitors. She wrote to her father once that no one would believe how much she was interrupted in spite of all precautions. She rejoiced to be in London when Society was out of town. Alluding to the petitions made to her to allow her seclusion to be broken, she said these would-be interruptions were diminished in September, for " the *beggars* are out of Town." Lady Ashburton wrote plaintively . " I wish you would let me sit like a poor old rat in the corner while you are at dinner " Lady Ashburton's daughter added a still more pleading postscript—"Mother bids me ask with her dear love if you could see her any time to-day ; she will talk through the keyhole and not detain you five minutes."

That Miss Nightingale's inexorable refusal to throw wide her door was in consonance with her resolve to conserve her strength for her work, is proved by side-lights over and over again. When a privileged person had been admitted and spoke glowingly of her energy and vivacity, Dr. Sutherland foresaw the collapse *he* would be called upon to witness presently. In a letter to the dear friend of her youth, Madame Mohl, in June 1865, Miss Nightingale confesses a craving to see her : " But it is quite, quite, quite impossible. I am sure no one ever gave up so much to live, who longed so much to die as I do and give up daily . . . Yesterday because I saw Dr. Sutherland for a few minutes—in the afternoon, after the morning's work, and my good Mrs. Sutherland after him, I was ill with a spasm of the heart till 7 o'clock this morning and nearly unfit for work all to-day."

If, however, Miss Nightingale could not personally receive and entertain her visitors, she was one of the most thoughtful of hostesses as she was also one of the most thorough of house-keepers. She thought of her guests' comfort from the largest to the smallest detail. Indeed her mind was so large and spacious that nothing worthy to be thought of was small in it. She said once, when giving counsel to one of her fellow-workers, "Live your life while you have it. Life is a splendid gift. There is nothing small in it. For the greatest things grow by God's law out of the smallest. But to live your life you must discipline it. You must not fritter it away in 'fair purpose, cringing act, in constant will,' but must make your thought, your words, your acts all work to the same end, and that end not self but God. This is what we call Character."

* Twice Miss Nightingale left her seclusion in London to do honour to her beloved soldiers.

In November 1882, when the Guards returned from the Egyptian Campaign, Miss Nightingale drove to Victoria Station to see the return of a regiment on the Grenadiers.

"Like shabby skeletons" they returned said she—"And not a man of them all, I am sure, but thought he had nothing to be proud of in what he had done; though we might well be proud of *them*."

A few days later she was present at a Royal 'Review on the Horse Guards' Parade of the troops returned from India.

She sat between Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and Mrs. Gladstone remarked that "there were tears in Miss Nightingale's dear eyes as the poor ragged fellows marched past."

Queen Victoria having been told of Miss Nightingale's presence on this occasion invited her to a place on the date of the opening of the new Law Courts a few days afterwards. So pleased was she "to see Miss Nightingale then looking well" she went to talk her afterwards.

If Royalty appreciated Miss Nightingale, she, on her side, appreciated the "noble simplicity" of Royalty.

Even a superficial reading of this long life, busied with the affairs of men and armies, with the large activities of the body and the subtle mysteries of the soul, lets it be seen that Miss Nightingale came in touch with almost everybody worth remembering in Queen Victoria's reign, and that her friends were

many and of great distinction in various ways. And after living in Sir E. Cook's attention-rivetting book for some time we feel that it is valuable for the vivid presentation of her friends given to us as well as inestimably valuable for his presentation of our Lady with the Light.

In this imperfect commentary we can only pick out two or three friends so closely associated with Florence Nightingale that her life and character and their lives and character acted and reacted upon each other.

Her friendship with Mr. Sidney Herbert, afterwards Lord Herbert, and his wife, is a matter of history : and that with Monsieur and Madame Mohl was one of the streams of affection and sympathy that fed and enriched her life from youth to age. Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, also friends of her youth, were so closely bound to the Lady-in-Chief during the Crimean war that, if they had no other title to remembrance than that, their names would never be forgotten.

But Charles Holte Bracebridge and his wife had a place in many hearts, irrespective of the part they played at Scutari. Their name is one of the oldest in the county annals of England, and they bore that name nobly. In our childhood and early youth it was a name often on our lips and, in every sense of the term, a household word. Therefore we find no exaggeration in Miss Nightingale's threnody after the death of Mrs. Bracebridge. She wrote to Madame Mohl :

"To one living with her, as I did once, she was unlike any other human being : as unlike as a picture of a sunny scene is to the real light and warmth of sunshine," and, writing of Mr. Bracebridge, who had died before his wife, she said :

"He and she have been the creators of my life. When I think of him at Scutari, the only man in all England who would have lived with willingness such a pigging life, without the interest and responsibility which it had to me, I think that we shall never look upon his like again. And when I think of Atherstone (the Bracebridges' Warwickshire home,) of Athens, of all the places I have been in with them, of the immense influence they had in shaping my own life—more than earthly father and mother to me—I cannot doubt that they leave behind them, having shaped many lives as they did mine, their mark on the century."

And Monsieur Mohl in his letter of sympathy to Miss Nightingale replied to her eulogy—"It is people like these (the Bracebridges) in whom lies the glory of England and the strength of the country. They were so genuine, so ready to help and impoverish themselves for public purposes, and to do it unostentatiously and without fishing for popularity."

These friends, we see, were associated with Miss Nightingale's life of affairs; Mr. Jowett was bound up with her life as thinker, author, mystic. There is a difference in her attitude towards him, a difference in the correspondence between them from the correspondence between Miss Nightingale and other intimate friends, partly to be accounted for by the fact that the ideal was dwelt upon in it more than the actual, the realm of thought and belief more than the world of circumstance and events; partly because, in those deeper affairs of the mind and soul which occupied her thoughts, she recognised Mr. Jowett as a mental and spiritual peer, if indeed she did not defer to him as a Master. She certainly received his contrary opinions, when his differed from hers, with an acquiescence seldom accorded to any other disputant. Their correspondence, however, was not confined to mysticism, metaphysics, and philosophy by any means. Miss Nightingale was as much interested in Mr. Jowett's Oxford life, as much concerned to know the details of his daily work, as Mr. Jowett was interested in her Indian and other affairs and in all the daily details of her life that she chose to tell him.

Perhaps the Lady's sense of humour, strong though it was, did not always follow the Professor's in all its glidings. For instance, when he wrote to tell Miss Nightingale of his great desire for Lord Lansdowne to become a really great Viceroy of India, and asked her what she could suggest to aid the fulfilment of his wish, she, in all seriousness, took counsel with friends in council upon reforms needed and other means likely to further the education of a Viceroy! Perhaps Mr. Jowett's belief in statistics was not so passionate—to use her biographer's word—as the Lady's, so that his co-operation with her in her scheme of founding a Professorship or Lectureship in Applied Statistics at Oxford resulted more from sympathy with her than with the object of her plan.

The scheme was not carried out, but Mr. Jowett left a sum of £2,000 to Miss Nightingale to be used for a certain

purpose. He died in 1893, and Miss Nightingale made over the £2,000 to Mr. Francis Galton to be used for some educational work in the use of statistics.

A characteristic note was found among her papers after her death explaining the revocation of this gift "I revoke the legacy of £2,000 to Mr Francis Galton because he does not think it sufficient for the purpose I wished, and proposes a small Endowment for Research, which I believe will only end in endowing some bacillus, or microbe, and I do not wish that "

Another scheme proposed between them failed to be fulfilled, a literary one, the suggestion of which came from the Master of Balliol. This was to make a selection from the writings of Mystics and publish the selection in book form

"You will do a good work," wrote Mr Jewett to Miss Nightingale, "if you point out the kind of mysticism which is needed in the present day—not mysticism at all but as intense a feeling as the mystics had, of the power of truth and reason and of the will of God that they should take effect in the world. The passion of the reason, the fusion of faith and reason—if you can only describe these, you will teach people a new lesson. Miss Nightingale entered eagerly into the work and many notes that she made to aid her in it are given to us in compressed form by Sir E Cook. In his opinion she did something better than finish writing the book—"She lived it

"No words of Florence Nightingale's that have been quoted in the course of this Memoir," says the writer of the Memoir, "are more intensely autobiographical, none express more tersely the spirit in which she lived and moved and had her being than those I have put together from her notes on the Mystics "

She helped Mr. Jowett greatly in his Introduction to the *Phaedrus* of Plato by her criticisms and remarks. She knew and loved her Plato deeply. She considered that the closing prayer in the *Phaedrus*—"Give me beauty in the inward soul, and may the outward and inward soul be at one"—"put, in seventeen words, at least half of the doctrine of S. John of the Cross." "For us I think it is clear that this mystic state ought to be an occasional, not a permanent, feeling—a taste of heaven

in daily life. Do you think"—she asks her friend—"that it would be possible to write a mystical book which would be also the essence of Common Sense?"

Truly, she lived out an answer to this.

Mr. Jowett said she was the only woman he had ever known who put public duty before private. Her remark, that Madame Recamier's going to Rome when M. de Chateaubriand was made Minister was exactly, to her, as a soldier deserting on the eve of a battle, illustrates the truth of her friend's words.

"I want to hold fast to you, dear Friend," wrote Mr. Jowett in the failing health of his later life. "You and I are agreed that the last years of life are, in a sense, the best."

The inscription she sent with the flowers to his funeral ran thus :

"In loving remembrance of Professor Jowett, the Genius of Friendship, above all the Friend of God."

Not Robert Browning himself could have abhorred more than Miss Nightingale abhorred a life without purpose and definite endeavour to fulfil the reason of existence. It is small wonder that one of the poems to which her life was attuned in old age was Browning's "Rabbi ben Ezra." One day a young relative was speaking to her of the death of a kinsman as an entrance into rest. "Oh no," objected she, "I am sure it is an immense activity."

For note, when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the grey
A whisper from the west
Shoots—Add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth : here dies another day.

So when Florence Nightingale's long life's day died, we know that in "another Morn than ours" she had a joyful waking in "Light that hath no ending."

JEAN ROBERTS

Oxford.

WESTERN AFFAIRS AND PORTENTS.

BRITISH FOREIGN RELATIONS.

DURING the last Conservative régime, before the decision was come to by general assent that foreign relations in their official conduct should be treated as outside party considerations, there was a lively discussion over the trend of these relations, and especially over the position in which Britain stood to other countries. This was referred to proudly on a certain occasion by a leading Minister as one of "splendid isolation"; which drew the retort from a prominent Liberal that the Right Honourable gentleman rejoiced in the fact that his country had no friends! What was then uttered as a jibe appeared to contain realistic truth during the period of the Boer embroglio, with its all but general expression of hostility towards Britain wherein even America was in part involved. Into the causes of this unamiable feeling and its reception by British opinion it is beside our present purpose to enter. Suffice it to say that, with the settlement of our South African troubles, British statesmanship has been concerned to come to a working accommodation with those Powers whose points of difference were most acute and threatening. This purpose has been followed up by the present Government and terms of agreement and "ententes" have replaced, to some extent, the former friction and scowls, and it would appear that we have also managed to knock up a friendship or two. What now seems to trouble certain minds among the English Liberals is the character of these friendships and whether they are altogether of the right sort; whether our affections ought not to be extended in some other direction?

For while the idea of continuity in foreign policy is acknowledged as a working principle in our affairs, whatever our internal

dissensions, responsible Ministers have yet to reckon with public opinion in all its vital aspects. Previous to the last quarter of a century the British power was virtually isolated, in a geographical sense, as regards contact with European nations. It had long been a tradition to avoid Continental entanglements—to confine our attention to the encouragement of trade, and support of the principle of organic nationality. Now, as one result of this organic consolidation in the last century, modern nation-states have become keen colonial and industrial rivals, as their commercial and imperial expansion has led to a struggle for markets and territory. Where previous to these developments British dominions lay remote for the greater part from spheres of European influence, and each distinct division was mainly occupied with its own internal business—this situation has now altered completely. Through rapid improvements in means of intercommunication and the expansionist movement in question, Britain has to meet the competition of every important European country the world over. Points of friction and conflict of interest have thus multiplied, and voices have been raised among the influential classes of more than one rival openly challenging the peculiar territorial position occupied by British sovereignty and its attendant advantages. Such expressions, beyond the actual policy of other States, have had a twofold effect on our affairs. One has been to strengthen the movement towards what is broadly understood as imperial consolidation. The other has led to an approachment on the part of the British Government, in the direction already indicated with certain Powers. Both tendencies reveal inhering difficulties in their accomplishment in the light of experience and incite difference of opinion as to ways and means; for the problem of imperial integrity and security in its widest aspect is intimately linked alike with the character of our foreign relations and internal imperial policy. Let us here examine its external implications.

Looking back over the period that has witnessed this growth of the Powers, the greatest danger to British interests appeared at first to lie in the direction of France and Russia. Russian expansion towards the Indian frontier culminating in the Penjdeh incident, and points of difference with France in Egypt, Africa and the Far East, made for mistrust and awkward situations narrowly averted by conciliatory diplomacy. Up to the

later development of German commercial and colonial enterprise Anglo-German relations remained friendly if not exactly cordial. Their Royal Houses were closely connected. But while English opinion was favourable to German unification, the sentiments and methods of its makers were antipathetic to the leading English ideals of the 19th century. Where prior to the rise of Prussia under Bismarck the leaders of the movement for unification under a free Parliament looked to England for inspiration, after the failure of this attempt and the success of methods of "blood and iron," a different mental outlook prevailed. A steady depreciation of "Gladstoneism," "Cobdenism" and current Liberalism in general was encouraged in high quarters. One school of publicists carried this spirit further by representing the whole British Dominion as an unstable colossus with feet of clay standing in the way of German ambitions and world sway—to be overthrown when German might became, on a reasonable calculation, equal to the task. So beyond the industrial and territorial rivalry arising between the two nations, there obtained a conflict of cultural status as regards institutions and foundations. The realm of art and philosophic culture is of course a field apart where vital reactions continue. Following on events connected with the Boer trouble, there gradually materialised before alert English vision the new spectre of the "German Peril" which has received ample attention in the Press during the past decade or so. The rapid growth of a formidable German Navy at the same time, accompanied by a public challenge to British sea-power, has brought relations within the last two years to a dangerous strain, together with other matters which will be touched upon in the sequel.

With such portentous forces at work, it was but natural for British statesmanship to seek how to reduce outside enmities to manageable proportions. An initial step was taken with France. There was nothing in the questions at issue with her to compare with the grim realities of German rivalry or the elusive yet serious antagonism of Russia in Asia. A satisfactory accommodation was reached taking definite shape in the *entente cordiale* and one might say a complete removal of any grounds of quarrel with our historic "enemy" and-quondam friend. We may add, in passing, that beyond its material advantages, the cause of popular government in Europe may happily benefit by a sound understanding between

two neighbours committed in different ways to a great democratic experiment.

Having got so far, the path was open for some kind of composition with France's ally, Russia. The road there was paved by the Japanese alliance. This is a step, in itself, contrary to British tradition and was regarded with doubt in more than one quarter. It may now be treated as a shrewd stroke of statecraft at the time, as it preserved the *status quo* in the Far East to the immediate advantage of both parties, while the contingencies it was framed to meet were practically nullified through its means. The real implication of the alliance in relation to developing issues between the Occident and the Orient remain with the future. In a world where only *strength* is respected, it assisted Britain to meet Russia frankly over Central Asian concerns and to aim at reducing, as far as possible, causes of political and material conflict. Here again, a rough *modus vivendi* has been arrived at wherein Russia, by no means, has the worst of the bargain. In view of the present situation in Persia and the manner in which Russia has interpreted her share of the agreement so far as that country is concerned, this composition has little of finality. Yet, if not exactly "heroic" achievements, these arrangements have cleared the air, so to say, and afforded to this country time and security for measured consideration of a dubious situation and enhancement of its resources for whatever tasks the course of circumstance may impose.

There remained a settlement of questions arising out of British interests in the Persian Gulf; interests vital alike to England and the Indian Empire. A side-light on recent differences both with Turkey and Germany in this connexion comes from a speech the other day in the House of Commons by Sir Edward Grey. He said: "Finally, we get recognition by Turkey of the *status quo* in the Persian Gulf—the *status quo* as we have regarded it for years past. It was the *status quo* we laid down originally, but for which we never secured direct recognition. We shall, under this agreement, secure, to our mutual advantage I am sure, a real understanding about the *status quo* in the Persian Gulf which will prevent either Turkey or ourselves stirring up trouble.

In return for all these things, when they are completed, and when all the other countries have made the same arrangements which are in an advanced stage with the Turkish Government, we shall increase to 15 per cent. the Turkish Customs duty.

will be an enormous relief. The Turks have really wanted some increase of revenue if they are to have a chance of putting their country into a satisfactory condition. We do not desire to prevent that. On the other hand, we could not agree to a 15 per cent. Turkish Customs duty—that is, 4 per cent. increase—if the increase was going directly or indirectly to facilitate the making of the Baghdad Railway, and if that were to be continued to a port on the Persian Gulf. On that account, therefore, we had to oppose it, and that brought us into diplomatic opposition with Germany. It was a very disagreeable position. It was quite clear that the railway was going to be made, and for us to be in the position of continually opposing the increase of revenue which Turkey had really wanted, and doing it because we did not wish to see a German concession there, could only lead to constant friction. But having come to an agreement as to the terms of the Baghdad Railway which secures British interests from disturbance in the Persian Gulf, we shall be able, when the agreements are published, to say to Turkey definitely, "We agree to increase your revenue by Customs! We know that will be necessary, and it is not our policy to put obstructions in the way."

Beyond the points already indicated, near Eastern affairs have been responsible for Anglo-German friction. The collapse of Turkish power in Europe and the changed Balkan outlook has not only affected German combinations in this quarter, but helped to modify hostile attitudes. Consequently, a more friendly tone had lately prevailed in the discussion of outstanding concerns, facilitating the agreements above noted. At the same time an issue with America over the interpretation of the Panama Canal Treaty was compromised; and our position following on the late Balkan disturbance might be regarded all round as fairly satisfactory. And now suddenly a storm has burst over Europe, bringing all contingencies to a fateful determination by arms.

During the conferences between the Powers over the Balkan War the Triple Entente, as it was called, of England, France and Russia, was brought into close association as distinct from the former Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria and Italy. Suggestions were forthcoming for improving this working agreement by some more binding and definite commitment.

These suggestions were as strongly opposed by a section of Liberal opinion which is not only against any alliance with a

European Power as such, but is particularly hostile to an intimate political friendship with Russia and the Russian state system. Rather curiously, up to the catastrophe, this quarter had favoured a final and definite understanding with Germany herself as the pivot of our foreign combinations—"the natural ally of England on the Continent." Now from the social point of view, as previously shown, the governing order of Germany has little more in common with British Liberalism than that of Russia. In material civilisation, of course, the German Empire is far ahead of her Russian rival. And in a contest pure and simple for Slav or Teuton ascendancy in Central Europe, English sympathies at large would lean towards the Teuton in preference to the Slav. Indeed, it is the contribution of Teutonic genius to the cultural life of the West which appeals to the heart of free-thinking humanist England—that new England rising to influence at once within its own borders and the outer world. But this cultural force is apart from the dominant spirit of Prussian militarism and bureaucracy that rules in Germany, which is natively antagonistic to the spirit of humanism in its practical application. For German militarism to triumph over Western Europe in an aggressive movement at the expense of other free nationalities, carrying with it as a consequence world-wide power, would be as disastrous to all higher interests as any conceivable Russo-Slav domination, and a supreme menace to the British position. German nationalism, to-day, exhibits the paradox of an active industrial and commercial organisation without a corresponding public will directly responsible for the shaping of its destinies. Its Parliament is little more than a debating assembly. Executive authority is vested in a ruling caste where the military element takes a leading place, headed by a monarchy with mediæval traditions of wide, if not absolute, initiative. The passions native to a military caste, and the cupidity behind industrial enterprise, have alike been stimulated by a school of opinion which teaches that Germany does not occupy that territorial and commanding place in the world commensurate with her power to seize such a place when opportunity shall serve. Might in this connexion gives the right. Hence the justification in German eyes of recent aggressions. So long as it is confined to German territory, it is for the German peoples themselves to settle the system under which they are content to carry on.

Up to the present, Germania has held the balance of power as against Slavdom. If the present struggle ends unfavourably to the first, some fear this will mean an ascendancy of the second. Already Russia presses steadily towards the frontiers of our Eastern domain. Should a real danger to ourselves and associated peoples arise from Russia, we are sure it will be met resolutely with the entire resources of Imperial Britain. All this, however, pertains to the future.

A series of actions has rapidly turned the current of Anglo-German relations, when they appeared to be taking a favourable turn, into one of armed conflict. The highest hopes, the best interests of modern civilisation are involved in the contest—the principles of nationality, of free religious and social advancement. As the foremost protagonist of these great principles, Britain can appeal confidently to the Empire to sustain her cause, to ensure that they shall emerge from the stern ordeal before us, immortally triumphant.

AUSTIN VERNEY.

England.

THE FRUITLESS QUEST.

I—Psychologiae Nova Societas.

"For my part, I am apt to join in opinion with those who believe that all the regions of nature swarm with spirits . . . I am wonderfully pleased to think that I am always with such an innumerable society, in searching out the wonders of the creation, and joining in the same concert of praise and adoration."

Addison.

A LITTLE before dusk one dull November afternoon, a small but learned committee of the New Psychical Society, together with the medium, a young French lady, arrived at the President's private house.

Everything had been carefully prepared. A room was specially built for the use of the Society, and no one but the builders of this apartment, the door of which lead from the President's study, had even entered it previously. The furniture was all entirely new, and consisted simply of six chairs, a small plain table and comfortable sofa, upon which the medium, who showed pardonable hesitation and nervousness, was now asked to take her place.

"Before these proceedings begin," remarked one of the committee, "I should like to ask if we cannot discover through Mademoiselle Sylviane St. Audries, why the spirits are so reticent about——"

"No preliminary observations are to be allowed," quickly retorted the President.

And in a dead silence, looking round to see that all were in their places, the door locked, and the curtain drawn over the window, he gently took Mademoiselle Sylviane St. Audries' hand; then glancing at his watch whispered one word:—

"Silence!"

Nothing very remarkable happened. During the first few minutes certainly there were the usual symptoms; a slight convulsive movement followed by great quietness and repose. But then instead of any laboured breathing, to the surprise of all the scientists present, the medium appeared to have fainted, lying back in a lifeless way, whilst no manifestation of a spirit's control, either through voice or gesture, rewarded the anxious attention of the representatives of the "New Psychical Society." But no one dared to move or speak.

Hardly had Sylviane St. Audries closed her eyes before she heard a voice. It was eager, passionate in entreaty

"Come with me!"

"With you?" she asked. "But this is impossible. You must take my place. I am pledged to act as medium—my word of honour is my bond!"

"But come—leave them," urged the voice, which she now noticed grew fainter. "Are we not weary of mediums, and all this psychical research?"

"This is a new society though—one quite new," she pleaded

"So is mine. Come with me and learn something of our new Psychical Society. Think you we are always to be worried by enquiries, when we have our own problems to solve. No, no, it is our turn now—and you must come!"

Then Sylviane was conscious that she floated in space, and to the murmur of a rushing wind. But nothing could be seen or realised distinctly, and yet she knew there were lights like faint stars around her. It was as if she travelled beneath a sombre though diaphanous canopy, behind which were all the myriad suns. Then there was a silence most profound.

She listened with beating heart and straining ear, but no sound came. Nor could she see anything now but the merest glimmer of those lights, that only made the heavy gloom above and beneath more near and real. There was a terror in this loss of sights and sounds, and so in her dread she tried to speak, to see her hand, to feel her pulse, but all without avail. In this new region, the senses could do no work—only was it possible to think and realise the horror of it all.

The last trace of those lights was gone; her spirit was alone!

What next; was this the end? Still she could think, and her will was present, for thoughts came at her bidding, and chiefly

the strong desire to hear a human voice once more.

Presently, however, she was conscious of ideas, which penetrated and took possession of her mind. Over these she had no control whatever, and although there was no sound, they took the form of words. That these were not the result of her own will-power or imagination was quite certain, since the ideas involved concepts which could not possibly belong to her, a frail, inexperienced and but poorly-educated girl.

"How long will this last?" she thought, and there came for answer.—

"There is no such thing as Time!" *

"Ah! yes," she thought again. "I remember being told after one of my trances, that a spirit once said he had no knowledge of time."

"No more we have." It was as if another had spoken. "And that is one reason why you are wanted here. For we are now met together to discuss a difficult problem connected, it would appear, with what we knew as time, before we 'passed out' It is true what you have said

"I did not. I cannot speak."

"Not with a voice, nor in this immaterial world, do we, but in our thoughts alone we speak and see and feel!"

"Is this possible? Oh! the horror of it all. Let me leave you, spirits!" was Sylviane's mute appeal to this silent darkness, peopled with invisible beings and alive with thoughts innumerable. But she was powerless and compelled to follow all that the spirits had to reveal.

"First learn this," came from a voiceless one. "There is a secret which we yearn to know, as you will now be taught. On earth, where life so quickly passes out, you think chiefly of the *present*, and forget the *past*, for that is never with you. But here are gathered the spirits of the ages. This gives us thoughts you cannot have. Why ask us to send truth back to earth, whilst we are ever waiting in confused suspense? Time after time—to speak as mortals do—new truth comes to us from the earth. Philosophy, religion, science, change from age to age. Life is

* "Now the communicators in the phenomena we are studying have an extremely vague notion of time, because they say time is not a concept of the world in which they live." (Mrs. Piper and the Society for Psychical Research, M. Sage).

ever flowing in your world, its flood of thoughts mingling with and obliterating what has been before. With you the *past* is *gone*. With us the pent-up flood throws all back into our midst, like treasured stores from shipwrecked vessels. Why seek from us the truth, where all is contradictory or confused, since each new life, in passing out, repeats and carries on the never-ending story—the birth, the death and resurrection of all thought? We but receive what earth once had, but whereas with you the present will supplant the past, with us the two are one. Would you receive the past once more?"

This was a reversal of all ideas of the Psychical Societies. Had she not the proud position of medium for furnishing new truth, that the Spirit World alone could give:

Then came as from one in authority —

"Attend and follow the leader of our conclave mortal! Here is the enigma we would solve. In this our world, we know no time, and things material are absent from us. But we remember what life was. Here you are with the great ones of your past—Plato, Aristotle, Newton and the rest, who will give evidence before you."

"Oh, thank you, I would rather not. I wish only to return," thought the miserable Sylviane St. Audries.

"You must attend," came the peremptory reply. "Let us suppose that in the far off history of your world, man's knowledge was as nothing."

Threatening and awful was this idea of knowledge here in the darkness, and Sylviane would have shrieked in terror had it been possible.

"But by degrees it came. Little by little as if a curtain had been raised, or the mists lifted from the mountains to disclose a view of glory, and gradually through the ages, men have arisen with clearer vision, until undreamed-of depths are reached. Why is this, why has each new soul that 'passes out' to bring a message of despair to those great ones, the thinkers and the workers of the past? Hear what Plato cries."

"Oh, woe is me! Men have disputed and know not what I wrote and said and what belonged to others. One thing they prove, ~~that~~ ^{their} ~~all~~ ^{own} opinions are not certainties."

Then came another spirit saying :

" And dire was my fate, for there on earth, I, Thales, one of the 'seven wise men' laboured. I sought the origin of all things, and thought 'twas *water*. Anaximenes of Miletus calls it *air*, and 'the weeping philosopher' Heraclitus says 'tis *fire*. Where is the truth ? "

And now arose what may be termed a babel of thoughts. The darkness, alive with spirits, brought forth confused and incomprehensible ideas to the mind of the helpless, speechless, Sylviane. At times these were given faintly, as from a distance, again with startling clearness, and sometimes as by a united chorus, but all with the same refrain :—"When would truth be known, and why had it been hidden thus ?"

Countless spirits clung to obsolete theories of olden days.

Aristotle explained that when a stone was thrown from the hand, its motion continued, owing to the air, the successive parts of which would urge it onwards. Euclid and others maintained that rays of light proceeded *from* the eye and not *to* it. Thousands appeared to still think that the sky was a concave sphere, with the stars fixed upon its surface, and now as Virgil repeated : "*Nox atra cava circumvolat umbra.*" Aristarchus of Samos could not believe the sun's distance from the earth was more than 5,000,000 miles. Haparchus with enthusiasm described his doctrine of "eccentrics" and "epicycles," and Ptolemy and Bullialdus conversed in a friendly way about the moon's "evection"

Lucan and Pliny rehearsed the story of the Battle of Actium, and marvelled at the wonderful power of a little fish, the Echineis, which had stopped the Admiral's ship, thereby causing much delay. For confirmation of this they appealed to the spirit of Antony, for was he not present at the time ? Then a certain Cosmas Indicopleustes, a writer of the sixth century, who believed the earth to be an oblong floor, had a long discussion with Augustin, who lived some hundred years previously, and a Bishop of Salzburg of the eighth century. The latter supported the globular theory of the earth, but Augustin's spirit denied the existence of any inhabitants on the one side of the globe, and was supported by an Archbishop of Mentz and Pope Zachary who were shocked by this doctrine, and agreed with Indicopleustes as to the absurdity of supposing that there could be inhabitants

at the Antipodes, whilst Dante who just then floated by, repeated his own words :

"How standeth he in posture thus reversed ?"

Astrologists, mystics, magicians, alchemists, all were there. Some to boast of their powers, others to bewail the fate that had met them through the unbelief of the times in which they lived.

Then as if a scene had changed, fresh schools of thought surrounded the bewildered Sylviane, who marvelled greatly at these ancient spirits with their new Psychical Society.

"Tell us," one seemed to cry, "where is the end, if all these are wrong ?"

"Was I, Copernicus, wrong in the matter of epicycles ? And Kepler's elliptic theory, is it really established ? Foolish astrologer !"

The answer came from Newton :

"Altogether so. Yet even he was liable to err, and so was I. Think you still, great Kepler, that the world is an animal ? But I have made miscalculations and mistakes at times, and recall my error as to the magnitude of the earth, which, thanks to Picart, we had rectified. Ah ! Galileo, what think you now of the natural circular motion of bodies ?"

But here there was no answer, and another spirit seemed to cry from afar :

"Great Newton, I am Arriaga. Tell me why several weights produce greater pressure than one, for only the one touches that on which it is placed ?"

"Patience, Arriaga ! Hear me !" interjected the spirit of Kepler. "Come to my aid, Descartes—where now is our theory of Vortices ?"

"Help you !" was the mournful answer "As if I could. But even if it be true as once I said *Cogito ergo sum*, though Berkeley* would have it there is no such thing as matter, now the more I think, the less certain I feel of anything. Newton has settled the theory of Vortices, and I know not how the planets move. *Sic transit gloria mundi*."

And then these spirits vanished.

Another group discussed Ptolemy's Harmonics, and talked of the graveness and acuteness of notes. Mersenne and even Bacon

*Descartes (1596-1650), Bishop Berkeley (1685-1753), but spirits cannot think of atoms.

were interested, and appealed to Newton to decide on doubtful points. One spirit was angry with him, and could not be persuaded how vibrations of air were produced, unless the air itself moved onwards. Curious divergence of opinion appeared to exist as to the velocity of sound also.

There was much disputing over Optics, and moreover great confusion. Aristotle explained that the colours of the rainbow were due to light being seen through a dark medium, whilst his idea of refraction or *avakhauvis* was further developed by Alhazen, an Arabian, but Seneca still held the opinion that "nothing is so fallacious as our sight!"

An excited throng dealt with Thermotics and Atmology. There was Fourier who had believed that planetary space was not absolutely cold, owing to the radiation of the innumerable stars of the universe. Boyle, Halky and Bouillet discoursed at length concerning vapours, and Hamberger explained the *solution of water in air*, to be in his turn reproved by De Luc, who denied all solution, and insisted on the independent nature of vapour.

The spirits of Franklin and Richman were very friendly, for had not the former attracted electricity by a kite, and the latter by using a rod, his electrical gnomon, brought one experiment to a successful, if fatal conclusion? So they were quite happy together, and made merry over an ancient discoverer, who affirmed that when a magnet had lost its virtue, it could be restored by goat's blood. But their merriment ceased, as the shade of one James Bowman Lindsay* drew near.

Then there were chemists representing the doctrine of the four elements, Aristotle and Galen, also later believers in the Spagiric art, teachers of Elective Attractions, Phlogistic theorists, and others, and these all to be abashed and cast down when the good Quaker Dalton appeared.

What labours they had been through! What sufferings! And how much now seemed superseded, wasted, lost!

The spirit of one Haüy who had studied crystals, pleaded that he had filled a volume and more with preliminary geometrical

* James Bowman Lindsay, born 1799. He lived in poverty, but succeeded, so far in his discoveries that he lit up his one room by an electric light of his own installation in 1835. He also transmitted signals across the Tay by the aid of the water alone, as a means of joining the stations. (R. Kerr's "Wireless Telegraphy.")

propositions, and drawn 1,000 diagrams. Would all this be forgotten?

But Dalton had a more pathetic story even than this.

"Who now knows," he asked, "of my meteorological journal wherein I recorded 200,000 observations? And the day may come when even my atomic theory shall be no more."

Then came those lovers of nature, the Botanists and Zoologists, early Greeks who saw the Narcissus bending over a brook, attracted by its own loveliness, and the signs of Apollo's grief, traced in the markings on the petals of the Hyacinth; the Indian spirits who recognized the Lotus as the seat of the goddess Lakshmi and Egyptians who knew that Osiris used its leaves to rest in safety on the water.

All ancient lore was represented. Some like Xan has affirmed that a man killed by a dragon, would regain his life if he partook of the herb *balin*; whilst another spoke of the wondrous power of a plant whose touch would make a wedge spring out of a tree! All had something to relate of their studies and beliefs, but were reduced to a state of confusion when Cæsalpinus joined them, and struck with awe as Karl Linné explained his system with its thousand terms.

Physiologists were there, from those who had thought the heart to be the seat of the soul, to Galen who, though he believed it was the brain, was inclined to think the liver might be the home of love; and Harvey who justly claimed to have discovered the circulation of the blood; philosophers from Plato to Kant, and geologists who added much wrangling to their deliberations.

The greatest dismay occurred when one bold spirit suggested that they should discuss the Nebular Hypothesis. A certain section had long been in a dilemma. They could not decide whether they should admit the doctrine of transmutation of species, or the successive acts of creation and extinction of species, and they considered such a subject as quite irrelevant. But the spirits of Spencer and Darwin arrived at this point and brought matters to such a climax that nothing more could be said.

And Sylviane St. Audries, though ignorant of the points that were disputed and had caused such commotion, was now able at least to gather something. In the heterogeneous assembly of spirits in this world of darkness, all still clung to their old faiths, loth to admit the destruction of so much they had held dear

during the successive stages of discovery and evolution.

Why should they have had such useless labour? This indeed was the thought which came with ceaseless reiteration. Though no sound echoed throughout the depths of that greatest medium, the ethereal space of the universe, the spirit world of thought, vibrated with one unsatisfied desire to know *why truth was hidden!* Here, to the great spirits of the past, all things ætiological seemed insignificant compared with this one mystery, here where they gathered up, as in a storehouse, the intellectual harvest of the ages, this one problem outweighed all else, and seeking and waiting for its solution, they laboured still in speechless agony.

Once more Sylviane felt they were moved with eager longing. For a new spirit had arrived to shock all orthodoxy in the science of the past, to discourse of vibrations in air and ether, of X-rays and actinic rays, and lead distracted ancients to think in billions and trillions.

Sylviane was stirred with sympathy though she understood it not at all.

A group of chemists were struck with something akin to terror when another arrival required an immediate solution of his problem.

"What is radium?" he asked.

And when he talked of spontaneous generation of heat, electricity, light and rays like the Cathode and Röntgen rays of an X-ray apparatus, there was universal dismay. Greatly shocked, too, were a number of worthy spirits when one who still called himself a Monist, repeatedly asked that search should be made for the missing spirit of an ape with a long name, who had once resided in Borneo.

"Produce him yourself, and if you cannot, for ever hold your peace," was the stern rebuke of another.

But the Monist was not satisfied, and urged with bitterness that he might have been successful, had he not been induced to waste so much energy in trying to find his own astral body.

Then came a modern astronomer, who astonished many older spirits. The Great Nebula in Orion, he said, would cover a space more than a million times as large as the circle described by Neptune, whose orbit has a diameter more than thirty times that of the earth's. He also estimated that if the whole heavens were photographed, and each plate to cover one degree, the plates would

at least show thrèe nebulae, and therefore he ventured to make the modest computation that 120,000 might be taken as the probable number of nebulae "within the reach of the photographic plates."

These staggering figures brought a quick response from an eager physicist who described a living thing, a certain *Procytella rimordialis*, whose diameter was 5,000th part of an inch. Then he mentioned the little particle of plasm as consisting of hundreds of thousands of molecules, and these of hundreds of atoms, which in their turn consist of a complex system of small points, or strain centres which he called electrons.

Thoroughly bewildered by these things, there was a cessation of all discussion, but the spirit of Pascal took advantage of this lull to repeat again one of his thoughts

"Car enfin qu'est ce que l'homme dans la nature? Un néant à l'égard de l'infini, un tout à l'égard du néant, un milieu entre rien et tout!"

And now it seemed to Sylviane that the multitudes of thoughts were more indistinct, as if the spirit throng was passing from her; then only a feeble effort to reach her remained, and nothing definite that might be translated into words save one last vain appeal—and that she felt was clear

"Why was knowledge hidden?"

Conscious of this bitter, haunting thought, she heard once more the rushing of the winds, saw again the glimmer of the stars, returned to life, and to the other Psychological Society she told her story.

FRANCIS GELDART.

England.

IDEALS IN IRISH POETRY AND DRAMA.

INTRODUCTION.

I AM going to try and set before your readers in this paper some of the ideals to be found in Irish poetry and drama written in the English tongue. Some of these ideals are indefinite ideals, hauntings of the mind and heart, vague whisperings whose meaning is scarcely apprehended ; some of them are mystical ideals—dreams and visions that have gleamed before the poets of all ages and all times, but in this context touched with Irish colour and with Irish light. The ideals that will occupy most of our attention are the National Ideals in their various shapes : the symbols used to evoke love of country, the plays and poems dealing with the greatness of Ireland's past, her heroes of myth and history. And after that we shall glance at the more specialized National Ideals that are occupying the minds of Irish men and women to-day—ideals connected with the land, the language, industries and commerce.

THE INDEFINITE IDEAL.

Let me begin by saying a few words about the Indefinite Ideal. By this I mean those vague longings, those aspirations constantly frustrated, that are at once the spur and the anguish of the Irish people : those gleams of the perilous light tempting to vain pursuit—those glimpses of a beauty that ever vanishes, all the shadowy perfection and dim completeness, faintly visioned, beside which everyday life looks impermanent and arid. That the Irish people are haunted by such ideals will not, I think, be denied. Observers of many times and of many nations have recorded their existence, and have puzzled over the Celtic temperament, and have wandered bewildered in the Celtic Twilight. But all are agreed that in the attitude of the Irish towards Nature, one explanation at least is to be found of these haunting desires that are at once rapture and despair. Mr. W. B. Yeats discovers the roots of these emotions in far antiquity, and tells us that the Irish still practise the ancient worship of Nature, still feel before her “that troubled ecstasy, that certainty of all beautiful places being

haunted" so he explains "the natural magic of the Celts" as a kind of primitive insight into "the mystery of all things" and the "loneliness of much beauty."

To make clear what I mean by the Indefinite Ideal, let me recall to you a few verses from Ethna Carbery's poem, *The Quest*. This poem thrills with a passionate worship of Nature, and at the same time is characterized by an eager restlessness of desire, following we know not what wandering flame.

I reach my arms to the Dawn, and I call your name,
your name,
O Sweet whom I seek untiring, are you core of the
gold-green flame?
Are you the gate of the sun? Are you life of the
opening flower?
Since the garnered beauty of earth God lavished on
you for dower.
I see you in form of the waves, and clasp it with
passionate hands.
Yet ever it vanishes soundless, and vague as a
dream in the sands,
Are you too a dream, O Heartbreaker? Shall I greet
you some day or some night
To know you for Sorrow eternal, or the Star of
unending delight."

"Foam that vanishes soundless and vague as a dream." This is the very image of the Indefinite Ideal.

It may seem inappropriate to mention Mr. Synge in connection with the Indefinite Ideal, for he is one of the Irish writers who has least of idealism in his composition. Yet despite the brutality and callousness of many of his plays, he does succeed in conveying with remarkable force the haunting qualities of Nature and her mysterious influence over the souls of men. No doubt he has largely achieved this by his close adherence to the spoken words of the people. No one will deny to him an exquisite mastery over language, and an almost uncanny gift of evoking natural powers. From this point of view as illustrative of the sway of nature over the Irish mind, he may be quoted here.

Hear Nora in *The Shadow of the Glen* :

"What good is a bit of a farm with cows on it, and sheep on the back hills, when you do be sitting looking out from a door the like of that door, and seeing nothing but the mists rolling down the bog, and the mists again, and they rolling up the bog, and hearing nothing

but the wind crying out in the bits of broken trees were left from the great storm, and the streams roaring with the rain."

The rhythm and the poetry exercise some strange spell, and as we listen, we are held captive.

Hear Maurya in *Riders to the Sea* after she has heard of the death of her last son.

"I'll have no call now to be up crying and praying when the wind breaks from the south and you can hear the surf is in the east, and the surf is in the west, making a great stir with the two noises, and they hitting one on the other—I'll have no call now to be going down and getting Holy Water in the dark nights, and I don't care what way the sea is when the other women will be keening."

The wind's cry and the water's cry—these, with the curlew's cry, are, they say, the oldest cries in the world—and they are the cries that the peasant hears all over Ireland—Ireland is haunted by voices,—“A voice on the winds—A voice on the waters, Hovers and cries . . .” And her poets are haunted by voices also—the voices of Twilight people crying and calling out of the trees—Is it wonder that restlessness awakens and vague indefinite longings, and scarcely formulated ideals?

Perhaps the love of music that is so striking a characteristic of the Irish race is to some extent born of these Nature-voices. Several recent Irish plays have for subject the mighty sway that the fiddle exercises over its masters. This is the theme of Rutherford Mayne's *Turn of the Road*—it is the theme of Padraic Colum's more convincing play, *The Fiddler's House*. Hear Conn the Fiddler

“No man knows how his own life will end; but those who have the gift have to follow the gift—I'm leaving this house behind me; and may be the time will come when I'll be climbing the hills, and seeing this little house with the tears in my eyes—I'm leaving the land behind me too, but what's the land after all against the music that comes from the far strange places, when the night is on the ground and the bird in the grass is quiet.”

Besides aiming at giving the passion and mystery of music, this play presents a picture of the revolt against the settled life. It is the Roads that the Fiddler longs for, with their freedom and their wildness; but others who find the daily round of field and house unbearably monotonous and wearisome, seek to escape wholly out of this world that is ruled by the despotism of the fact, and look for their ideal in the Land of Faery, the Country of Perpetual Youth, in Tir n'an Oge.

The Tir n'an Oge of the poets should, I think, not be confounded with the fairyland of folk-lore. The poets use Tir n'an Oge wholly as a symbol—a symbol of the Indefinite Ideal—a symbol of the Unattainable

perfections,—immortal youth and unfading beauty. Nowhere is the conflict between the actual and this fairy ideal so exquisitely pictured as in Mr. Yeats's *Land of Heart's Desire* :

The scene is in the kitchen of a Sligo cabin, and Maire, the young wife, is reading in an old book :

“ How a Princess Adene,
A daughter of a King of Ireland, heard
A voice singing on a May eve like this
And followed, half awake and half asleep,
Until she came into the land of faery,
Where nobody gets old and godly and grave,
Where nobody gets old and crafty and wise,
Where nobody gets old and bitter of tongue ;
And she is still there, busied with a dance
Deep in the dewy shadow of a wood
Or where stars walk upon the mountain top.”

Her mother-in-law reproaches her bitterly because she will not mind the griddle or milk the cow—the priest bids her put her book away, and take joy like her neighbours in minding children, working at the churn and gossiping of weddings and wakes. The faeries who knock at Maire's cabin door are the faeries of Irish folk-lore ; a little old woman clothed in green who begs a porringer of milk—a queer old man in a green coat who asks for a turf to light his pipe. The faeries hear Maire's cry of revolt against the petty trivialities of daily life :

“ Come, faeries, take me out of this dull house,
Faeries, come take me out of this dull world,
For I would ride with you upon the wind
Run on the top of the dishevelled tide,
And dance upon the mountains like a flame.”

In the end even the love of her husband cannot prevail against the call of the Faery Child that lures her soul : “ Come little bird with silver feet.”

This Quality of Dreaming is one so characteristic of the Irish people that it cannot be dismissed lightly. The question of ideals is bound up too closely with it, and we pause to ask : Does this dreaming help or hinder action ? Does it engender hope or despair ? What comes of all this dreaming ?

Opinions are found to differ widely on this point. Three principal views prevail. Some say that dreaming paralyzes action ; some maintain that dreams are to be found the finest germs of action ; some hold

that dreaming is a form of initiation, a preparation for the higher vision.

Let us first take those who believe that dreams paralyze action. Mr. Yeats has represented this view in many of his poems. In *The Hosting of the Sidhe*, Niam says :

“ And if any gaze on our rushing band
We come between him and the hope of his heart
We come between him and the deed of his hand.”

Again the man who dreamed of faeryland can find no satisfaction in the tenderness of love, nor in the hoarding of money, nor in the planning of vengeance, because the fishes and the blades of grass and the very worms after he is dead, whisper to him of remote unattainable perfections—of a dim green isle where the fruitage ripens without the care of man and where love is immortal.

The case of the man who dreamed of faeryland is, however, not so hopeless or so appalling as the paralysis that sometimes comes from a sublimer vision, blighting action and thought. A. E. sums up this tragedy in a few lines

“ What of all the will to do ?
It has vanished long ago
For a dream-shaft pierced it through
From the un-known Archer's bow.

What of all the soul to think ?
Someone offered it a cup
Filled with a dimer drink—
And the flame has burned it up.”

The most vigorous assault on dreaming comes from the lips of Larry Doyle in *John Bull's Other Island*. Broadbent has remarked that it is the usual thing to be dull in the country, in England as well as in Ireland, and Doyle replies passionately.

“ No, no. The climate in Ireland is different. Here, if the life is dull, you can be dull too, and no great harm done. But your wits can't thicken in that soft moist air, on those white springy roads, on those misty rushes and brown bogs, on those hillsides of granite ricks and magenta heather. You've no such colour in the sky, no such lure in the distances, no such sadness in the evenings. Oh, the dreaming, the dreaming. The torturing, heart-scalding, never-satisfying dreaming, dreaming, dreaming, dreaming, (savagely). No debauchery that ever coarsened or brutalized an Englishman can take the work and usefulness out of him like that dreaming.”

This is the extreme statement of the case against dreaming—that it paralyzes thought and action, dissipates energy, and engenders despair.

But, on the other hand, there are those who believe that dreams are at the roots of ideals, that dreams have creative power, and that in dreams are to be found the finest germs of action.

So Arthur O'Shaughnessy sings :

" We are the music makers
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers
And sitting by desolate streams,

World losers and world forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams,
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory

One man with a dream at pleasure
Shall go forth and conquer a crown ;
And three, with a new song's measure
Can trample an empire down.

Ireland herself, according to Mrs. Shorter, is fashioned out of the dream of a God :

" 'Twas the dream of a God
And the mould of His hand
That you shook neath His stroke
That you trembled and broke
To this beautiful land.

Here He loosed from His hold
A brown tumult of wings
Till the wind on the sea
Bore the strange melody
Of an island that sings. "

So much for the creative power of dreams. The third view of dreams—that they are a form of initiation, a preparation for the higher vision—brings us to the threshold of the Mystical Ideal.

THE MYSTICAL IDEAL.

There are many who believe that the trance-condition is a necessary preliminary to revelation, and certain poets, either consciously or unconsciously, throw their readers into this state, cast a spell upon them, a glamour, and so make ready their minds to receive the greater mysteries. Much that has been written in recent Irish poetry has this power of creating an enchanted atmosphere. We wander through the wet dusk, silver-sweet, by the violet-scented ways; a haunted wind rustles the green boughs of the hazel trees; a brooding stillness is upon the soul, stirred with faint noises, and we know ourselves in the presence of old unquiet mysteries and strange dis-crowned spirits. Immortal, mild, proud shadows gather about us

"when pale light
Shining on water and fallen among leaves
And winds blowing from flowers and whirr of feathers
And the green quiet have uplifted the heart."

Our greatest mystical poet, A. E., is inclined to dispense with what we may call this ritual of mysticism, which so preoccupies Mr. Yeats. Mr. Yeats is a wizard; but A. E. is a seer. He and his school have voiced the mystical ideal in images that appeal especially to our nation, —in images lit with the light of Ireland's past and consecrated by Irish tradition. Above a certain height the mystics of all ages breathe the same pure keen air; and as Fiona Macleod tells us, there is no racial road to beauty nor is there any racial road to truth. But nevertheless Ireland, Inisfail, the Isle of Destiny, the Country of the Two Mists, does hold a special place in mysticism, and we must pause for a brief moment on the mystical ideal as represented by her poets.

So far back as the eighteenth century we find Mrs. Montagu noticing how the awe of the immediate presence of the deity possesses the Celt. This presence, she says, which among the vulgar of other nations is confined to temples and altars, is here diffused over every subject. It is not necessary to seek here any exact definitions of mysticism, but I think it will be admitted that this instant perception of the One in the Many, this vital sense of the divinity of Nature, is an important characteristic of it. A. E., for instance sees "in the fire on the mountains, the rainbow glow of air the magic light on water and earth," the radiance of deity shining through our shadowy world.

This faith is summed up in some lines of striking loveliness in Mrs. Eva Gore-Booth's mystical play *Maeve*. I call this play mystical, for though it deals with the Maeve of Saga it is in truth rather an allegory of the soul, and all its scenes are symbolic. In this play

Miss Gore-Booth speaks of primroses,—primroses which occupy so large a place in Irish folklore,—primroses, she says,

“are but a veil

A rag of beauty hiding immortal brows

From easily daunted eyes.”

I think, as a nation, we may be proud of having given to the world so perfect a rendering of the Light Behind.

In speaking of the Mystical Ideal, it is impossible not to touch on Mr. Yeats's play, *Where There is Nothing*, probably the greatest mystical play in the English tongue. It records the struggles of a soul to reach the divine, and in the great scene of the play the way taken is the way of the East, not the way of the West.

Paul Ruttledge sickens of the tedium and convention of civilized life, and joins the Tinkers on the roads. He finds there a life a little more enlarged. He falls ill by the way, and is taken into a monastery where he becomes a monk. There he teaches many new doctrines and among them protracted meditation. The great scene takes place in the crypt of the monastery church, where a little hanging lamp burns before the altar. Paul lies in a trance, and when he recovers, his words sum up the extremest form of mysticism.

“For a long time after their making, men and women wandered here and there, half-blind from the drunkenness of eternity. Because they thought it would be better to be safe than to be blessed, they made the Laws. The Laws were the first sin. We must put out the Laws as I put out this candle. Then, because they thought it was better to be comfortable than to be blessed, they made the towns. We must put out the towns as I put out this candle We must become blind and deaf and dizzy. We must get rid of everything that is not measureless eternal life. We must put out hope as I put out this candle. And memory as I put out this candle. And thought, the waster of life, as I put out this candle. And at last we must put out the light of the sun and of the moon, and all the light of the world and the world itself. We must destroy the world, we must destroy everything that has a law and number, for where there is nothing, there is God.”

Nothing, that is to say, in our sense: which is in reality everything. But we are getting into too deep waters.

I must not take up any more time in dwelling upon the many other mystical ideals to be found in Irish poetry. But readers will know how rich a field lies there for their exploration.

THE NATIONAL IDEAL.

And now we come to the ideal most wide-spread and most potent,—the National Ideal. This ideal falls naturally under two heads.

In the first place we have to consider Ireland herself set up before us as an ideal: Ireland under three aspects: mythical Ireland, bodied forth in the greatness of her past,—a symbol to evoke faith and hope. historical Ireland, shaped in the image of her patriots and heroes,—a symbol to evoke courage and pity ideal Ireland, Ireland clothed in the imagination of her lovers and her poets—a symbol to evoke endurance and devotion On the other hand, we have to glance at the more specialized and more recent national ideals—the attempt as shown in literature, and particularly in the drama, to make these ideals actual and practical the conflicting opinions, often the conflicting ideals, which this complex age has introduced among us

And first a word as to the national ideal embodied in mythical Ireland, historic Ireland and ideal Ireland

There is no question that to set before a nation the great figures of their own great myths and sagas is a potent inspiration, and one of the most splendid incentives to national feeling. These ringing deeds of heroism and endurance, these titanic loves and sacrifices and sorrows represented on a large scale with wide sweeping movements, are all calculated to lift men out of the furrow of petty cares, and to touch life with that romance and emotion without which it is impossible to see true

‘ Unless literature is constantly flooded with the passions and beliefs of ancient times ’ says Mr. Yeats ‘ it dwindles to a mere chronicle of circumstances or passionless phantasies and passionless meditations.’ And now he holds that a new fountain of legends and as he thinks a more abundant fountain than any in Europe, is being opened—the great fountain of Gaelic legend. The Celtic movement as I understand it,” he says, ‘ is principally the opening of this fountain, and none can measure or how great importance it may be to coming times, for every new fountain of legends is a new intoxication for the imagination of the world ’

Mangan and Ferguson and Thomas Davis may not have analyzed their motives as fully as Mr. Yeats has analyzed his. but I need not remind you how they also looked to Ireland’s past for their best inspiration.

The habit is becoming more and more common. Out of the mists of antiquity the men and women of mythical times tower glimmering before us.

“ Deirdre, the exquisite virgin, pale as the coat of swans
Took the flame of love in her heart at the time of dew
And clad her in ragged wool from a coffer of bronze
And walked in the chill of night for her soul was new.

But when we come to historic Ireland, it is no more the music of splendour and of triumph that we hear but the low dirge of the funeral march and wild keening over the dead. Mr Stephen Gwynn has written a very beautiful *Ballad of Defeat*, which is a recital of all the names of the great ones who have died for Ireland, and this is a summary of much of Ireland's history,—high courage and failure and defeat and death. Many of our finest translations from the Gaelic, many of our noblest poems, are lamentations for chieftains killed or betrayed. *The Dirge of O Sullivan Bear*, *O Hussey's Ode to the Maguire*, *O Woman of the Piercing Wail*, *the Dirge of Desmond* and of *Rory O' More*, *the Dirge for Owen Roe*, *the Death Lament for John O Mahoney*,—the list is never ending. And besides these poems for special heroes we have poems commemorating those of lesser note who fell in the same fight. Among such I think that Lionel Johnson's "To the Dead of '98" holds a unique place.

"God rest you rest you rest you Ireland's dead!
 Peace be upon you shed
 Peace from the Mercy of the Crucified
 You who for Ireland died
 Soft fall on you the dews and gentle rains
 Of interceding prayers
 From lowly cabins of the ancient land
 Yours yet O Sacred Band
 God rest you rest you for the fight you fought
 Was His the end you sought
 His, from His altar fires you took your flame
 Calling upon his name
 And you, holy and martyr souls! you pray
 In the same faith this day
 From forth your dwellings, beyond sun and star
 Where only spirits are
 Not unto us, you plead Thy goodness have
 Our Mother to unslave
 To us Thou gavest death for love of her
 Ah, what death lovelier!
 Put to Thy children's children give to see
 The perfect victory!
 Thy dead beseech Thee to Thy living give
 In liberty to live

These were more than victims of the National Ideal,—they were its exponents, and I think in many of these dirges and laments the

object is not so much to wail for life untimely cut off and hopes blighted, as to deify sacrifice and exalt Ireland.

This, too, was the object of that little but great band of writers who wrote for the *Nation*—that world-famous paper started in the autumn of 1842 through Thomas Davis, Gavan Duffy and Dillon. The leaders of the Young Ireland movement were strong believers in the policy of setting the National Ideal before the people through the medium of poetry. I have come across an article in a magazine by Mr. Timothy Sammon, which gives so clearly the aims of Thomas Davis that I venture to make a brief quotation. Thomas Davis, the writer says, "concentrated his poetic powers on Ireland's glorious past, and poured into the columns of the *Nation* a wealth of graphic and dramatic song to tell of the lives and exploits of those who contributed most to that ancient glory. . . . in the hope that when the dazzling brilliance of ancient Eire—her chiefs, her warriors, her poets—met the gaze of the people, their wills and hearts would be quickly transformed, and the torch of patriotism lighted, never again to be quenched."

In Thomas Davis, the writer continues, we find no bigotry, no party spirit, no petty selfishness:

"What matter that at different shrines

We pray unto one God

What matter that at different times

Your fathers won this sod,

In fortune and in name we're bound

By stronger links than steel,

For neither can be safe or sound

But in the other's weal."

Before leaving this part of the subject, I would like just to mention Miss Alice Milligan's *Hero Lays*. She is among the few who have treated of historic Ireland in a more martial and exultant spirit. Many of her lays, especially *Brain of Banba*, have the true trumpet-call.

"I have hunted no deer since yester-year, I have harried no
neighbour's cattle,

I have wooed no love, I have joined no game, save the kingly
game of battle,

The Danes were my prey by night and day in their forts of
hill and hollow

And I come from the desert land alone since none are alive
to follow,

Some were slain on the plundered plain, and some in the mid-
night marching;

Some were lost in the winter floods, and some by the fever
 parching,
 Some have perished by wounds of spears, and some by the
 shafts of bowmen,
 And some by hunger and some by thirst
 And all are dead, but they slaughtered first
 Their tenfold more of their foemen."

The battle-spirit shouts in this, but the note is unusual. Even in Lady Gregory's beautiful play *Kincora*, the Woman of the Grey Rock warns Brian that Ireland is a hard sweetheart.

"Those who serve Ireland take for their lot lasting quarrels, lasting quarrels. They are building, and ever building; and ever and always ruin comes upon them before their house is built."

A hard sweetheart: but not the less loved for that. It is Ireland as Sweetheart, ideal Ireland, that we must now touch upon,—Ireland as represented in the imagination of her lovers, Ireland that is Dark Rosaleen, that is Shiela ni Gara, that is Kathleen ni Houlihan, the Swan of Slenderness, the Dove of Tenderness, as Mr. Alfred Percival Graves beautifully calls her, whose coming shall dazzle us with her day, the Beautiful Dark Woman of Mr. Joseph Campbell, whose hair shall shine as a river in the dusk and her eyes as blue-boughs when the summer is full.

These symbolic love-poems with Ireland as Beloved are as passionate as love-lyrics written to a human woman, and have often the ecstasy of religious poems. I believe that Mangan himself maintained that Dark Rosaleen was only an ordinary love-poem in the original—but he has made it a flame:

"Ah, there was lightning in my blood,
 Red lightning lightened through my blood,
 My Dark Rosaleen!
 All day long in unrest
 To and fro do I move
 The very soul within my breast
 Is wasted for you, love!
 The heart . . . in my bosom faints
 To think of you, my queen,
 My life of life, my saint of saints
 My Dark Rosaleen."

(To be Concluded.)

ETHEL ROLT WHEELER.

“TOPSY’S GOLLIWOG.”

TOPSY had been very naughty, as naughty as it is possible for a little girl of ten to be, and the most extreme form of punishment had to be meted out to her. She was sent to bed for the day although it was early in the morning, and as a crowning penalty her golliwog was taken and locked up. Thus was the last dam broken down between self-control and floods of tears, and her blue eyes almost wept themselves out.

Golliwog had been for years her friend, never failing, never unsympathetic. Into its ear she poured all her pleasures, all her little excitements. Golliwog went where she went, saw what she saw and felt what she felt, and in the hour of disappointment, of trouble, of punishment, it was her supreme source of comfort. Nothing mattered as long as golliwog could be cuddled, corrected and spoilt. Every human being cries out in times of stress for sympathy, for someone or something to whom they can open their hearts, and if happy chance throws it in the way, then indeed the cloud has a silver lining, the angry sea is not utterly remorseless. The philosopher finds it in his “system,” the scientist in his research, the musician in his harmony, a child in its toys.

And so, bereft of her golliwog, Topsy lay in bed. Around her she heard the accustomed sounds of everyday life, frequently not noticed during one’s own activities, but insistent and noisy when we are laid up inactive. The butcher’s cart dashed up the street, the boy whistling as was his wont, the milk carts with their intolerable rattle moved from door to door, the pedlar calling brushes for sale could be heard at the top of the road. Everyone seemed to be busy about something, only she, Topsy, lay idle. The sun streamed into the window and she watched the dust-particles dancing in its beams. Birds chirruped and sang in the garden and below in the drawing-room her sister was practising the piano. The poignant misery of the whole situation overcame her and again she turned over and burst into tears.

Then she thought that she would dress the pillow up and turn it into a friend in whom to confide. The attempt was a dismal failure and again tears, despite great efforts to refrain, forced themselves down her cheeks. Even a picture book she had in the room failed to interest. There was no one to replace the golliwog. Topsy was the picture of a little girl desperately unhappy and miserable. She was beginning to taste the bitter lesson of life that one has to stand alone, unaided, unassisted.

The morning seemed frightfully long before the clock in a church close at hand struck twelve. Soon afterwards she heard her mother come up to her room and in a few minutes descend the stairs to go out and do the shopping. Dead silence prevailed over the house. Topsy was not able even to hear the servant working downstairs. A great temptation came to her. She resisted it nobly and strove to turn her thoughts on different things. It was impossible. She must see her golliwog. She must see its dear old face, so ugly - so lovable. How hard she endeavoured to overcome this longing no one can even faintly guess. She was not a child who enjoyed being naughty, was too impulsive for that and above all things what she needed was sympathy. Her soul cried aloud for it as in later years our soul cries for love, and her golliwog alone was able to give it.

Slowly and reluctantly she got out of bed. She went to the door, opened it and listened. Not a sound could be heard. Every circumstance contributed to the breakdown of her resolution to be good and obedient. The fatal step was taken and in a few seconds she was in her mother's bedroom and feeling for the keys under the mattress where she knew of old they were kept. They didn't take long to find and in a very little while she was kneeling before the chest in the passage trying to unfasten the lock. It was stiff and she thought that she would have to give up. But after great efforts she managed it and there right at the top stretched on its back was the golliwog. Its eyes were blinking in the strong sunlight and its misshapen arms invited her to hug it. She refrained. Topsy would not so much as touch it, she would only look and love. But as she looked the black clouds rolled away from her soul, and a sweet peace entered in. It was no longer the punished Topsy who knelt there in her nightdies - it was the real Topsy of laughter and of romp. Then she bent forward and kissed it. At length she shut the lid down, and prepared to refasten the chest. The lock wouldn't move and she had to exert all her strength, but instead of the lock catching, the key broke in her hand.

The calamity was terrifying and for a moment overwhelmed her. She had not only disobeyed her parents but she had smashed the key. Again the dark clouds descended and obscured the sunshine and her whole frame shook with violent sobs.

Of course the catastrophe had to be explained, first to mother and then to father when he arrived home from business. Never had Topsy experienced such an unhappy time, and far into the night she stayed awake and tried to think how she could repair the damage.

Early in the morning she woke up, and taking the half crown she had saved up, crept downstairs and, having written a note, put it on the breakfast table. It ran —

"Dear Daddy—I am so sorry for having broken the lock of your chest, here is a half crown to help pay to mend it—Topsy."

E. G. ALBERT COOPER.

London.

A SONNET.

Within my soul an empty basket lies,
And near to mine—pallid white and smooth,
O'er which my heart bemoans its solitude—
When Silence listens, but heeds not my cries.

The shadows lessen—as I open wide
A darken'd casement—turn'd toward the East,
From whose broad gates, the happy light releas'd,
Falls in a silver veil across the tide.

Grey sea! grey sky! grey life that missed its goal,
In losing her who dwells so far away,
Slowly—the Artist floods with gold the grey—
The vision deepens till I grasp the whole,
She waits for me! Why then should I forget—
Beyond the sunbeams is her lattice set.

Oxford.

VIOLET DE MALORTIE

CIVILISATION AND THE WAR

NO definition of civilisation can be precise. The word suggests that the contrast between country life and city life typifies the distinction between barbarism and civilisation. The man of the city is better educated, he commands a larger measure of the luxuries of life, he has better means of communication at his disposal, he makes a freer use of the inventions of science and art; his manners are more refined. [What about his morals?] Civilisation is said to begin with the invention of the alphabet, it rises a degree higher with the introduction of printing, with the manufacture of gunpowder it becomes more formidable, as the backward races of the earth can testify. Steam and electricity invest it with the powers of a giant. Side by side with this advancement, what has been the moral progress of man? On this question opinions seem to be very much divided. It is not easy to devise satisfactory tests of moral progress. Civilisation has introduced hospitals, schemes of poor relief, old age pensions, insurance against accidents. It fights with better success against disease, poverty and famine. Does it produce better men or only better organisations? Barbarous society has its own laws of hospitality and charity. Civilisation has abolished slavery, but the working classes in the West bitterly complain that it has established a new form of slavery. Admirers of the natural simplicity of the earlier stages of society allege that civilisation has made charity more effective, but has not made man more righteous, compassionate, or pure. Ordinarily, this discussion is not of much importance, for when it is admitted that civilisation makes charity and goodness more efficient in practice through organisation, we need not look into people's hearts, compare the subjective values of benevolence, and discuss whether any improvement is visible there. In times of war, however, the

contrast between the methods of barbarism and civilisation may assume vivid and vital importance, and both during the late Balkan war and during the present war in Europe the world has been reminded that if you scratch the civilised man, you may discover the barbarian in him.

The civilised nations do not admit that war itself is barbarous. On the contrary, philosophers among them argue that war is beneficial to mankind in that it preserves the rough energy of the soldier, the proud indifference to personal loss for the sake of national honour or advantage and, as a German philosopher phrases it, "the conscience born of murder and cold bloodedness." One would have thought that when a man is bent upon cold-blooded murder his conscience departs from him. But the necessity of crediting the civilised and patriotic murderer with a conscience compels the philosopher to juggle with his words and speak of a conscience born of murder. However, the cultured soldier has a conscience, and the civilised nations, notwithstanding their inability to dispense with war and with armaments, have tacitly or by express conventions agreed upon certain rules of warfare among themselves. The uncivilised races would appear to be beyond the pale of these international obligations or rights. Belgium complains of German atrocities, as both countries are civilised. Not long ago the British press was full of Belgian atrocities in Congo. As the native Africans are not civilised, the Belgians did not think that they should do unto others as they claim others should do unto them. It has been said that the highest aim of morality is the greatest good of the greatest number, and that the highest proof of civilisation is that the whole public action of a State is directed towards securing this greatest good. Judged by this test, Belgium falls short of the ideal as much as any other State. However the present war is between two groups of highly civilised States, and each has carefully watched the conduct of the other. It is a rule of the civilised nations that an ambassador's person is to be treated as sacred, and the first charge of barbarity against German soldiers is that their conduct towards the ambassadors who were leaving their country was grossly disrespectful and improper. Another rule of civilised warfare requires that the civil population, which is not guilty of any act of hostility against the enemy, ought not to be molested; the German soldiers are said to have so shamefully disregarded

this rule that even women and children were not exempt from their license, not to speak of the burning and pillage of innocent villages and world-famous cathedral towns. The use of explosive bullets is considered barbarous by certain nations: Germany and France have accused each other of violating the agreement not to use them. Mining the sea is regulated by certain conventions, and a question has been raised whether the German ships have observed these rules. President Wilson assured a Belgian deputation that public opinion will not be indifferent to the various allegations made against the German army, and that the day of reckoning will come, and he hoped it would come soon. To some of the allegations the military authorities will perhaps reply that the utmost that can be expected from the Government for the unauthorised acts of individual soldiers is some compensation to the victims. It appears that in the larger cities the soldiers were more careful and self-restrained than in the villages. In addition to the enquiries instituted by the Belgian authorities, Mr. Asquith has promised an independent enquiry. In the East the German naval officers are reported to have acted in a manner worthy of their civilisation. The crew of the British ships sunk in the Bay of Bengal by the light cruiser "Emden" had nothing to say against their treatment by the German officers; indeed, they have spoken very appreciatively of it. The fact seems to be that the civilised man keeps his temper and behaves considerately when he easily manages to have his own way, but when he is thwarted, he forgets his civilisation and betrays the savage in him. It is said of Lord Lawrence that while driving with a visitor from England, he once grew eloquent and exceedingly generous on the duty of treating natives with kindness and condescension, and immediately afterwards, when he got down, he was displeased with some trivial fault of a syce and boxed his ears soundly. The German statesman knows no law under necessity, and a treaty becomes a mere scrap of paper when it hampers his designs.

In barbarous society war is not economically disastrous to the victorious party. The cost of a war is more than made up by the spoil. The burden of the war falls largely on the inhabitants of the country through which the army passes, and the Germans seem to have expected that in the present war they would be able to revert to some extent to the practice of their

barbaric ancestors. Both Belgium and France are rich countries; and the military authorities appear to have thought that by fleeing them, the financial burden of the war could be relieved during its progress, and if it was successful, it would necessarily pay itself. It is not known how far the plan has succeeded, but it is well known that to the civil population of the belligerent countries the economic effects of the war have already been disastrous. The property which a German light cruiser has sent down to the bottom of the Bay of Bengal must have been worth more than the funds which are likely to be patiently collected in India for the relief of the widows, orphans, and other sufferers. Millions sterling are daily spent on the military operations by the Governments concerned. That is war, the remedy which the civilised nations find themselves unable to replace by any other for the settlement of their disputes. The barbarians of old lost mostly their lives in a war. When the present war between the foremost civilised nations comes to a close—and President Wilson hopes it will end soon—and the Governments concerned cast their accounts, while the commercial firms total up the losses sustained by them, the world will assuredly ask itself whether anything can be more barbarous than civilised warfare.

“INDOPHILUS.”

HUMAN LIFE.

Man builds a house, and seems to think,
He's safe from rain and storm,
And in the heat of youth forgets
He's food for worm.

Immers'd in sin and sordid vice,
He is his passion's slave,
But he would make the world believe
He is a captain brave.

He drags his way, thro' guilt and shame
To hideous ruin and woe,
Regretting in his evil course
No further can he go.

Existence there is none, he says,
Save that sustain'd by breath,
And transient is the life of Man :
Oh, how perverse his faith !
He's loth to love, yet longs to live;
And is afraid of death,
Forgetting life is love divine,
And cannot end with breath.
Death is of garments overworn,
And wisely meant to save,
Should not then Man be pious, and
Aim at a glorious grave ?

BAHAR-UD-DIN AHMED;

Dacca:

THE MONTH.

EXPERTS with a sense of humour have ceased to make predictions about the course of the war, and readers **The War.** of newspapers have ceased to look up to journalistic guidance. The public are content to read the telegrams and form their own independent opinions, for the war has been rather full of surprises to the experts as well as to laymen. In view of the long preparation that Germany had been making for the present outbreak of hostilities, of the self-confidence with which the Kaiser hastened to declare war on her neighbours, cutting short the prospects of diplomatic action to secure peace, and in view of the reputation which Germany had earned for the pluck, perseverance, knowledge of science and resourcefulness of her sons, experts prepared us to expect that France would collapse after a brief resistance and Russia would be glad to sue for peace directly the little state of Servia was crushed. This gloomy forecast has so far been falsified. When for a fortnight after the commencement of the war, not a German soldier had set foot on French soil, we were told that a warmer reception was awaiting the German army in France than it had been accorded in Belgium, and the march to Paris would be much delayed, if not altogether prevented, by the combined armies of the two great Powers in the western theatre of the war. As a matter of fact, Namur fell much sooner than the experts expected, the enemy put more men into the field than the British and French generals were prepared for, and the onslaught of the enemy at Mons was so vigorous and irresistible that the combined armies had to fall back continuously until they reached the Somme. Lord Kitchener told the House of Lords that this position was strategically more defensible, but again the line was broken through and until the German right wing reached

within twenty-five miles of Paris, all resistance proved practically unavailing. The French capital was transferred far away, to Bordeaux, Paris was put in a state of defence, the inhabitants were advised to withdraw from the city, when lo! as if by magic, the Germans stopped their advance in that direction for some reason or other, marched south-east, and were successfully resisted on the Marne. The Germans themselves have not explained this mystery to the world. It is surmised that the Russians had created so dangerous a situation in Eastern Prussia that a considerable number of troops had to be withdrawn for despatch to the eastern theatre, and secondly that the advance in France had been much too rapid for successfully maintaining the line of communications with the rest of the army or with the base of operations. Anyhow, the enemy's troops arrived in an exhausted condition at the Marne, the supply of ammunition seems to have run short, and many soldiers were apparently starving for lack of sufficient food. The allied armies found that their opportunity had come and took full advantage of it. The enemy had to retreat as rapidly as he could, and was vigorously pursued until the river Aisne was crossed. The British losses have been heavy, the enemy's losses must have been heavier, while nothing is known definitely about the French losses, but these must also have been enormous. In Eastern Prussia the Russian army does not seem to have made much progress during the month, but its success in Galicia was phenomenal. All the important places therein fell; the Austrians were invariably beaten, notwithstanding the assistance received from Germany; they sustained enormous losses in men and material, while the Servians and Montenegrins have invaded Bosnia.

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THE civilised world must cordially thank President Wilson for the attempts made by him to bring about peace in Europe. After ascertaining the attitude of each party, he is reported to have arrived at the conclusion that his services will lead to no practical result at the present stage. Though this is much to be regretted, it is not surprising. Smaller States might have consented to come to terms after a couple of months' fighting. The Powers engaged

Prospects of
Peace.

in the present conflict have a prestige to maintain, and none of them seems willing to admit that it has been compelled to sue for peace within six weeks. Yet from the replies given to the American President we are led to expect an early termination of the war. Germany, it appears, is willing to desist if the result of the war is declared to be a draw. It is not clear what the implications of such a declaration would be. Is Belgium to be compensated or not? France would probably insist upon a heavy indemnity being levied from Germany, as she was made to pay an exorbitant price for peace in 1870. In the countries of the Allies the cry has been raised that the German militarism ought to be crushed. It is difficult to say what this demand implies. Does it mean that the war must continue until the Kaiser acknowledges that his army is beaten, and he agrees to pay a huge sum which will ever remind the German tax-payer that it is dangerous to allow the upper hand to the military party? If a movement springs up spontaneously in Germany to subordinate the army and the Emperor to the will of the people, it would be warmly welcomed by all lovers of peace. But if a constitutional reform is forced upon a country from outside at the point of the bayonet, either directly—which seems impossible—or indirectly by imposing a heavy financial burden, one can hardly foresee at the present juncture whether the tax-payer will be led to assert himself more than before, or if he will realise the necessity of the soldier all the more to defend his nationality in the future. As English statesmen have declared their preparedness to fight to the finish, Germany appears to throw the responsibility for the continuance of the war on England. However, the Allies have agreed that they will join in concluding peace as they have joined in carrying on the war, and therefore the responsibility must be joint. The prime cause of the war was France, and it is probable that she is most unwilling to conclude peace until every German soldier retires from French, or perhaps also from Belgian, soil. It is doubtful whether Germany will evacuate France and Belgium until France evacuates Alsace and Lorraine. Meanwhile, the casualty lists are daily speaking more eloquently than Mr. Asquith or Mr. Lloyd George. Berlin is said to be struck dumb. The retreat of the enemy from the Marne, coupled with the discovery of starving soldiers and lads of less than sixteen in the German army, appears to have filled the Allies with the hope

that the tide has turned and that the enemy's resources in men and material are not quite so great as the world had been led to believe. Mr. Lloyd George admits that the crushing of German militarism will be a "long job," but he holds that it is not an impossible undertaking, and perhaps all the Allies are agreed that it is a necessary condition of anything like a lasting peace. An Indian political maxim teaches that a serpent should never be scotched, it must either be let alone or be killed. The Allies may well apprehend that the result of scotching German militarism will be to create a new danger, and to add the rancour of a disappointed foe to the opportunity of preparing, better than ever before, for a successful attack on the weaker and smaller States. But how long can the "job" be made endurable by the nations concerned?

India and the War. BEFORE the Imperial Legislative Council had an opportunity to speak on behalf of the country on the subject of the war and of the sacrifices to be made by this part of the Empire, the Government had decided upon the despatch of troops to Europe the Imperial Relief Fund had been started, public meetings in support of that fund and for assuring the Government of the popular sympathy and support generally had been held and Princes and peoples had come forward to offer their services and subscriptions. The question of defraying the cost of the expedition seems to have escaped the attention of the public in general. The law requires that the sanction of Parliament should be obtained before the Indian exchequer is made to pay for an expedition to Europe. That sanction would no doubt have been granted without debate, but the Government's hands were strengthened by a resolution passed by the Legislative Council on Sir G. Chitnavis' motion approving of a contribution from the Indian revenues. If the Council was actuated by a high sense of duty, its enthusiasm was further excited by a gracious message from His Majesty the King-Emperor, in which the efforts made to secure peace were referred to, and the sentiments of loyalty that had stirred the whole Empire were handsomely acknowledged. H. E. the Viceroy spoke, from his personal experience of European politics and had

no difficulty in convincing the Council that the war had been forced upon England by a Power that had for years been preparing for it and was waiting for an opportunity. The day on which a despatch submitted by His Excellency to the Secretary of State on India's offers was read out in Parliament, has been recorded by the British press as a memorable day in the history of the Empire. Parliament and the British nation appear to have gone into raptures over the demonstrations of loyalty reported from a country where unrest and anarchism had been too long talked about. The Indian public opinion is generally adverse to war and it jealously scrutinises the reasons that are advanced for it. In the present case righteousness, honour, and expediency are all felt to be on one side. "Belligerents are forbidden to move troops or convoys of either munitions of war or supplies across the territory of a neutral Power"—so runs a Hague Convention of only seven years ago, to which Germany was a signatory. A Power which openly claims to treat solemn international agreements as scraps of paper, on the infamous pretext that necessity knows no law, easily forfeits the sympathy of the civilised world, and not a word has been said in India in extenuation of the militarism which exalts convenience into a necessity, and which is as much detested by Indians as war itself. The Relief Fund is growing by leaps and bounds, and while men come forward with money, women have in addition contributed their handiwork to the stock of those articles which the care of soldiers, especially the wounded, will demand at the seat of the war. Besides the presence of Indian troops and Indian Princes at the theatre of the war, the telegrams received about Lord Hardinge's and Lord Willingdon's sons, which suggest the probability of other prominent Europeans in India having their relatives in the army, have lent a personal touch to the great event which is now discussed nearly all over the civilised world. One wishes the telegrams had conveyed more cheerful news, tidings of glory rather than of risk; but unfortunately the two are inseparable, and perhaps it is the risk that constitutes the glory. As for mere loyalty, to which so much consequence used to be attached in times of peace, it sounds like a commonplace virtue by the side of the practical proofs that are given in the more trying period of war. It is not human nature to be other than loyal to the only Government that a generation has known since its childhood.

War and Commerce. German and Austrian trade with the British Empire having ceased for the time being, proposals have been made both in England and in India that this trade should, if possible, be permanently wrested from the enemy's hands. As it is only two months since the war began, we do not expect that much practical good has come out of these proposals. As many private ships are required by the Government for its own purposes, it is said that the trade between India and the United Kingdom cannot be brisk. The exports to one country cannot be easily diverted to another, where there may be no demand for them. It is believed that, during the war, foreign countries will require more of wheat than of oil-seeds from India, and accordingly Chambers of Commerce are requesting Government to advise cultivators concerned to change the next crop. Perhaps the cultivators will have to be assured that the war will not close before the crop is ready for export. The Government may not like to commit itself to such a prediction, but if the cultivators are made to understand the risk in each case, they may, of their own accord, choose what appears to be the smaller risk. The lackness of the import trade, as far as we know, has not yet given a fresh impetus to local industries. On the other hand, some of the local industries have suffered by the war. Two of the ships sunk by the German cruiser "Emden" were carrying a cargo of tea, and merchants in Calcutta complain that this naval episode has caused appreciable damage to the trade of that city. The destruction of oil tanks in Madras by the same cruiser is another illustration of the direct damage which the war may be causing to trade. In Bombay it is complained that trade in local cotton manufactures has grown somewhat slack, either because the middlemen, who were making contracts on behalf of up-country merchants, have withdrawn to their homes with their money, or because money is also otherwise getting scarcer, and the share market is temporarily closed. As the local mills are not entirely self-dependent, the prolongation of the war will cause inconvenience to them. Special officers in several provinces are considering how Swadeshi enterprise may be made to benefit by the present situation. The Madras Government, however, has reminded the public that new industries will mean more capital and the necessary technical

skill. No one can tell how long the war will last and what guarantees will be provided to enable the new industries to withstand competition, if necessary, after the war. People will hesitate to launch their capital on new ventures and to import technical skill when the future conditions of their success are so uncertain. However, the subject is receiving the closest consideration in India as it perhaps is in England.

光緒九年

At the time a Commission was enquiring into Indian grievances in South Africa, newspapers reported that Lord Hardinge's Government had put forward certain proposals dealing with the question of Indian emigration to the colonies generally. These proposals, if real, have not been published. We remarked at the time that they were conceived in a spirit of compromise and give-and-take, and not of retaliation. At the last meeting of the Legislative Council, His Excellency referred to the Komagata Maru affair at some length, and threw out a proposal, in a general way, for the expression of public opinion. The Viceroy could not approve of Mr. Gurudit Singh's plan of defying the laws of the self-governing colonies, and all that the Government could promise to the members of his expedition was financial help to such of them as were in need of it until they came back to their native land. As regards the future, His Excellency was inclined to favour a policy of co-operation and reciprocity with the colonies. The emigration is to be restricted, but it is to continue. The colonies are not to object to the presence of Indians altogether in the midst of their artisans and other sections of the population, while India is not to object to the restrictions. The press has not pronounced any definite opinion on the proposal and perhaps it cannot without knowing further details and what the emigrants already in Canada think of them. But it seems to be generally agreed that there may be no practical alternative to the policy foreshadowed by the Viceroy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE REMARRIAGE OF HINDU WIDOWS—A REPLY.

To the Editor, EAST & WEST.

SIR,—As one who has always taken the deepest interest, unabated by age, in the all-important question of the remarriage of Hindu widows, I have read with great care and attention Mr. Tripura Charan Banerjea's article published in the June number of "EAST & WEST." Those who are opposed to reforms, social, political, or religious, have, generally speaking, certain stock arguments, and Mr. Banerjea is no exception. Like Phoenix of Greek mythology, their arguments revive again and again from the ashes. But before proceeding to examine them, I will make two preliminary remarks.

1. Those who believe that Hindu widows ought to be remarried are, according to Mr. Banerjea, mere "imitators," and "too emotional in their nature." But Mr. Banerjea should have paused for a moment to consider whether his description can properly apply to men—and the reader should know that of the two gentlemen mentioned by him one stands pre-eminent in Bengali Society—whose only sin is that they hold a particular opinion.

2. Mr. Banerjea says that the Hindu widow marriage act, enacted by the strong advocacy of Pundit Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar, has "proved a dead letter." It is so, no doubt; but it was not so when it was first enacted. Perhaps Mr. Banerjea is not aware of the widow marriages celebrated through the efforts of the great Pundit. "I have," said he to the writer of this article when he was young, "got the law enacted: I have shown it is practicable: it is for you, young men, to carry on the work." And the work would have been carried on, had not public opinion, which was at first an ardent admirer of everything European, went to the opposite extreme of condemning whatever was un-Hindu. The object of Indian reformers is not to induce men "by hook or by crook," as Mr. Banerjea says, to join in any particular movement, but to educate public opinion, and enable it to think for itself.

I will now proceed to examine Mr. Banerjea's arguments, which I read with a keen sense of disappointment ; for I did not expect that he would shoot the very arrows which had been shot by his predecessors, and had recoiled. He asks, how could the Hindu law-givers, who out of humanity forbade animal food, be so hard-hearted as not to feel for their young widows. But is it true that animal food was forbidden by our law-givers ? Is it not rather the fact that certain animals were recommended by them for food ; and that even the cow was not too sacred to our ancestors ? Certainly, the argument comes with a bad grace from one in whose province no one, from the most pious Brahman to the most illiterate rustic, ever takes a single meal without fish. But even granting that our law-givers actually forbade animal food, one fails to see the relevancy of this argument. The question is not between man and the lower animals, but between *man and woman*. The idea that on his death another will be in his shoes as a companion to his wife may prove too strong for a man's feelings, and turn him into a tyrant. I do not for a moment contend that our law-givers were actually led by any such motive ; but I think Mr. Banerjea's argument based on the humanity of our law-givers (which, however, I seriously doubt when I think of their attitude towards the Sudras) has been sufficiently answered.

"But why," asks Mr. Banerjea, "notwithstanding all the strenuous agitation . . . do the Hindus in general cling to it (perpetual widowhood) ?" The answer is plain enough. Whoever has any knowledge of human nature need not be told that man is a slave to custom, and that what he has been doing for ages he cannot easily give up, however noxious it may be. Mr. Banerjea speaks of "strenuous agitation" against perpetual widowhood ; but the fact is that since the enactment of the law in favour of the remarriage of widows, there has been no agitation worth the name.

Mr. Banerjea then goes on to say that early marriage "will be a thing of the past . . . in a decade or so" This would, no doubt, be a consummation devoutly to be wished ; but I suspect Mr. Banerjea did not notice that his argument was a little suicidal. Every Hindu knows, or is expected to know, the terrible curse upon the marriage of a Hindu girl *after* a certain important event in her life. If in spite of the terrible curse we Hindus are raising the marriageable age of our girls, is it not ridiculous to say that the "landmarks of Hinduism will be removed for ever" by the abolition of perpetual widowhood, upon which there is no such curse ? In Behar (if not in some other provinces also) all but the Brahmins, Bhumihars, Rajputs, and Kayasths, freely remarry their widows. Have they thereby ceased to be as good Hindus as any one of us ?

Mr. Banerjea then goes on to dilate on the spiritual side of marriage. But while doing so he has the fairness to admit that the original object of marriage was the "satisfaction" of one of the most exacting "instincts of animal nature." I would be the last man to contend that this instinct, exacting as it is, should be satisfied under all circumstances. But I *do* contend that no man or woman should be *forcibly* prevented from satisfying, by all legitimate means, any instinct which Nature in Her wisdom has implanted in us for the preservation and continuation of the race. Educate and encourage *both men and women* to control these instincts; but do not, for the sake of the Great God who has created both man and woman, force a particular class of frail women to practise a self-denial which the men will not do. We let alone the latter, because they are too strong for us; and preach our lofty ideals to the former, because we can force them to obey us. Sensual enjoyment, however, is never thought of at all when a father marries his girl. He marries her, because he wants to settle her in life. And is she settled in life, if she is married to-day, and becomes a widow to-morrow? It is no exaggeration to say that a child widow's whole life is a long, dreary one, which death alone can terminate. Everyone admits—I hope Mr. Banerjea, too, admits—that nothing can be so disastrous to a Hindu as the death of the husband of a young daughter—especially of a childless one. Should we not, if we have any regard for the dictates of conscience, try our utmost to save her from the horrible nightmare?

But I have not yet come to the consideration of the much vaunted spiritual side of marriage. Infuse into it as much spirituality as you can—only let there be no cant about it. One is constrained to think that it is a mockery to harp upon "ideality" and "spirituality," when one knows too well that our law-givers allowed the men to marry wives without number. It is tyranny, pure and unmixed—though in the disguise of spirituality—that claims for its votaries the weak only, and allows the strong to do what they like. Mr. Banerjea has, indeed, the candour to admit that to maintain the lofty conception of marriage, perpetual widowhood should be enforced in the case of both widows and widowers. By a sort of special pleading, however, he exempts the men, and leaves the matter to their discretion, because, as he says, they are more prudent and educated, and less emotional than women. Why not say they are too strong for us? And what has been the result of their prudence and education? Among widowers under fifty the number of those who do not remarry may be counted at the fingers' ends; while above that age, the number of those who do remarry is not insignificant. Mr. Banerjea says that public opinion is against

them, but the fact is that if a young widower does not remarry, his friends and relations grow disconsolate

Mr. Banerjea then comes down to the consideration of certain practical questions. The first of these is the risk to sexual morality. While admitting that there are black sheep among the Hindu widows, Mr Banerjea compares their morals with those of European women, and proves by statistics that Hindu Society is "purity itself by the side of the Western countries. I am not prepared to dispute his figures. But I must say his argument is not to the point. Instead of going to Europe is it not more to the point to make the comparison at home? to compare the morals of young Hindu widows with those of Hindu women with husbands? Now, to obviate misconception I must tell my readers that I am an old Hindu (perhaps more orthodox in some respects than many of my co-religionists)—that I firmly believe that most of the Hindu widows are the very embodiments of purity and self-sacrifice—that I look upon them as a class with in admiration which I have for no other types of humanity—and yet I am thoroughly persuaded that their morals are capable of improvement. The truth must be spoken—most disagreeable as it is, and dispiriting to a class of my countrywomen for whom I have the greatest admiration. Limited as my experience is I believe there are many Hindu widows, belonging to the *highest* castes who are leading a life of shame, and I know of many others who have, by no means, a very spotless reputation. On the other hand I am not cognisant of a *single* case in which a high caste Hindu woman with a husband ever threw herself into the depths of infamy. Is it then unreasonable to argue that if the unfortunate widows, of whom I have spoken above, were remarried, they, too would have led exemplary lives? I anticipate, however, Mr Banerjea's reply. He will say that if a number of widows were remarried, the same number of girls would never have a husband, and, consequently would be likely to commit the same vices as are ascribed to the widows. To this I will answer in the next paragraph.

Mr. Banerjea's next argument is based on population. If, he argues, a certain number of widows be remarried, they will deprive the corresponding number of girls of the chance of marriage. Now, our female population, if not slightly in excess, is, at least, equal to the male population. Moreover, the number of *marriageable* widows must be small in comparison with that of marriageable girls. The widows, therefore, will not practically increase the difficulty, which is more theoretical than practical. But what if the difficulty were a real one? So far as the chief purpose of marriage is concerned, namely, settlement in life, a young, childless widow is

in no respect, in a better position than an unmarried girl. After her parents' death she is utterly helpless, and has to depend on the *charity* of her relations. Would it, then, be very selfish on her part to try to get remarried? Should she be denied a second chance if that were possible? But the difficulty pointed out by Mr. Banerjea, is, as I have already remarked, more theoretical than practical. In Behar the remarriage, not of young, childless widows only, but of grown-up widows with a number of children, is very common; and yet the people there do not experience the difficulty of which Mr. Banerjea is so afraid. He further thinks that if a father had to marry some of his daughters more than once, he would be financially ruined. Quite so. But let us consider a little. The custom of demanding dowry from the bride's father is artificial. It did not exist in our society fifty years ago, and is doomed to die in course of time. But what if the people of Bengal, who are so proud of their *superior* civilization, choose to continue it? The answer is a very simple one—one iniquitous custom cannot justify another.

Mr. Banerjea creates difficulties where there are none. He says that by the introduction of widow marriage a new set of heirs will come into being. But the fact is that, though not a few widows have been remarried since Vidyasagar's time, there has never been any legal difficulty to justify Mr. Banerjea's apprehension.

I think I should stop here; for I have answered Mr. Banerjea's objections to the remarriage of widows as best as I could. I would only add that Mr. Banerjea seems a little too stoical, though his stoicism is somewhat illogical. He says that a daughter's widowhood ought to be patiently borne, just as one has to bear the loss of a son. Curiously enough, he fails to see the difference between the *remediable* and the *irremediable*. A deceased child cannot be brought back to life; but a widowed daughter may have a second husband.

SYAMALDHAN MITRA.

Huiwa.

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THE PHILIPPINES.

THE world-wide extent of the British Empire is the most outstanding fact of modern political history. It has powerfully influenced the current of world movements. Its influence is not confined within the Empire itself. It reaches countries, races and institutions which are geographically, ethnically and socially wholly outside it. Its subtle roots tap all departments of human history.

Conquest and colonization are as old as the migrations of men. But every step in cultural advance gives a new meaning to old movements. Every lesson in the building up of human institutions produces results which are of incalculable interest to students of social life.

When the United States went to war with Spain in 1898, they could hardly have foreseen with any clearness the results that were to flow from that war. Spain's colonial empire had been doomed long before. But the rise of an over-seas colonial empire of the United States in Asia owed its inception to fortuitous causes. Even now, when the many phases in the acquisition and pacification of the 3,000 Philippine Islands and Islets are a matter of controversy between contending parties in the States, there is very little conscious building up of a policy or logical construction of a scheme for the future.

The Americans, like the other branch of the Anglo-Saxon race from which they have sprung, work out definite results with the definite conditions of the present. They let their plans and their institutions grow. They make history, but they do not see visions or dream dreams.

1

If the safety of a nation is the best justification of a law, the development of human civilisation is the best justification for conquest. Let us take a glance at how the Americans have dealt with the novel situation into which the force of events dragged them in the Philippines.

Let us take a competent guide to take us through the ground. Who more competent than Mr. Dean C. Worcester? A keen zoologist, he went with two scientific expeditions to the Philippines in 1887 and 1890. After the Spanish War he served as a Member of the United States Philippine Commission from 1899 to 1900. He was the only Member of the first Commission who was re-appointed to the second Commission in 1900. Since 1901 he has been Secretary of the Interior to the Philippine Government, with an intimate first-hand knowledge of the various movements making for the development of the islands. He has written two books on the Island. In 1899 he published "The Philippine Islands and their People." This year he has published "The Philippines, Past and Present," bringing the history and the facts up to date, and giving a clear view of the process by which order was restored from chaos, and a stable system of Government, education and social and political institutions was begun and is being worked out in this East Indian Archipelago. A guide with such credentials can tell us many things which we can learn with interest and profit.

We are not interested in controversial matters. We are not concerned with the point of view of Judge Blount whom Mr. Worcester severely criticises. Nor need we follow the proclamations and arguments of Aguinaldo, who made a bid for power when Spanish rule ceased in the Island and the United States stood forth as heirs to the complicated problems of an Archipelago in which a Latinised Roman Catholic population were feeling their way (like the Mexicans) in modern politics, with a back-ground of twenty-seven non-Christian tribes who occupied half the territory. Our interest chiefly centres in the establishment of civil government and liberty; the constitution of the public services; the development of education in all its branches; the opening up of the country to material and moral progress; and the introduction of the inhabitants of one little piece of God's earth into the established harmony and comity of nations.

The military authorities in the early period of occupation had already been brought face to face with civil problems. If they had had to deal with a homogeneous population, with recognised leaders and well-established institutions, the transfer of authority from General Otis and Admiral Dewey to the civil power could have been effected in a short measure of time. As it was, President McKinley had to set up some sort of transition machinery, whose shape was to be constantly changing in the direction of institutions with which the Sovereign Power was in sympathy and which would yet accord with the undeveloped condition of the Islands and their inhabitants. A Board—the second Commission—was constituted, which was to exercise the legislative power and establish popular municipal government in which the natives were to be given the opportunity to manage their local affairs to the fullest extent and with the least supervision and control found to be practicable. One of their duties was to give special importance to the extension of free primary education, tending to fit the people for the duties of citizenship and the ordinary avocations of a civilised community. President McKinley's instructions did not overlook the necessity of providing new bottles for the reception of the new wine:—

"At the same time the Commission should bear in mind, and the people of the Islands should be made plainly to understand, that there are certain great principles of government which have been made the basis of our Governmental system which we deem essential to the rule of law and the maintenance of individual freedom, and of which they have unfortunately been denied the experience possessed by us, that there are also certain practical rules of government which we have found to be essential to the preservation of these great principles of liberty and law, and that these principles and these rules of government must be established and maintained in their islands for the sake of their liberty and happiness, however much they may conflict with the customs or laws of procedure with which they are familiar."

The constitution of the Philippine Government has been slightly altered from time to time, but its main features, as it exists at the present day, may be summarised. As regards the United States Congress, the Philippines send two delegates, both Philipinos. They are called Resident Commissioners, and

hold office for four years. They are members of the United States House of Representatives, and can speak in the House, address questions and air grievances, but they have no vote.

The executive government is vested in the Governor-General and four Secretaries (to Government), all appointed by the President of the United States, subject to confirmation by the Senate. One of the Secretaries is a Filipino, and the other three are Americans. A fifth portfolio has been authorised but not yet created. This "Executive Council" of five, as we might call it in India, is strengthened with four "Additional Members," all Filipinos, to form the Upper House of the Philippine Legislature. In framing the Constitution of the Philippines, American phraseology appears studiously to have been avoided. The Upper House is not the Philippine Senate but the Philippine Commission. The Lower House is the Philippine Assembly and not the House of Representatives. It consists of eighty-one elected members, all Filipinos. Only thirty-four out of the thirty-nine provinces elect representatives, the remaining five being considered to be in too rudimentary a stage to fit into the scheme. On the other hand, the provinces not represented in the Assembly are not subject to the jurisdiction of the Philippine Legislature. Obviously, if there is to be tutelage, the powers of guardianship should not be shared in by those who have only half emerged from tutelage themselves. The Philippine Commission alone has legislative jurisdiction over these backward provinces, inhabited as they are by the Moros (Muhammadans) or members of other non-Christian tribes. It is proposed, however, to abolish this reservation, not without a strong protest from conservative American administrators.

The franchise for an elector for municipal (and presumably for other) purposes is simple, but it only gives 248,000 qualified voters out of a population of more than eight millions. The elector must be a male citizen of at least 23 years of age, with a residential qualification of 6 months, and an alternative test of position, property or language. He must either have belonged to certain official classes of the Spanish régime, or hold property to the value of Rs. 750, or pay taxes to the extent of Rs. 45, or be able to speak read or write English or Spanish. It will be noticed that the test is *not* literacy but language; a Moro learned in Malay is not as such entitled to a vote (although he might come in under the

property qualification), but an illiterate Philippine would have the vote without the property qualification.

We need not follow the details of Provincial Governments. The provinces are not organised on the model of the Central Government, but shade off gradually into municipal institutions. The provincial Governor is usually elected, but the Treasurer is appointed by the Governor-General with the approval of the Commission. The municipalities elect their own officers and control their own affairs generally, but municipal expenditure is subject to the control of the provincial Treasurer, who is in a special sense a colleague of the Governor. Finance is thus specially safe-guarded, not only in regard to municipalities but also in regard to townships, which form a further subordinate unit of self-government.

The Philippine Civil Service is non-political. Wherever practicable, not only recruitment, but also promotion is by competitive examination. In promotion, however, previous experience and efficiency are given due consideration. The examinations for recruitment are held both in the United States and in the Philippine Islands and the test is in both English and Spanish. Disloyalty to the United States as the supreme authority in the Islands is made a complete disqualification for holding office. An oath of loyalty has to be taken before admission to the examination. The limits of age are very wide; the minimum is 18, but the maximum is as high as 40. The service is very completely graded, or, as it is called, classified. Even teachers, the treasurers of Municipalities, and the holders of many posts usually held outside the Civil Service elsewhere fall under the classified Civil Service. Neither the Governor-General nor any subordinate authority can exempt any post in the classified service from the requirement of the examination. Temporary employees must be discharged when the occasion for their employment has passed away. The proportion of Philipinos to Americans in the Service has risen from 49.51 in 1903 to 71.29 in 1913. More and more of the Philipinos take the examinations in English instead of Spanish.

The salaries and leave rules are fairly liberal. Members of the Philippine Commission without portfolios receive more than Rs. 22,500 per annum; and those with portfolios receive more than double, Rs. 46,500 per annum. Members of the Philippine

Assembly receive Rs. 45 a day for each day the Assembly is in Session. The Philippine Civil Service Board collected and compared statistics for the Dutch Civil Service in Java and Madura, and the British Service in the Straits Settlements, much to the advantage of the Philippine Civil Service. "All natives," they say, "in positions of lower grades in the Philippine Islands fare far better than their Malay brethren, either in the Straits Settlements or in the East Indies." (*scilicet* Dutch East Indies.) The leave rules and other privileges for the Philippine Service are not less liberal than for other Colonial Services. All classified employés are entitled to visit the United States or foreign countries once in three years on liberal terms as to leave allowances and certain travelling expenses.

Sanitary problems have been attacked with commendable American enthusiasm, and research work has been vigorously pushed on. The physique of the average Filipino is not good. As many as 69 out of 178 University students recently examined showed signs of serious organic troubles, and an unscientific rice dietary yields insufficient nourishment to the population at all. Sanitary reform, however, either in this or in other matters, is not popular; and a good many wholesome laws and rules remain dead letters. But the hill station established at Baguio, with a good road to it, appears to have caught on. It boasts of a very democratic club, to which any person of good character is eligible if he can pay an entrance fee of Rs. 75 and an annual subscription of Rs. 60. Manly games and open air life are encouraged. A unique feature in this hill station is a natural amphitheatre which Art has helped to render an ideal meeting ground for sport, recreation and the more serious pursuits of life. The delights of an equable climate, at an elevation of 5,000 feet, amid gently rolling flowery hills and pine scenery, deservedly draw enthusiastic praise from Mr. Worcester.

The chief feature of the Philippine Administration on which the Americans deservedly take pride is the educational machinery which they have set up and which is rapidly transforming the people from vague idle dreamers, forever fighting among themselves and distrustful of each other, into active citizens, with a growing respect for manual labour and an increasing understanding of the privileges and responsibilities of civil, political, personal and religious liberty.

The chief difficulty in all educationally infant countries is the dearth of teachers. A thousand American teachers were appointed in 1901-02 to carry out a well-thought-out school system in English. One of the first duties of these teachers was to train Philipino assistants who should take their place in the permanent Philipino scheme of education. The number of Philipino pupils preparing for the duties of teaching in different departments, had already reached the respectable total of 37,000 last year. The whole of the Archipelago is divided into educational districts. In scattered units in each district are not only controlled by Inspectors who have several Districts under their charge and who, therefore, do not belong to any particular District; each District has a supervising teacher who lives in the District, and who is responsible for the educational efficiency of his whole District.

For a population of about 8 millions there are 8,500 Philipino teachers and 530,000 pupils. Thus there is one teacher in every 1,000 persons (men, women and children) in the Philippine population at large, and the number of pupils under instruction is about 6.6 per cent of the population. The proportions would be appreciably higher if we left out of account the non-Christian population who have hardly yet taken much advantage of the educational facilities provided. They form about one-eighth of the total population of the islands. The educational statistics are, of course, very far behind those of the progressive countries in Europe or America, but they are good for an Oriental Dependency which has been under the protection of the United States for little more than 15 years. Our own proportion of school pupils to the total population is about 3 per cent.—or considerably less than half that of the Philippines. I have no detailed figures showing separately the numbers of boys and girls at school, but I fancy that if the figures are analysed in that direction, it will be found that boys' education is on a par in the two countries, and that the main disproportion arises out of the extremely backward education of girls in India.

The practical genius of the American people set its face from the outset against a purely literary education. Manual labor, industrial training, practical agriculture, household industries and arts, trades and commerce, were held in view from the beginning, and are the main objectives of their educational system. A picture

of its many-sided activities will be realised from the institutions established at Manila, the capital of the Philippines. There is first and foremost the Normal School, attended by 638 pupils, to feed the ever-growing need of teachers as the educational system advances. The School of Arts and Trades has an attendance of 641. There is a School of Commerce and a School for Deaf and Blind, supported directly from State funds. The needs of women have not been forgotten. The School of Household Industries trains adult women in embroidery, lace-work and other art-work, for which the patience and delicacy of touch of Philipina women makes them specially fitted. This, however, carries on the tradition of women's work from Spanish times, only in a more systematised way. The needs of girls are met by specialised courses in hygiene, in the care of the sick, in household sanitation, in the feeding and care of infants and in general instruction in house-keeping and the household arts. These courses are taken by over 15,000 girls already. The training of Philipina nurses is a feature of the American organisation of Philippine society.

Sanitation, agriculture, industries and education all go hand in hand, and every device for disseminating ideas among teachers themselves, such as teachers' camps and conferences, is adopted and encouraged. A goodly number of bulletins and circulars are issued by the Bureau of Education for the benefit of teachers on all matters of current interest. Their scope is very liberally interpreted. Manners and conduct, school buildings and grounds, embroidery and athletics, health and hygiene, food values and domestic science, citizenship and co-operation—anything that builds up healthy and bright homes, to be the basis for an orderly and progressive State, is enlarged upon, repeated and illustrated with special reference to local conditions and local needs. The teacher is taught to take a pride in his or her work, and to realise that the gateway of knowledge opens enchanting vistas in all directions in the limitless field of life.

A practical spirit pervades the instruction in agriculture and gardening. Experience showed that the first impulse in that direction only resulted in a theoretical compliance with the requirements of the Educational Bureau, and in no way awakened practical interest or stimulated the test which comes of realised success in actual life. A pupil might be given a plot three feet

by six, on which he might laboriously nurture one tomato plant, one *camote* vine, half a dozen ears of rice, and perhaps some egg-plants or flowering plants.' The whole thing was artificial, and it taught nothing about practical agriculture. Standard school and home gardens and farm schools or large settlement farms have now been taken up, where the school-boys produce real crops on large plots of land under economic conditions. Even new and valuable plants, fruits, and vegetables have been introduced through the school gardens and nurseries. Every central school is to have a minimum area of $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres of land attached to it.

It is hardly necessary to go into the details of road-making, bridge-making, harbour construction, public works and other adjuncts of material civilisation, in which the energy of the Anglo-Saxon race has inherited and developed the genius of Roman civilisation. These march with the advance of all the foremost nations of the modern world. But an appreciation of some of the problems of the Administration of a Dependency by a Republic will not fail to help us in understanding the problems of our own country and administration.

A. YUSUFALI.

London.

THE WORLD WAR

SIDELIGHTS FROM LONDON.

"Quoth the Raven. Nevermore!"

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S grim bird of wisdom, the black croaker on his study door, sums up what everybody in London is feeling at this moment. "Nevermore!" And there are ravens enough, Heaven knows, on the red battle-fields of Europe, corpses enough for birds of prey to feast upon. But with one consent folks are saying: "This must never happen again. Europe must never more be an armed camp in which angry jealousies and suspicions and the sharpening of swords drown everything else. The 'mailed fist' must be bruised and shattered for ever. The outstretched hand of human fellowship must take its place. Let's have hearts, not clubs, for trumps."

Mr. H. G. Wells, famous author and seer, is leading a campaign for the destruction of what he calls Kruppism. The War ought not to end, he says, until the power of the Krupps over the people of Germany and of Europe is utterly smashed. A few months ago Baron Krupp von Bohlen paid a visit to England. He was lavishly entertained, but all London is indignant to-day at the undoubted fact that under the wing of British hospitality, he was spying out how the land lay. He asked to be taken a tour of inspection over armament works such as Armstrong Whitworth's and Vickers Maxim's and so on. Needless to say, Britain was not blind and Baron Krupp got lunches and dinners but no plans, no secrets. "The Kaiser" says Mr. Wells—and Mr. Bernard Shaw, the playwright, is at one with him—"is a commercial traveller for Krupps. So long as Europe allows Krupps to make arms for private gain, sowing discord along the coasts of the Mediterranean Sea by means of a bribed press, so long will there be war and

not blessed peace upon the earth." The Raven is right ; it mustn't happen again. Some far-seeing British statesmen with whom I have talked, descry in this World War nothing less than the Death of War.

The price of blood, making Europe one stretch of scarlet, is too bitter a price to pay for helmets and bayonets and shining armour and imperial ambitions. Eyes look wonderingly across "the herring pond" and dream of the peace which America offers, dream of that vast continental frontier and that line of lakes absolutely without fortress or battleship and yearn that such an ideal may come to pass in Europe. The United States in Europe—that's what we want, say most people. Or, as I heard the late Rev. Sylvester Horne, M.P., pleasantly put it ; "Let's make the Atlantic the Pacific Ocean."

"While London sleeps," to quote the title of a popular drama, British troops have been pouring over to the Continent. The whole thing has been a miracle of organization. No parade, no pomp, just quiet business. A quarter of a million British soldiers were landed in Belgium and France before anybody in London, except Lord Kitchener, had the ghost of an idea what was going on. I met one man who couldn't sleep o' nights for the noise and rumble of trains. He went to his bathroom window which overlooks the railroad and rubbed his eyes with astonishment. He saw troop trains steaming along in a constant procession. They were all in darkness—"lights out" is the rule at some of the sea-side towns. But the grim business was going on sternly and well. I have had a letter from an officer in the British fleet. It couldn't be published in England because of the Censor, but here it is in the blunt brusque language of the sea, the smell of the salt waves upon it. It was written from Southampton.

"I got your letter after dinner to-night. It got here quickly for a wonder, the railway is jammed with troop trains between here and London. The country has very little idea what is going on, but when I tell you something like 36 troop-ships, and some of them carrying 3,000 troops each, have left here these last few days, you can form an idea what is going on, especially when you take into account that other large shipping centres are sending as many and some places more ships than Southampton. There are 200 ships carrying troops, not one voyage only, but running

a regular line between this country and France and Belgium. Besides the troops there are horses, field guns, ammunition, wagons and all the other gear that goes with soldiers. Kaiser Bill has opened a hornet's nest this time, as he will find. This country has been ready for his little game for some months past, our transport arrangements are all too complete to have been done under months of consideration. As one transport leaves, the flags fly out and up comes another dirty-looking old tramp all ready to receive men and horses who are standing ready in the sheds to walk on board. It's a perfectly arranged affair and going without a hitch day and night. You wouldn't know a single soldier was leaving unless you were on the inside of things and knew and saw. Troops march or tram into the docks here and disappear into the mist, a disreputable old ship leaves apparently with nobody on board except a few odd soldiers here and there, and that's the end of the story.

"By and by another old wave-puncher leaves and another comes up from somewhere round about, fills up with her complement and off she goes. There isn't a sound of any kind, the local rag doesn't comment on it even. The press censorship is perfect. One train came in to-day with some Irish regiments, with a notice on the carriage 'Summer trip from Tipperary to Berlin'; the train was also decorated with green flags everywhere. These are the people who were going to fight us the other day, only somebody else interloped with the row. I'll bet that Irish regiment will let some beer out of the Germans.

"I'll bet the German nation will squeal, the letter you enclosed from the 'Globe' is the first squeal. They foresee Germany paying a big indemnity and the same old dodge 'Please Sir, it wasn't me.' No one will ever persuade me this war wasn't popular in Germany to start with; it was, but they didn't reckon on us joining in, we were reserved for later when they had a nearer and more extensive sea front where they could make a naval base. For once a Liberal Government has done the right thing and chipped in in time when we had other nations to help us. A German war against England and England's downfall has been Germany's reason for existence. What did all Germans mean when their toast over a drink was 'To the day.' I have it from Germans themselves 'the day' was the day the Union Jack came down. That letter in the 'Globe' doesn't suit my stomach; it's the first

yell of a soft nose when he finds it's likely to be pulled. I have met people who have been in Germany, people who speak German like a German, and who have not been out of Germany until a fortnight ago. They have lived as Germans, like Germans. They know what they are talking about. The German hatred of England is a national feeling, let Mr. Fredrik— spout what he likes, if he has nothing else he has his own fish to fry.

"Had it not been for Germany and distrust of Germans, England could easily have engineered a world's peace any time during the last ten years. The world is ripe for peace. The only war possible would have been between white and coloured races. Win over Japan to the white side and that possibility would be wiped out. We want no more German lies, no more Fredrik—— —'s

"The S S—— is being fitted out as a hospital ship fore and aft to deal with surgical cases. There are all modern appliances for surgical work and six surgeons under a Fleet surgeon, with sixty hospital attendants and a staff of trained nurses. It's all operating rooms, X-ray rooms, and the Lord knows what sort of other chamber of horrors there isn't. What I do know is that besides the ordinary steam, electric and refrigerator gear usual on board a ship of this sort there are some dozens of other 'contraptions'. I have never been shipmates with before. Good luck to them.

"If the Germans don't punch a hole in us too soon we ought to have an interesting voyage or if we don't get within range, strike a mine or get torpedoed. When we do leave, there will be no letters of any kind from the ship. We don't know when we are going, nor when we are coming back. It all depends on circumstances and Admiral Jellicoe & Co.

"I will be home for 'Xmas, I think, and will carve the old goose again for you. That's the spirit of prophecy moving me, but as it's after midnight I find there's another spirit under the blanket also moving me into my bunk.

"We are under martial law here in the docks, we can't move unless in uniform. Go ashore in Mufti if you want to, but be sure your pass is in your hand. Anyone who can't produce his pass in the dock is promptly run in. To offer resistance would mean sudden death, they are running no risks of Germans getting at the troop-ships. The docks are full of soldiers, and sentries

are everywhere day and night and fully armed, with orders to shoot first and argue the point afterwards. A man in a boat didn't answer quick enough last night. They said he wasn't in the boat when they looked for him afterwards."

It's a perfect picture of what's been going on beneath the quiet surface of London life.

* * * * *

Mr. Andrew Carnegie is a centre of interest just now. He's been putting in a gentle plea for the Kaiser in the shape of an article which was printed in a Dunfermline paper—Dunfermline is Carnegie's native heath where he can talk frankly. Instantly that Dunfermline article was telegraphed throughout Britain. Mr. Carnegie claims that the Kaiser has kept the peace for a quarter of a century, despite the ravings of a Prussian War Party, and credit should be given him for that. True, but behind it all the Laird of Skibo is bitterly disappointed. I had a long talk with him in London last Summer when he was on his way to Berlin as the guest of the Kaiser. "I'm going to tell the Kaiser," he gaily said to me, "that he alone of all the monarchs of Europe has in his keeping the keys of peace or war, life or death. I have with me a petition signed by thousands in the States praying him to use his vast influence on the side of world-peace. He's given me special audience, setting aside other important engagements in order that he may receive me and hear me. I'm right proud, I can tell you." Mr. Carnegie, I know, had a great time at Potsdam. Personally, the Kaiser is a very delightful man and always ready to smoke a cigar with an American millionaire. One of these days Mr. Carnegie may tell us word for word what the Kaiser said in these conversations. The Private Diary of Mr. Carnegie would be a book worth having.

* * * * *

A party of distinguished Londoners led by Lord Weardale, Earl Grey, Sir Frank Lascelles, and others, were busy just before the outbreak of War, arranging the Celebration of a Thousand Years of Peace between Great Britain and Germany. The idea sprang from the fertile brain of Mr. Norman Angell, author of "The Great Illusion," a book read and known by the Kaiser himself and every other crowned head of Europe. It was intended to follow up the Anglo-American festival of a hundred years'

peace, by setting the joy-bells in motion over ten centuries of peace between Berlin and London. The brazen tongue of war struck in. Joy-bells gave place to battle-blows. I know that letters had been sent out to the superintendents of day-schools and arrangements were being made on a vast and picturesque scale. One striking feature was to be the sending of a large choir of British schoolboys and schoolgirls to Berlin to give open-air concerts consisting of Old English folk-songs and folk-dances. The Lord Mayor of Berlin promised hospitality. Behold the ruin an hour can bring! An avalanche swept down and smashed these peaceful chimes. It is curious to look and see how long it is since Germany and Britain clashed together. More than a thousand years you have to go back into the dim distance and twilights of history. But as a man said to me last night: "This War means a thousand years of peace." That is the confident feeling here.

* * * * *

A distinguished Harvard professor who shall be nameless, points out to me that the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 had, as a kind of prelude, a War with Mexico. History repeats itself. President Wilson has scarcely disentangled himself from the brambles of Mexico in the year of grace 1914, before Armageddon begins. The 1870 circumstances are interesting to recall. Napoleon III. of France sent an expedition to Mexico. It had its origin in the decision of the Mexican Congress, confirmed by the President Juarez, on July 17th, 1861, to suspend all payments to foreign creditors for two years. Developments ensued, of course, and it is a common story how Napoleon III. sent the Archduke Maximilian of Austria to be Emperor of Mexico. 'Tis a common story too, how the French troops had to be withdrawn and the Emperor Maximilian remained behind at Vera Cruz to die. On the 19th of June, 1867, he was tried by court-martial and shot. So Napoleon's defiance of the Monroe doctrine ended in disgrace and failure which re-acted upon Europe and helped to pave the way to Sedan. I mention this old fragment of history to show how strangely history duplicates itself—and yet with infinite variety. The Irish Question was alive and passionate in the years immediately preceding Waterloo, but when the shadow of Napoleon Buonaparte was threatening the cliffs of Dover, political division was hushed and healed, as it has been in 1914.

Germany has given Home Rule to Ireland. At any rate, the Kaiser's "mailed fist" has forged the links firm and strong which bind England to Ireland and Ireland to England.

Hyde Park is a kind of "Peacock Parade," just now and visitors from the United States are making, in their summer dresses, a gay embroidery to the military squads which are drilling every hour in the Park and preparing for the battle-field. Rotten Row resounds to the march of soldiers, or rather of civilians who are turning into soldiers. I met Professor Bright, of Yale, in the Row last night. He is busy with his studies at the British Museum, though the war papers make it difficult for him to concentrate on learned manuscripts. Among other things, he tells me he had come over to represent the American Spelling Board in an important conference with their English brethren. Professor Grandgent of Harvard was to have come too, but the war which throws the whole world into chaos has spoiled these lesser schemes. Here in London most people are having trouble in pronouncing French and German and Russian names of cities. A fearful hash is being made of it all and if the spelling reformers would give us a common medium into which we might translate such names as Liege and Charleroi and Strassburg and Königsberg and a host of Russian towns and villages which are unpronounceable, there's a chance for a European Esperanto of names

* * * * *

As I write, London is tumultuous for news from the vast arena of war; tumultuous, I say, and yet superficially calm and steadfast. The ultimate issue cannot be in doubt. Military passion and ambition which has cowed Europe for a generation must be broken and Britain is determined to fight for liberty and peace until her last breath has been given up. I hear a man singing at this moment:

"Fortune turns her wheel with smile or frown,
But with that wheel we go not up nor down
Our hoards are little, but our hearts are great."

'Tis a noble song and the words express the spirit of this great London, save that, thanks to the British Navy, our hoards are ample and Mother Hubbard can go to her cupboard and find it still supplied by the ships of the seven seas. But we are all

praying for peace, glorious peace, which "hath her victories no less renowned than war." And the magnificent loyalty of India is thrilling the whole of Britain with *strange and deep emotion*.

SYDNEY WALTON:

London.

SHIVA AND GAURI.

In human guises they did roam,
Amongst the farmer and his home.
They drank the honeyed milk and water,
With *Tulsi* leaves from the farmer's daughter,
They begged a loaf of bread with joy,
And blessed the farmer's happy boy.
In rain, in light, in stars and wind,
The farmer of the Ancient Hind
Did see a thousand gifts returning
When virgin *clays* and *sands* were earning
From Mother Earth and Father Heaven,
The wheat and rice and pulses seven.
The only reason they did know—
The Shambhu Gauri made them grow,
The secrets of the fields they knew
The race and blood of crops they grew.
And they did more than all we do
For they had love and faith so true.

PURAN SINGH,

ENGLISH CLASSICS.

(Continued from our last number.)

CHAPTER V.

THE RESTORATION.

Waller, Milton, Dryden, Clarendon, Fuller, Bunyan, etc.

IN passing from the period of the Revolution to that by which it was preceded, one does not find any exact breach of continuity, much less any of that absolute and almost internecine hostility that has sometimes prevailed between two contiguous epochs. But the current is no longer uniform and we are struck by observing the presence of two parallel and never-to-be-united lines of thought and manner. Side by side with something stately, almost puritanic, coming down from the heroic age of Sidney and Shakspeare, we find an ungirt Latinised Muse, with moist lips and dishevelled hair; and the difference between these two styles reflects, undoubtedly, a similar difference in the thoughts and manners of the time in England. The old Cavaliers had loved an outspoken coarseness, and some of their plays and poems had dealt with delicate topics in an indelicate way. Yet they and their adversaries were not so much separate in manners and in speech as we might at first suppose. Certainly, the younger exiles who came back with the graceless Stuart brought from France the manners of a Court whose central figure was a magnificent voluptuary, one whose flowing perukes and fluttering ribbons were as easy to copy as any other outward frivolity. With these the Restoration men joined a sort of un-English ribaldry and reckless indulgence with an extravagant love of pleasure and intrigue; so that a Grammont or a Hamilton could find himself almost equally at home in bright Paris and in foggy London. And so it happened that Waller and Milton were relished by

coevals; and that Bunyan and Aphra Behn were successful in pleasing the same period. Fortunately, the courtiers had little taste for mental pleasures; and consequently the respectable people had the advantage, as regards books, alike in quantity and in quality. These things should be remembered when we think of the "anti-puritanic reaction"; such there was, no doubt, in the life of the Court and a portion of the aristocracy. But that is never the especial region of virtue: and elsewhere virtue was far from silent in the time of Charles II., however little her voice may have been heard by royal or lordly ears. On the other hand, a certain boisterous uncleanness, as of lewd school-boys, was nothing new.

Edmund Waller (1605-87) belongs as a poet to the time before the Restoration, although his life as a man was extended to the year before the Revolution. But his poems were published in their complete form in 1665, and they influenced the writing of that period and of periods far later. Pope has praised his sweetness, and Dryden acknowledged him as master. He produced a great quantity of highly artificial verse, but is only known to modern readers by a few lovely lyrics such as "The Girdle" and "The Rose."

Waller's pupil has almost entirely eclipsed him. John Dryden (1631-1700) was born of a good county family professing Liberal principles; he was educated at Westminster School and at Cambridge and in 1657 went to reside in London on the proceeds of a small estate which he had inherited from his father. Dryden first came into notice by a fine ode, in rhymed quatrains, on the death of Oliver Cromwell; and a comparison of this piece with Waller's lines on the same subject might have convinced a vigilant critic that the disciple was going to be the greater poet. After the Restoration—which they commemorated with equal zeal, though less inspiration—both poets became ardent Royalists,* and Dryden took up the profession of dramatic writer. For this he had few special qualifications; but his energy and general ability enabled him to make a living out of it and to contribute to English dramatic literature a few passages which are still preserved in books of "Extracts." *His attachment to the

* Waller was asked by the King why his poem on the Restoration was inferior to that in which he had sung the praises of the deceased Protector; to which he poet made the facile answer that Poetry always dealt best with fiction.

cause of Monarchy was rewarded by the Laureateship and a pension: and he continued to produce loyal poems—in the intervals of most prolific play-writing—until the Revolution. Of these the most famous was the satire on the Whigs entitled “Absolom and Achitophel,” in which, under the disguise of characters in Hebrew history, the events of the twenty years succeeding the Restoration were treated from the High Tory point of view. This magnificent piece of political sarcasm and invective appeared in 1681, during the Tory reaction which followed close upon the dissolution of the short-lived Parliament of that year which sate at Oxford. The Whigs were now persecuted, and Shaftesbury—the Achitophel of Dryden’s satire—would have been tried for his life had not the London grand jury thrown out the bill. Dryden then wrote another short poem—“The Medal”—bearing on this occasion, and he afterwards contributed to a continuation of the *Absolom* by another hand. About the same time appeared the “Religio Laici,” a fine piece of reasoning in verse which showed that the author’s submission to the Church of England was becoming imperfect. In 1685 the King died and was succeeded by his Catholic brother: soon after which event Dryden went over to the Royal creed, of which, in 1687, he produced a splendid defence. This poem was called “The Hind and the Panther,” and was in the form of a long fable in which the parts of various beasts were assigned to various forms of Christianity, the Church of Rome being “a milk-white Hind unspotted and unchanged.”

Besides all this varied work Dryden went on producing odes which are still read with admiration, and a collection of stories modernized from Chaucer and Boccaccio. Lastly, to complete the brief record of a laborious life, we must notice the fine translation of Virgil’s *Æneid*, and versions of many of the *Satires* of Juvenal. In all this prodigious quantity of work we observe the same unflagging vigour and a sustained glow of diction often bursting into unquenchable splendour. His couplets, it is true, generally conclude the phrase, after the fashion introduced by Waller; yet there is none of Pope’s subsequent poise and seesaw, but each distich soars beyond the last until the poet attains his climax. At a time when the “Nature” controversy was in full blast, Wordsworth imputed to Dryden the reproach that there was not “a single image from Nature in the whole body of

his works"; later critics have however reversed the verdict, and one of great and deserved authority has gone so far as to affirm that Dryden is "almost always happy in his images from Nature."* Translating Juvenal was only too congenial to Dryden's unconverted soul; afterwards, however, he showed shame for past foulness. His frank and manly apology to Collier has been recorded by Macaulay "If Mr Collier be my friend, he will rejoice at my repentance."

One could hardly imagine a more complete contrast to Dryden than the other great poet of his time. John Milton (1608-74) was sent to Cambridge and bred for the clerical profession for which he was well suited by the grave purity which won for him the nickname of "Lady." But this did not prevent him from harbouring an independence which sometimes bordered on insubordination. He graduated indeed, though after a somewhat troubled academical course at the end of which he utterly refused the oaths and subscriptions which were a necessary preliminary to Holy Orders, and in 'Lycidas'—an elegy on a fellow-collegian named King—he wrote of the Anglican community and its probable destinies in a style of almost ferocious hostility. He next travelled in Italy (1638-39) but abridged his stay by reason of the threatening aspect of affairs in England. From 1641 to 1659, he was first a schoolmaster and then took employment under the Parliament and the Protectorate, whilst he also served the cause in a number of prose writings of which the 'Areopagitica,' or defence of a free press, has often been reprinted and cited down to our own day. † Unhappily, in the excitement of the times the best of tempers underwent some strain and Milton's was not of the best, hence his prose is too often defaced by uncharitable thought and indecorous language. He defended the execution of Charles I. in 1649-57, and soon after lost his eyesight from overwork.

At the Restoration Milton appears to have felt an apprehension which was hardly justified by events, and he retired into strict privacy to finish the task which he had set himself soon after blindness had diminished his faculties for public life. The idea of treating poetically the Scriptural story of the Fall of Man appears to have long haunted his mind, and he for some time

* James Russell Lowell,

† There is a beautiful edition among Mr Arber's *English Reprints*, published in London about 25 years ago.

meditated giving it a dramatic form, but fortunately abandoned the project. In 1667 appeared "Paradise Lost," the famous epic on the subject which has ever since maintained its place among the chief glories of English literary art. Thirteen hundred copies were sold in 20 months which—when one considers the small number of the reading public—is a proof that taste was not even then so low as is sometimes supposed. In the course of the next few years the circulation more than doubled; and in Queen Anne's reign a further impulse was given by the criticism of Addison in *The Spectator*.

In 1671 appeared "Paradise Regained"—in the judgment of Coleridge the finest poem in our language. It was closely followed by "Samson Agonistes," a sacred drama which reproduced the Athenian form but only confirms modern readers in rejoicing that Milton's original design for his chief work was not adopted: evidently his genius was not dramatic. Milton died in 1674, and Dryden lost no time in expressing the admiration which no difference of political opinion or of character ever disturbed. Milton has ever since remained the greatest of English poets: Shakspeare has an airier grace of diction, more sympathy, more knowledge of mankind; and in later times modern writers may have surpassed in descriptive picturesqueness of representation. But, taken for an artist in words, there is no one so great, so dignified, so universal. The light preludes of "Comus" and other works of the poet's youth, the stern beauty of "Lycidas," are as full of their own music as the organ-toned symphonies of the epics. In the Georgian age this was but dimly felt: and Johnson criticised Milton in a manner which, while it showed a just sense of the subject's greatness, betrayed weak sensibility and strong prejudice on the part of the critic. Better justice has been done to Milton's reputation by the awakened taste of later times. Indeed, it is impossible to overrate the service rendered to literature by this mighty master. Taking up the simple sinewy English of Shakspeare and the Authorised Version of the Bible, he elaborated a style which is at once true to old tradition and agreeable to modern feeling; he is the Dante of our language which he has fixed for succeeding ages in a mould of serious and consummate fashion. This "dead but sceptred sovereign" gives laws to 120 millions of to-day. We should indeed be disappointed if we looked for any poetry of a customary

kind from Milton. He was no specialist, he took all the world for his province and gathered his revenue wherever he found it. He was neither Cavalier nor Puritan; in the well-chosen language of Wordsworth, his soul was like a star and dwelt apart. If therefore "Paradise Lost" be considered artificial—and by some critics it has been so considered—we must recollect that it is no amorous lyric or idyllic picture, but what its author calls it, a "great argument," and one which had perhaps occupied his thoughts for a quarter of a century. All epic poetry must of necessity be highly artificial: and in Milton's time the old-fashioned epic, of which the *Aeneid* is the leading case, had become almost obsolete. Tasso in Italy and Camoens in Portugal had endeavoured to weave personal adventures into a back-ground of historic narrative; and Milton himself had in his youth taken a passing glance at the story of King Arthur as a subject for similar treatment. But Milton's view soon rose above a mere historic object: we learn from a pamphlet on Church Government published in 1642 that, soon after his return from Italy, he had already begun to take a more serious view of the matter. He would undertake some work that should do his land permanent service: yet to do this was a privilege which he could not contemplate lightly. It was not, he said, "to be obtained but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, and insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs." The 14 years' service of Israel for his Rachel was hardly too long a time for such an apprenticeship; Milton did not, it is believed, begin his great work till 1657 nor complete it before 1665. The theme was not the fall or founding of a city, nor even the discovery of a continent, but as Johnson nobly says, "the fate of worlds, the revolutions of heaven and earth: rebellion against the King of Kings raised by the highest order of created beings; the overthrow of their host and punishment of their crime; the creation of a new race of reasonable creatures, their original happiness and innocence, their forfeiture of immortality and their restoration to hope and peace."

Great as Milton's work is, nothing in the rest of it can equal

the calm magnificence with which this task has been performed ; and the mastery with which its inherent difficulties and defects are overcome is the completest proof of his artistic genius. In the 1st book we have a noble exposition of the general design, and that very invocation to the Spirit of God which he had promised to make so long before. The fallen angels are described, and we hear them harangued in council by their mighty Chief, in a manner which blends the Hebrew mystery with the Hellenic clearness in a fashion never seen before. In the 2nd book we learn how those unhappy beings had met their ruin. Then follow the departure of Satan on his errand of mischief and the appalling pictures of Sin and Death. The 4th book begins with Satan's address to the Sun, said to be the first passage of the poem ever written ; the lovely description of Eden follows ; and the beautiful Evening, of unequalled sublime sweetness. The 5th book contains an equally beautiful passage on Morning, the interest in the remainder of the poem suffers perhaps from such a climax. The theologic portions are a weariness ; and the war in Heaven is a stiff business for most modern readers. But the human interest of the concluding books is a great compensation ; and the repentance of Adam and, still more of Eve, have in them a simple pathos that pierces through the solemn language in which it is always invested.

Such are some of the scenes which compensate the courageous reader who girds up his loins to accompany Milton as he goes sounding on his perilous way ; and, even in seasons when the mind suspects the authenticity of the subject-matter, soothes it with beauty or elevates it with high thought. Before such, a genius criticism stands abashed and praise itself is dumb.

Only one other metrical writer of this period can be at all regarded as a classic now ; and he scarcely deserves the title of "poet." Samuel Butler (1612-80) differed from Dryden as much as he did from Milton ; while the first filled life with glow and glory and the other purified it with the light of Heaven and the music of the spheres, the object of Butler was apparently to make it dark, discordant, laughable and small.

There are few authors equally distinguished of whom so little is known as Butler : he was, however, evidently a poor man for the most part : neglected by those whom he amused : he had reached the age of 40 before he did anything. "Hudibras," the

work by which he is best known to us, was published in 1663 and took the town by storm. Its coarse pleasantry and shrewd observation were easily relished, while the minimising tone was exactly suitable to a cynical and profligate society. Dorset and Buckingham introduced the book at Court: the King was diverted; even the grave Clarendon promised to patronise the author. For some reason not now clear, Butler never received any benefit from all this success. In the following year appeared a second part of "Hudibras," and a third was published before the author's death, which happened in 1680. It was recorded of him by a contemporary poet that he died in poverty.

"Of all his gains by verse he could not save
Enough to buy him flannel and a grave."*

The writing of "Hudibras" cost undoubtedly a prodigious effort; but to read it through would require hardly less. The idea is taken from the Don Quixote of Cervantes: but the Spaniard, even while ridiculing romance and chivalry seems to preserve their antiseptic forces: the common elements of our sordid existence are, so to speak, deodorised, and Burlesque itself grows beautiful. Butler, on the other hand, breathes a blight on all he touches. His chief character is more of a zany than a hero, and he comes out of all his ridiculous adventures more and more contemptible. What redeems this prolix farrago of cynicism is the marvellous combination of entertainment that it contains; the blended product of learning, wisdom, wit, and unsurpassed skill in rhyme. Butler's epigrammatic couplets in eight-syllable jingle have taken rank as proverbs wherever people speak the English language.

The first favourite of those days was probably Abraham Cowley (1618-67) who wrote indeed (like Waller and Milton) before the Restoration. He can only, however, receive a passing notice in any part of these chapters; and that only as an instance of the worthlessness of contemporaneous praise as a proof of true merit or an earnest of immortal fame. Cowley had many gifts; almost as witty as Butler, as fine an artist as Dryden, not as Milton, and fired by a noble and strenuous ambition, he was

* Oldham. Aubrey attributes Butler's misfortunes to his proud character that would not be satisfied with minor favours. It may be remembered that by the law of the time the dead were to be buried in woollen shrouds.

admired and pensioned ; he devoted himself to being an echo for the voices of his day ; and he had his reward. Fifty years later Pope could write :—

“ Who now reads Cowley ? ”

The best commentary upon such a case is to be found in Shelley's able and judicious sentences ; “ No living poet ever arrived at the fullness of his fame : the jury which sits in judgment upon a poet must be composed of his peers.” Elsewhere he has written : “ There must be a resemblance, which does not depend on their own will, between all the writers of a particular age ” ; but he implies that a great poet will be eminently above all his contemporaries : and this is just what is not the case with writers like Abraham Cowley who deliberately lay themselves out to meet the passing fashions. Cowley wrote beautiful prose : and it would probably be worth a modern publisher's while to reprint some of his Essays as has been done with other prose writers of that epoch ; for example, with Izaak Walton. Amongst English authors of the Restoration period must not be forgotten this universal favourite (1593-1683), whose long life almost extends over the whole Stuart period, and whose immediate success and subsequent popularity are most truly remarkable in such an age. Walton was a native of Stafford who passed about half of his life-time as a London shopkeeper, yet always a lover of the fields and closely connected with learned men and dignitaries of the English Church. In 1645 Walton had retired from business ; and ten years later he produced his “ Compleat Angler ” of which five editions appeared during his life-time. From 1651 to 1678 he brought out various “ Lives ” of distinguished men whom he had known ; and these have been often republished in a collected form. Of the *Angler* ninety-seven principal reprints are on record, besides translations and imitations. Walton is remarkable for quiet nature-painting, and an unostentatious piety, leading to a gentle optimism almost unique amongst English writers.

The truth is that all the best Restoration men dated back towards England's Heroic Age ; and some of the declining rays of that bright day touched the highest of them. Bishop Jeremy Taylor, (1613-67) and Sir Thomas Browne (1605-82) were not writers of verse ; but in their prose there was an inspiration that made them almost poets and of kin (however remote) to

the contemporaries of Shakspeare. Both of these men have left volumes of rhythmic eloquence which, if not generally read, afford pleasant quotations and extracts *

Another and a more important writer of the period under review was Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, (1608-74) whose "History of the Rebellion"—in spite of inevitable bias—remains the best source of information as to the events by which the Restoration was immediately preceded. This most interesting work—which was not published until 1704—gives an account of the Civil wars of the 17th century in a style of well-bred ease occasionally rising into a higher dignity, and some of the character-painting has become justly famous.

Hyde was the son of a country gentleman who, after a short abode at Oxford entered as a law student at the Middle Temple in 1625. He associated with the best men of the day and became a Liberal M.P. in 1640. Being a man of balance and compromise he changed sides after the execution of Stafford's sentence, and both he and his friend Lord Falkland gradually became supporters of the royal cause, though never approving the King's extreme views or being party to such parts of his conduct as precipitated the final rupture. In 1645 he conducted the Prince of Wales to Jersey and there began his *History*. In 1658 he was vested with the then honorary title of Lord High Chancellor of England, obtaining the real post at the Restoration two years later. It soon appeared that his good and bad points were equally against him—he was too virtuous for the Court, too self-seeking for the country. His last success was the marriage of his daughter to the Duke of York—and in 1667 he was deprived of the Great Seal and threatened with impeachment. Being now old and gouty, he retired to France by the King's desire and there he spent the remainder of his days, dying at Rouen at the end of 1674. His works lay unnoticed until the reign of Queen Anne, who was his grand-child, and his autobiography did not appear even then, the 1st edition being published at the University Press, Oxford, in 1759. Of the *History* we have already spoken; the "Life"

* Browne's magic is marvellous, as when he says "Even Earth itself is a discovery. That great antiquity America lay buried for a thousand years." "Art is the perfection of Nature. Nature is the Art of God." By date he belongs to the pre-Restoration period, but his language has given him rank among the moderns. His "Religio Medici" (*A Physician's Creed*) was reprinted in 1901.

is in some degree its continuation and a book of instruction if discreetly used. The author was an estimable man though an impossible statesman; his view of the constitution was alike pedantic and unpractical.* But there is a stately moderation and even suppressed passion in the style; and the "Life," like the "History," palpitates with the interests of human nature and the actuality of participation. By these things it is preserved even when its authority is questioned.

A historian of the same class as Clarendon, though of a somewhat later date, is Gilbert Burnet (1643-1715), a native of Scotland who, through a long and prosperous life, was always noted for honesty and moderation. He distinguished himself as a theologian in his native country where—although he was in episcopalian orders—he had the honour to incur the hostility of the oppressor Lauderdale; and in 1674 he removed to London where his eloquence and fine presence soon rendered him a most popular preacher. In 1679-81 he published a "History of the Reformation" which is still a work of authority; and the Court attempted to bribe him by preferment to abandon the Liberal cause. But Burnet resisted these temptations; and in 1683 attended Russell to the scaffold. Having thus offended the King, Burnet judged it prudent to retire to the Continent where he became an adviser of William of Orange and accompanied him to England at the Revolution. In 1689 he was made Bishop of Salisbury, in which position he was active and useful till his death. The work on which his fame chiefly rests—"History of His Own Time"—did not make its appearance until 1723-4: it has been twice reprinted and is an indispensable source of information for historical students.

The mention of Burnet reminds us of a class of writers very noticeable in an age commonly thought to have been wholly devoted to frivolity and vice; the Anglican Church was never adorned by such famous preachers and defenders; and the genius of some of these men was of a high literary value. Jeremy Taylor has been already noticed for his poetical style; other names, more eminent, professionally, if not as producers of pure literature, are William Sherlock (1641-1707), Robert South (1633-1716), Isaac

*Clarendon seems to have really believed that the English Constitution consisted of three co-ordinate elements, of which each was of the same strength.

Barrow (1630-77) and Robert Leighton (1611-84). These Divines were all remarkable for quaintness, earnestness, learning, wisdom, in some cases even for wit; but it cannot be said that they are general favourites now; their point of view being very different from that taken in later times, even by the most orthodox. A similar reason must exclude the chief Nonconformist authors from the list of Classics; it must suffice just to mention Henry (1662-1714), Calamy (1600-66), Baxter (1615-91), all better known to us by name than by actual experience at the present day. This exclusion, however, will hardly extend to Fuller among Churchmen, or to Bunyan among Dissenters.

Thomas Fuller (1608-61) only just survived the Restoration, but his style belongs rather to that period than to the preceding. He was a Cambridge man who, after ordination, obtained a lectureship in London; in 1639 he had published an account of the Crusades, but his literary labours were soon afterwards suspended by the war in which he took part as a military chaplain. After the King's death he returned to London where he was for a short time permitted to preach at St. Bride's, Fleet Street, and other City churches, though not to hold a living. At the Restoration he was restored to his various preferments, including a royal chaplaincy; but his premature death cut short all hopes of further advancement. Besides his "Holy War," already cited, he wrote a "Church History" and the "Worthies of England" published in 1662 by his son; this last is an extraordinary collection of anecdotes about the heroes of the various English counties, a sort of biographical gazetteer of our ancient home. These are the best known works of one who deserves attention as a good and pure writer, who was master of a matchless wit by reason of which he has remained dear to good judges ever since his works appeared. Charles Lamb well spoke of it as a wit whose "conceits are often deeply steeped in human feeling;" and many *Lives, Extracts*, and complete editions are forthcoming to attest the appreciation of later days.

Of all the religious writers of that time, who, whether intending or not intending to be theologians, established their fame as literary artists, the most famous name remains to be uttered. John Bunyan (1628-88) was born in Bedfordshire of an yeoman stock; and was bred to the humble calling of a tinker.

brazier, or "tinker" as is usually said. Yet he received some instruction at the Bedford Grammar School, and was early imbued with the water of our great pool of English, the Authorised Version of the Bible. According to his own later account he seems to have led a wild sort of youth, but the wildness may easily have been exaggerated in passing through the memory of a "converted man."

For a few months Bunyan served as a soldier, but he never seems to have thought proper to say on which side, his latest biographer* thinks he was under the King whose defeat at Naseby closed the war in 1645. He was apparently a pressed man, and he returned to his peaceful life as soon as possible. But the tincture of military experience coloured his subsequent writings. When the Restoration brought back the Bishops Bunyan was arrested as an unlicensed preacher and committed to Bedford jail in which he was kept during the long period of twelve years by reason of his refusal to promise not to preach, but the imprisonment was by no means rigorous. Bunyan does not seem to have had any labour or even to have undergone any specially close restraint or harsh treatment. His imprisonment was merely detention in a large and airy jail where he was allowed to receive his friends, and even to preach to his fellow-prisoners†. In 1672 even this mild coercion came to an end by the first Royal "Declaration of Indulgence" under this Bunyan became a licensed preacher and so remained until the Declaration was withdrawn in 1675. Bunyan then suffered fresh arrest and was confined for another half year, this time in the town jail, and it was during this brief second imprisonment that he wrote the first part of "The Pilgrim's Progress" the great prose epic of Protestant Christianity. Three editions with considerable improvements—appeared in three years, and a second part appeared in 1684. Bunyan wrote other books, though of inferior popularity; and spent the remainder of his life unmolested, and generally respected, dying rather suddenly in 1688. During the last ten years of his life 100,000 copies of the *Pilgrim* were sold, it was also reprinted in America and translated into Dutch. No less than 84 versions have since appeared, including

* Prof. Froude, in Macmillan's *Men of Letters*.

† The Rev. John Brown of Bedford is positive that the place was the "county-jail". (See art. "Bunyan" in *Chambers' Encyclopædia* Vol. II.)

one in the language of China and another in that of Japan. The author in a simple, manly way expressed pleasure at his success, of which he gives an explanation in the verses prefixed to the second part, where he says ;—

“ I did it mine own self to gratify
Thus I set pen to paper *with delight*.”

Among the books which have been preserved and canonised by the world's love none have more truly deserved their fortune than the spontaneous, loving allegory of the Elstow tinker. But its immediate success also speaks loudly in favour of an age usually made a bye-word for wickedness and impiety.

What chiefly discredits the Restoration period is doubtless the picture left by Anthony Hamilton whose “ Memoir of Count Grammont ” is a very great favourite still, though in all respects a sad contrast to the book last mentioned. Having been originally written in French, it will not come under notice as an English Classic ; its only claim to consideration here being the view it presents of London life among the titled and wealthy classes. Nothing certainly could be worse, but we must recollect what a small portion of the population the courtiers of a capital always are, how small is their sense of responsibility and how limited their influence. If Sodom could have been saved for ten righteous men, it does not follow that London ought to be condemned for the wickedness of ten per cent. of her population. Nor is the tone of the stage a safer guide : it may become the fashion—as indeed we have seen for many years past in a country very near the shores of England— for dramatic writers to exhibit the society for which they cater as more widely and deeply licentious than it is : and the classes that frequent theatres may love to have it so. But the only condition of which the stage can be a true mirror of the time is that theatrical representations shall be attended by all classes ; or, at least, by all but those whose creed and customs expressly prohibit that and almost every other species of refined pleasure.

The taste, indeed, of the habitual patrons of Davenant and Killgrew was as low in morals as in art. Dryden disfigured Shakspeare and further prostituted his glorious Muse for money ; while the comedies of Etheredge and Wycherley had nothing to compensate for their hard and heartless profligacy but a laboured wit.

Tragedy however, as was natural, preserved a somewhat healthier tone; though the rhymed dialogue, introduced from France, was soon found unsuited to the genius of the English drama. The best writer of tragedy was Thomas Otway (1651-85) whose "Venice Preserved" was thought by Walter Scott to have scenes which "rival and sometimes excel those of Shakspeare." Nathaniel Lee (1655-92) was a powerful but extravagant writer whose mind eventually betrayed its inherent morbidity by madness. Shakspeare's plays continued to be acted: and we learn from Cibber that it was a famous actor of the Restoration, Thos. Betterton, to whom the English stage was indebted for its earliest distinct conception of the complicated character of Hamlet.

A writer exactly fitted by chronology into the period is Samuel Pepys (1632-1703) whose gossiping *Diary*—covering a little more than nine years from 1660—has rendered him a favourite with posterity. In no other sense, however, can he be reckoned among "classics"; his object was not literary fame, whatever else it was. Recorded by him in cypher the immortal *Diary* was not brought before the public till the nineteenth century. Another writer of prose, less popular though far more artistic, was the poet Abraham Cowley (1618-1667) whose writings already mentioned deserve notice as the first effort in the direction afterwards adopted by Matthew Arnold, namely, criticism of literature and life, by an author of contemporaneous distinction and authority.

Among other prose writers of that stirring time of whom most are forgotten by a preoccupied posterity, Izaak Walton (1593-1683) claims a longer notice. He is indeed remarkable in more than one way. As a man he stands out as a sample for all time of the better sort of middle-class Englishman. In a time of which we are apt to think as filled with extreme opinions, violent strife, rough and rather cruel passions, we see the London tradesman associating with dignified Divines, or strolling up the valley of the quiet Lea, pursuing "the contemplative man's recreation." His *Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert and Sanderson*, which appeared at various periods, have been often reprinted in a collected form; and *The Compleat Angler* (1653) has continued for more than two centuries to be a universal favourite. In the course of his unusually long life Wotton saw the end of the

Elizabethan age and came near the termination of the Stuart era ; his last production appearing in his ninetieth year. His peculiar fortune and his place in the Temple of Fame are inseparable from the fact that he was, from first to last, what he himself characterised as " a quiet and conformable citizen of London." With so pleasant a memory we take our leave of the Transition Age.

(*To be Continued.*)

H. G. KEENE.

England.

TEMPTATION.

I dreamt I stood upon the moon-lit marge
Of a wide lake, alone, in the mid hour
Of night, when sudden a sweet breath of flower
Came floating, and there hove a phantom barge.
Rich garland of wild blossoms fair and large
Swung to and fro as in a breezy bower,
And thousand-tinted lights of dazzling power
Glow'd on the keel where sat, her only charge,
A Beauty singing, siren-voic'd, of Love :
I mus'd, and fain would yield me to her charm,
For still she sang and seem'd to glance and move
Her eye and hand, but that I felt an arm
And lo ! a chiding whisper, and I fled
And woke to darkness round my pillow'd head.

MONINDRANATH CHATTERJI

Benares.

ANCIENT INDIAN HISTORY IN CLAY-SEALS.

THE ancient Hindus were entirely devoid of the historic sense. Impressed, as they were, with the idea of the transitoriness of all earthly things, the wise men among them, while taking considerable pains to preserve intact their precious heritage of spiritual culture have altogether neglected to place on record the notable incidents in the lives of their kings and the doughty deeds of prowess performed by them. The result of this is that prior to the advent of the British in India, there was scarcely any written record, worth the name throwing any light whatsoever on the dark periods of Indian history previous to the Mahomedan invasions.

But, thanks to the spread of British culture in India we have at present, a goodly number of illuminating historical works which have woven for us, out of the scantiest of materials a narrative of the doings of ancient Hindu kings and laid bare to us a picture of Hindu Society in the old, old times. The inquisitive reader may very pertinently ask - What are the materials from which this history of ancient India has been constructed?

The savant will reply that light has been thrown on the dark pages of the history of ancient India by the following records and the results of spade-work -

(a) The annals written by the ancient Chinese travellers in India ;

(b) The old Buddhist records ,

(c) Spade-work carried on on the sites of ancient towns of historic importance ,

(d) Copperplate inscriptions ;

(e) Inscriptions on stones, temples, and pillars ;

(f) Coins ;

(g) Clay-seals.

The results of spade-work carried on the sites of old places mentioned by the ancient Greek and Chinese annalists are also enabling the Indian archæologists to solve many a knotty problem connected with the ancient history of India and to interpret her glorious past.

Take, for instance, the ancient city of Taxila the history whereof dates from a very remote antiquity. But of its existence before Alexander the Great, we practically know nothing except the traditions that it probably formed a part and parcel of the Achæmenian Empire of Persia and that it was celebrated as the seat of a University famous for the cultivation of all the arts and sciences of those days. When Alexander the Great invaded the Punjab, the rulers of Taxila submitted to him in 326 B.C. But four years afterwards, Emperor Chandra Gupta of the Mauryan Dynasty expelled the Macedonian garrisons and annexed Taxila to his own Empire. Thus it remained subject to the Mauryan Emperors until the death of Asoka. In 190 B.C., Demetrius, the son-in-law of Antiochos the Great, brought Taxila under the subjection of the Bactrian Empire and made it the seat of a dynasty of Greek Kings who ruled over it during the greater portion of the second century B.C. Subsequently it passed under the domination of a dynasty of local Parthian Kings—Manes, Azes, Azilises and others—who ruled over it till about 75 A.D. These sovereigns were next supplanted by the Kushan Emperors, the most famous of whom was Kanishka. With the decline and fall of the Kushan Empire and the *floruit* of the Imperial Gupta Dynasty in the 4th Century A.D., the power and greatness of Taxila gradually dwindled down until its history became completely enshrouded in obscurity, so much so that when the Chinese Buddhist pilgrim, Hiuen Tshang, visited it in the 7th Century, he found that the principality of Taxila had been annexed to the Kingdom of Kashmir, that all the monuments of her glorious past had fallen into complete decay and that, in short, Ichabod was writ large upon it.

The site of the historic city of Taxila thus remained hidden from the human eye for nearly 12 centuries. It is said that, about five or seven years ago, some Tibetan monks visited the place and offered a very high price for the piece of land where the remains of Taxila have since been discovered. They were reported to have, in their possession some conclusive evidence derived from ancient

records which could enable them to fix the very spot underneath which lay buried the ruins of the sacred and ancient city of Taxila. It is said that this circumstance made the Government inquisitive about the purpose for which they wanted the land and ultimately led it to purchase the whole tract of land whereon Dr. J. H. Marshall, the Director-General of Archaeology, has been carrying on excavations since 1912. The discoveries which have been made by him there, are of an epoch-making character. Lecturing at a meeting of the Punjab Historical Society held at Simla on the 4th September 1913, he said: "I should warn you that even the facts which I have given you, and which personally I believe to be well established, are by no means accepted by all historians. For example, the Kushan Emperor Kanishka is placed by some authorities in the middle of the first century before Christ, thus antedating the majority of the Parthian Kings. Again, the rise and fall of the Parthian and Greek dynasties has been a subject of much controversy, and great doubt has existed as to which particular Kings ruled over Taxila and which over other principalities. You will see, therefore, that there is ample scope at every turn for the spade to do its share in clearing up this early period of history, and no less scope, let me add, for it to throw light on the evolution of the architecture and plastic arts in this part of India, about which our knowledge has been even more nebulous." Briefly speaking, the spade-work carried on by Dr. Marshall at the ancient site of Taxila has enabled him "to pin down the illusive Kanishka" and to prove that the Kushan Emperor Kanishka reigned in the second rather than the first century A.D.

Then, again, take the example of King Asoka's Capital—Pataliputra—the site of which is located near Patna. Excavations were originally carried on at this site in 1872 under the direction of General Cunningham. But as these did not prove successful, Dr. L. A. Waddell renewed the spade-work in 1892 which was carried on from time to time up till 1899. Many important relics were unearthed, among which may be mentioned an Asoka pillar and a colossal capital of a distinctly Greek type. The work, however, remained in abeyance for thirteen years and has now been resumed by the Archaeological Survey under the direction of Dr. Spooner with the aid of the liberal donation of Rs. 20,000 granted by Mr. Ratan Tata for this purpose. The most important discovery made by Dr. Spooner at Kumrahar (the site of ancient

Palibothra) in the Patna District, is that of the remains of a great pillared hall of the Mauryan period (3rd Century B.C.) which is believed to be the oldest building, excepting the stupas and the other Mauryan hall at Sanchi, yet discovered in India. It is said that about 250 B.C., Emperor Asoka Maury built at Kumrahar this hall of about 100 pillars. The pillars were of Chunar sandstone, and the superstructure was most likely made of heavy timbers. This hall was probably used for some religious functions for several centuries. It was found that a stratum of ash lies eight feet under the present level of the ground, from which fact and other indications it is believed that this hall was over-flooded and silt deposited on the floor before the superstructure was destroyed by fire.

In India, whether in the past ages or in comparatively modern times, the practice of writing important documents on paper, and of registering them in order to make them valid and binding, was not in vogue. Though the leaves of the palm-tree, the barks of the birch and other trees, and, occasionally, rough paper like the arseniuretted yellow-coloured kind used, at the present day, for writing MSS. and horoscopes upon, were used for writing purposes, yet the art of manufacturing the strong parchment-like paper used at the present day for writing deeds upon, was not known in those times. Owing to the ignorance of the device of registering and other legal methods for lending validity and binding power to documents, the validity of a deed was not recognised unless it was transcribed on some lasting material, such as metal or stone. The people of those times, when making a gift or grant of land, or selling a property, usually took care to have the deed of gift or the sale-deed engraved on plates or slabs of metal, and then to hand them over to the grantees or the vendees. Documents, securing titles to landed property, used also to be drawn up in the same form. These metal documents usually contain the dates of the transactions evidenced thereby, as also other chronological data. Validity was lent to them by annexing them to the metal seals of the donors or vendors. In the grants made by royal personages, the reigning dates of the donors, as well as the names of the dynasties to which they belonged, are also given. In those times, it was a common practice for kings to endow Brahmans and other meritorious persons with grants of rent-free lands, either for the encouragement of

learning, or for religious and charitable purposes. Similar grants were also made to *maths*, or monasteries, temples and other religious foundations; and, even at the present day, many such sanads must be in the possession of such institutions, which are jealously concealed from the scrutiny of the curious and are only brought out for the purpose of filing in Court as documentary evidence in support of some title that may be set up in suits pending therein. Such cases frequently occur in the Bombay and the Madras Presidencies. Almost all the inscribed copper-plates that have been hitherto discovered are sanads of this description, which serve the purposes of title-deeds to land. The inscriptions engraved thereon record the fact of the occurrence of such transactions, the grantee's name, and the grantor's name, and dynasty or family. It will thus be seen that the data contained in copper-plate grants have contributed not a little to the elucidation of many of the dark problems connected with the ancient history of India. That the names of kings, whose existence was not even dreamt of have been brought to light by the decipherment of inscriptions on copperplates will appear from the following account of a copperplate grant recently discovered in East Bengal. This copperplate was found on the 18th April 1912, by a cultivator while excavating in his house at Belabo in the Ruganj Thana of the Dacca district in East Bengal. It records a grant of land to a Brahman named Ramadeva Sarma by a king of Yadu's race, named Bhojavarmma on the 14th day of the month Sravana, in the 5th year of Bhojavarmma's reign. This prince is said to have been the son of Samalavarmma grandson of Jatavarmma, and great-grandson of Vajjavarmma. This grant thus proves, for the first time, the authentic existence of the dynasty of Varmma Kings, and is obviously one of exceptional historical importance.

Similarly, the study of numismatics and the deciphering of the legends on coins have enabled antiquarians to make great additions to our knowledge of the kings who reigned over India and the adjoining countries in ancient times. In 1834 and the four succeeding years, Mr Masson explored the ancient topes existing at a place named Beghram in Afghanistan and brought to light about thirty thousand coins. These included not only coins of Greek princes whose names were already known to historians but also those of several other kings whose names are

not even mentioned by the ancient Greek chroniclers, such as Antialkides, Lysias, Agathocles, Archebias, Pantaleon and Hermæus. He also discovered the coins of the king whose titles only are specified as the Great King of Kings, the Preserved, and of others whose names, although bearing a Greek form, denote, beyond the shadow of a doubt, kings of barbaric Indo-Scythic dynasties—Undophanes, Azes, Azilises, Kadphises and Kanerkes.

During the period commencing from 1833 and ending with 1837, a large number of coins bearing legends in ancient Sanskrit and Pali characters were discovered. These have been deciphered and delineated by Mr. G. Prinsep. The results of his researches into them have shown that they were issued by ancient Hindu kings bearing the names of the Mitras, Dattas, Devas, Kunindas and Yaudheyas who, as indicated by the symbols on their coins, professed the Buddhist religion and must have reigned during the period when Buddhism flourished in Upper India.

Then again, in 1836, from an examination of the Bactrian coins which had been brought to light by Mr. Masson and others, Mr. Prinsep was enabled to bring to light the names of several other kings including Archebias, Amyntas and the Queen Agathoklen.

The question next arises—Can clay seals teach us anything about the history of ancient India?

It is now well known that a large number of clay-seals have been excavated recently from Basari in the district of Muzaffarpur in North Bihar. In 1904, Dr. Theodor Bloch had made several excavations in the citadel of old Varanasi now known as Rājā Bisāl kā Garh at Basari and had unearthed a very valuable collection of inscribed seals chiefly of the Gupta period numbering between seven and eight hundred specimens. More recently, during the spring of 1912, Dr. P. Vogel carried on excavations more systematically at the same site the result of which is that some two hundred and fifty more inscribed clay seals have been brought to light. The clay seals, inscribed as they are, are of great interest to historians and archaeologists, inasmuch as they shed a flood of light on the political, religious and artistic history of ancient India and at the same time, afford material for the fascinating study of Indian gems. Among the seals unearthed by Dr. Bloch are a good many larger official seals which furnish us

with some interesting data concerning the system of government in vogue during the Gupta period. But the seals recovered by Dr. Vogel in 1912 are of less historical interest, because they include a larger number of private seals bearing only the names of individuals. But, before proceeding further to examine the light-bringing specimens among the clay-seals discovered by Dr. Vogel, we may consider, *en passant*, the problem as to how the practice of writing upon clay-seals and tablets came to be introduced into India.

It is now generally agreed among Indian archæologists that, at the beginning of the seventh and most likely, at the end of the eighth century B.C., sea-going merchants, availing themselves of the monsoons used to undertake voyages for trading purposes from ports on the south-west coast of India (Sovira at first, afterwards Suppāraka and Bharukachha) to Babylon which was, in those remote times, a great emporium of commerce. These merchants did not belong to the Aryan race but were mostly descended from the Dravidian stock, as is evidenced by the fact that the names of the goods imported and adopted in the west, such as *peacock* and *rice* were adapted from Dravidian words. It was at Babylon that these Dravidian merchants from India became acquainted with an alphabetic writing derived from that invented and used by the white pre-Semitic race now called the Akkadians. Some of the particular letters learnt by these Indian merchants bear a close resemblance to the letters found on inscriptions recorded by the wandering Semitic tribes who went from Babylon to the west, and also on Babylonian weights, both being of a date somewhat anterior to the time when these Indian merchants made their trading voyages. After they had brought this script to India, it gradually became enlarged and adapted to suit the special requirements of the learned and colloquial dialects of India. After the lapse of nearly a thousand years, this adopted alphabet became known as the *Brāhmī Lipi*, the Sublime Writing, which is the parent of all the alphabets now used in India, Burma, Siam and Ceylon.

The letters of the Akkadian alphabet with which the ancient Dravidian merchants became acquainted in Babylon, used to be traced out on clay-tablets. It is from this source that they learnt the Babylonian practice of writing on tablets of clay and introduced it into India. But this Babylonian practice did not,

"catch on" in this country, as it was never widely adopted for purposes of writing books and mercantile memoranda on clay-tablets or bricks. It was adopted only to the extent of using seals of clay for inscribing pithy maxims from the Scriptures upon and, as will appear from a consideration about to follow of the clay-seals unearthed by Dr. Vogel, for writing legends upon, which are of considerable interest as illumining many a dark page in the history of ancient India.

Now to return to the clay-seals discovered by Dr. Vogel. The seal No. 800, which is figured as No. 4 in Plate II of the *Annual Report of the Archæological Survey of India (Eastern Circle) for 1911-12*, is a large square one, marked with three archaic symbols of the same kind as are found on punch-marked coins, and inscribed with a legend, in three lines, in letters of the ancient Mauryan period. One interpretation of the inscription on this seal ruins thus:--

"The Vaisāli (Patrol)

Takāra (Out-post)."

If this interpretation be correct, we may then take this document to be a seal of the Metropolitan Police of Vaisāli at the branch outpost of Takara which is, perhaps, the name of some village within the limits of the Vaisāli municipality. It is assignable to the third Century B.C., which, therefore, makes it one of the oldest seals yet found in India, and proves, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the identity of Basarhi with Vaisāli.

Another most ingenious and interesting interpretation of the legend on this clay-seal runs as follows:--

"30 years (have passed) seal made at the time of the quinquennial inspection."

The word *annusainyāna* in the legend refers to the quinquennial tour of inspection ordered by the Emperor Asoka in his Edict III. This interpretation, though very ingenious, is less plausible. But Dr. Spooner says: "I wish to add, however, that, by a curious coincidence, the seal was actually found in the corner of the fort, where a royal camp for one of the quinquennial inspections might very well have been located." In this connection reference may be made to a seal of at least the same, if not greater, antiquity which was unearthed by Dr. Marshall, the Director-General of Archæology, in the course of his excavations at Bhita (*Vide the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of London for*

January 1911, Plate III) and to the three seals of a very old age which are published by Sir A. Cunningham in Plate III of Vol. XV of his *Archæological Survey Reports* and which are stated to have been found in the Ganges near Patna. A well-carved stone matrix was also discovered by Dr. Vogel, which is of equal, or possibly of greater, antiquity and is of the same type as that published by Cunningham. It bears a legend which has been tentatively read as "*Shujatashasa*" which is probably a private individual's name.

The next noteworthy seal in the collection is No. 8 (Figure 1 in Plate II appended to Dr. Spooner's Report). It is of an oval shape and bears on it the figure of a lion facing the legend "*Vishnudāsasya*," meaning "*(the seal) of Vishnudās*." Eleven specimens of this seal were unearthed. It is frequently found associated with another seal which bears on it the undoubted device of a stupa together with the legend "*Sreshthinigamasya*," that is, "*(the seal) of the guild of bankers*." A specimen (No. 808) of this latter type of seals is figured as No. 15 in Plate II. We can, therefore, fairly infer from these documents that Vishnudās was a banker in the enjoyment of a large business.

The seal No. 45 is of an oval shape and bears on it the well-drawn large figure of a recumbent boar, but has no legend on it. As the device on it is very faint, a photographic facsimile of it could not be made. It is, however, remarkable from an artistic point of view.

The seal No. 55 (Figure 3 in Plate II) has on it a rectangular area with an ornamental band as its border. It bears on it the device of a small seated lion facing the legend "*Nāgasarmmasya*" meaning "*(the seal) of Nāgasarmma*." Of this type seventeen specimens were brought to light, which show that Nāgasarmma was a distinguished personage in the society of Vaiśālī.

The seal No. 81 (Figure 13 of Plate II) bears on it an oval area with the device of a small couch. It is inscribed with the legend "*Chandradāsasya*," that is, "*(the seal) of Chandradās*." It is difficult to say who this Chandradās was as only a single specimen was recovered from a depth of 15 feet. But, as Dr. Spooner says, "he was at least a person of sound artistic sense, for his seal is very elegant in its simplicity and the neat exactness of its cutting. The lettering has a more modern look than one would expect on a seal from so great a depth."

The seal No. 93 (figured as No. 2 in Plate II) is also very

interesting on account of its remarkable device which consists of a highly adorned barge having on it a raised platform whereon is the standing figure of a goddess in a state of nudity with conch-shell etc. But there is no legend on it.

Only a single example of the very remarkable seal No. 159 (Figure 7, Plate II) was brought to light from a depth of eleven feet. It displays on its surface an oval area with the device of an ancient hemispherical stupa which appears to have a square receptacle on its top surmounted by very long and fluttering bannerets. The Buddhist railing is unmistakably depicted round the base.

Another unique specimen is that No. 162 which has been figured as No. 9 in Plate II. It displays an oval but deeply concave area without any legend, but bears the device of a winged lion standing to right. This was the only example of a winged lion which has been brought to light.

A magnificent specimen is the seal N. 191 (Plate II, Figure 14). It has on it a long oval area bearing the device of a spirited figure of Nrisimha seated on an altar with the left knee bent and the right foot placed on a footstool. It is inscribed with the legend "*Kumāra Narasimhaguptasya*" which means "*(the seal) of Prince Narasimhagupta*," the seventh monarch of the Imperial Gupta Dynasty, which interpretation is rendered plausible by the beauty and artistic value of this seal.

The specimen No. 200, which is figured 5 in Plate II, is a large official seal bearing the device of the standing figure of Lakshmi facing, with elephants to right and left above it, and a conch-shell and one undetermined object. It bears a legend which has been tentatively read as follows —

"*Vaisāli-nāma-Kunde Kumār-Metyādhi-keranasya*," which would mean "*(the seal) of the office of the Crown Prince's minister at the Kunda named Vaisāli*." It is the only specimen of a seal of the Local Government which was recovered by Dr. Vogel and is another link in the chain of evidence proving the correctness of the identification of Basarh with Vaisāli. It further indicates that Vaisāli was the seat of a Royal Viceroy of the ruling dynasty whose capital was Pataliputra—a conclusion rendered plausible by the fact that, in his younger days, Asoka himself acted as Viceroy at Taxila. Dr. Spooner says "And it may perhaps, be claimed that seal No. 191 mentioned above tends to

confirm the theory. Why should not Prince Narsimhagupta have been Viceroy of Vaisālī before coming to the Imperial throne, and why should this not be the official seal of one of his ministers of state?"

Another interesting seal, though unearthened from a depth of about three feet and a half yet being undoubtedly a very antique specimen, is that No. 211 (Figure 13, Plate II). It bears no legend but depicts the device of a spirited figure of what looks like a woman in the act of skipping a rope.

An unusually elegant seal is that No. 247 (Figure 11, Plate II). It has a broad oval area in the midst of which is the device of an animated figure of a seated lion facing to left and with the mane and curling tail depicted with all the skill of a professional herald. It bears a legend in very ornate characters, which reads "*Vishnudāsasya*," that is, "(the seal) of *Vishundās*" who must have commanded considerable respect in the local Herald's College."

The seals Nos. 248 and 347 (Figure 8 in Plate II) are very interesting and display a rounded oval area with the device of a standing bull facing in the centre. They are inscribed with a long legend in Gupta characters arranged around the edge, which makes mention of a *Mahākshatrpa* not yet identified. With regard to these two specimens, Dr. Spooner says: "The arrangement of the legend and the device in these specimens is curiously reminiscent of the departmental seals of the Government of India of the present day. They have a modern look about them in curious contrast to the antiquity of their lettering. Unfortunately, the legend is considerably worn in the same portion of both specimens."

In point of artistic merit the best seal in the collection is No. 241 (figured as No. 10 in Plate II), considering the animation and artistic grouping of its figures. Two specimens of this type were fortunately unearthed, one from a depth of 12 feet and the other from that of 13 feet 5 inches. It has a square oval area, slightly concave, with a double-lined border. It bears on it the very animated figure of a horse, running to left; while in the foreground to the left is the device of a boar apparently running to the right.

Another very interesting seal is No. 572 in the collection, which has been figured as No. 6 in Plate II. It is made up of one lump of clay bearing four separate impressions, consisting

of two impressions each from two separate matrices. Regarding this seal, Dr. Spooner says: "One shows a well-posed male figure with floating draperies, standing to left, with the right hand stretched out over a highly conventional figure of some sort which may represent a fire-altar although it looks more like a triply pointed mitre, while the other, which also has an oval area, shows the figure of a lion with open jaws, to the left, on a rectangular slab or platform. It may, of course, be mere accident but there is certainly a strong likeness between the lion on this seal and the famous Asoka lion on the column at Bakhra, some two miles from where this seal was found. I have not yet read satisfactorily the legend underneath the lion, but it clearly refers to some military rank or office, and I am strongly inclined to explain it, therefore, as in some way an official military seal of some portion of the forces stationed at what is now Bakhra. It is at all events improbable that a seal so strongly reminiscent of the Bakhra lion capital should occur at Vaisālī and yet have no connection with that monument. So that we shall probably be fully justified in looking upon this seal as a definite picture of the Asokan capital, with the sole difference that a flourish has been given to the tail which the sculptor had the wisdom not to attempt. In ancient Greece, famous statues were frequently engraved as devices for signet stones or gems, but, so far as I am aware, this is the first instance of any similar occurrence in India."

SARAT CHANDRA MITRA.

Hathwa.

IDEALS IN IRISH POETRY AND DRAMA.

(Concluded from our last Number.)

THE NATIONAL IDEAL PRACTICAL.

AND now we come down to the world of every-day affairs: that is to say, to the attempt to make the national ideal practical and actual. I would repeat here once more, that I am regarding ideals, even ideals put into practice, solely from the point of view of poetry and drama. All the splendid and practical work that is being done in so many fields is without my scope, unless it has been accorded treatment in literature. The Gaelic League fulfils this condition; so does co-operative farming; but the Irish Texts Society, for which Miss Eleanor Hull has laboured so devotedly, the Irish Folksong Society, so worthily associated with the names of Mrs. Milligam Fox and Mr. Alfred Percival Graves, the Sinn Féin, and many other organizations that stand for new ideals, have not yet, so far as I am aware, found bards to celebrate their achievements. This, I have no doubt, is only a matter of time, but I must not enlarge upon them here.

The National Theatre Society stands, however, on rather different ground, since the ideal of creating a national drama is closely connected with literature.

In spite of strictures of many kinds, legitimate and illegitimate, it cannot be denied that this society has done admirable work. It has at least succeeded in the stupendous task of giving to an ideal material and tangible form.

In thinking over the productions of the Abbey Theatre and of the Uister Theatre also, one is struck by the number of plays produced that deal with present life. One is further struck by the curious fact that many of these plays are entirely wanting in idealism. Lady Gregory, Mr. William Boyle, Mr. Synge, Mr. Padraic Colum, Mr. Yeats, Mr. S. L. Robinson, Mr. Rutherford Mayne,—all these have written peasant plays, but in how few cases are the characters moved by any motive beyond immediate profit or pleasure?

Mr. Synge's amazing works of genius have, as a rule, subjects both sordid and repellent : he would seem to imply that the bitter struggle for life, with its cruel tragedies, kills out ideals, or what is perhaps worse perverts them as in *The Playboy of the Western World*. Mr. William Boyle's amusing comedies have no object but to poke fun at the miser and the windbag. Lady Gregory, generally esteemed the finest writer of peasant plays, has a most racy humour, a most delicate insight, and a most happy touch ; but ideals do not play much part in her delightful little farces. They are, however, shadowed in the *Gaol Gate* which is perhaps her most tragic study.

Two poor women are waiting at the Gaol Gate for the release of a prisoner who has turned informer on his friends. One is his mother and the other his wife. They have come to tell him that he cannot return to his native village, because of the scorn in which he is held there. The Gaol-keeper tells them that the lad is dead, and the mother cries : " There is lasting kindness in heaven when no kindness is found upon earth. There will surely be mercy for him, and not the harsh judgment of men. But my boy that was best in the world, that never rose a hair of my head, to have died with his name under blemish, and left a great shame on his child."

And his wife wails : - " Oh Denis, my heart is broken, you too have died with the hard word upon you . . . Your name never to rise up again in the growing time of the year." But their sorrow turns to joy when they hear that he is innocent, and that he died to save a fellow-prisoner.

In the cases of Mr. Padraic Colum and Mr. S. L. Robinson, they do attribute ideals more or less definite to their peasant characters ; but to these we shall allude later on.

The specialized ideals concern themselves chiefly with the language, the land, and with commerce.

And first a word about the Language Ideal. I will proceed to quote at once from a little play written by Miss Leake Griffin.

Mary Lillis, an old country woman, is brought up before the Magistrate for not having her name in plain English on the shaft of her cart. She explains that after the big meeting when they were told to keep the old tongue from dying out altogether, she put her name in Irish writing on her cart. " That is me black crime." Thereupon the Magistrate observes : " Now Mary Lillis, it is very evident on your own showing that you have broken the law. Irish is not now the language of Ireland. You must obey the law of the country, and put your name in English on your cart. It's very romantic and sentimental to try and revive Irish, but we cannot allow people to carry their sentiments so far as to put their names in an obsolete or dead language

on their vehicles. As it is a first offence, you will be only fined 5s. and costs."

The greater art of the play concerns itself with the sale of Mary Lillis's sofa to pay these costs, and with the conversion of the girl who buys it to the language ideal.

Later in the play Mary expresses the language ideal in the following words :—

"My father and mother, God rest them, came from the west, where the people still have the old knowledge and the old traditions that were lost in the towns. And you and the likes of you would be like strangers in Ireland without country and language for ever, but for the rising of the Gaelic League that keeps the love of the old land warm in the hearts of the people. It's the Gaelic League that's teaching the girls and the boys their grand old language, and keeping them at home to work and fight for Ireland instead of going west to settle in the land of the stranger. The loss of the language and the traditions it is that has made Ireland the poor hopeless country to-day. There is no nation under the sun so poor as the people who have lost the knowledge of their forefathers. There is no land so lonely as where they don't know the meaning of the names that are on every field and river and hill beside them. There is no people on God's earth so hopeless as those who rear children for exile beyond the seas."

Miss Alice Milligan in *Hero Lays* brings the teacher of Gaelic into line with the heroes of old

"A man goes by on a wheel with the rain on his face
Against the way of the wind and he not caring,
Goes on through the winter night towards a lone some distant place
For his heart is hot with the glow of the ancient hero daring."

He has come—like the bringer of fire who in fighting days went out
With news that the clans must rise, upholding a flaming brand;
Another and yet another grasped it and bore it about
Till the rally had gone with the fire o'er the width of the waiting land.

And the fire he has brought to-night through the winter rain and storm
Is the rallying hope that our race shall live and shall yet prevail;
See the eyes of the young men glisten and the aged lean to listen,
To the glorious glowing speech of the yet unconquered Gael."

There is yet another side to the Language Ideal, a side advocated by Mr. Stopford Brook, who strongly urges the need and use of getting Gaelic literature into the English tongue. This is not the national but the international ideal—the desire that beautiful and inspiring things should be shared by all the world. Dr. Douglas Hyde has himself worked for this ideal in his exquisite translations of the *Love Songs of Connacht* and the *Religious Poems of Connacht*, and these have spread among countless readers the knowledge of the spirit behind Ireland. All who have given us fine and careful renderings from the Gaelic have generously shared their treasures instead of hording them up for their own use only, and we cannot be sufficiently grateful to them.

And now let us take another specialized ideal—the ideal of the land. There is one very interesting and curious play in which we are shown the attempts of an idealist, a dreamer, to carry his dreams and his ideals into practice—to idealize farming. I refer to Mr. Edward Martyn's *Heather Field*. Carden Tyrrell, the hero of the play, looks out upon the world and he sees a mountain, and he feels how grandiose and romantic it would be to turn this to the needs of man. His friend Ussher says: "He has sunk a fortune of buried capital in the reclamation of that mountain. Look at all the men he employed to root up rocks, and the steam ploughs too, that have been working during these last years." Here Tyrrell gives his own account of his undertaking: "There is something creative about it, this changing the face of a whole country. None of the humdrum barndoor work of ordinary farming, with its sordid accompaniment of the cattle market. When from the ideal world of my books these people forced me to such a business, I was bound to find the extreme of its idealization." Symbolic of his enterprises is the heatherfield that he would bring under cultivation—symbolic too of himself and of dreamers generally. His friend Ussher again says: "There are some dispositions too eerie, too ethereal, too untamable for good, steady domestic cultivation, and if so domesticated they avenge themselves in time. And again: "If heather lands are brought into cultivation for domestic use, they must be watched, they must have generous and loving treatment, else their old wild nature may avenge itself."

What is the end of it all? His wife, seeing that her husband is bringing ruin upon the house, tries to get two doctors to pronounce him mad; his old life of dreams begins to take possession of him again, and his little son, outriding, brings back buds of heather from the reclaimed field. Ussher explains to the wife that Tyrrell has lost grip of the world in these words: "The wild heath has broken out again in the heather field." This is rather an allegory, rather a poem-drama,

than a direct contribution to the question of the land ideal. It is written from the point of view of Larry Doyle, who holds that dreams unfit men for practical life.

Quite other problems perplex Mr. S. L. Robinson in his play of *Harvest*. In this play we have a schoolmaster, worthy and ambitious, who educates the children of a farmer beyond what is called their position; one becomes a lawyer, one a clerk, one daughter gets a post in London—with the result that only one son is left at home, and the farm goes from bad to worse. This problem of education is not confined to Ireland, but surely the fault lies, not in education itself, but in the form which education takes.

CONCLUSION.

Two conflicting ideals concerning Ireland stand out to my mind at the present day. They may not be mutually exclusive, but at the moment they do appear so.

On the one hand, we have the ideal of Ireland preserving intact her spiritual heritage of the past, Ireland, the Isle of Saints, the Isle of Destiny, virginal, uncontaminated, intuitive, even if the cost be poverty, and isolation. The high nobility of this ideal needs no emphasizing. "Yet what does it matter whether every Celt perished in the land," says A. E., "so that our wills, inviolate to the last, made obeisance only to the light which God has set for guidance in our souls." We have pointed out certain dangers that lurk in this ideal; we have tried to show how its less wise followers may fall into *idle* dreaming and fritter away their energies, and lose their grip on actuality. But it is an ideal that we cannot relinquish, that we cannot leave behind; an ideal that in this age, material, coarse, aggressive, brutal, becomes every day more important to uphold, every day more precious to preserve.

On the other hand, we have the ideal of Ireland rich, prosperous, powerful, happy, unoppressed by sordid cares, unworn by avoidable miseries. This ideal is voiced by Doyle, a metallurgical chemist turned civil engineer:

"Now whatever else metallurgical chemistry may be, it's not national. It's International. . . . My father wants to make St. George's channel a frontier, and hoist a green flag on College Green. I want to bring Galway within three hours of Colchester, and 24 of New York. I want Ireland to be the brains and imagination of a big commonwealth, not a Robinson Crusoe Island."

Emily Lawless has a very fine poem on the subject of commerce *versus* idealism.

Not hers your vast imperial town
Your mighty mammoth piles of gain,
Your loaded vessels sweeping down
To glut the main.

Unused, unseen, her rivers flow
From mountain tarn to ocean tide ;
Wide vacant leagues the sunbeam show,
The rainclouds hide.

You swept them vacant. Your decree
Bid all her budding commerce cease ;
You drove her from your subject sea
To starve in peace.

Well, be it peace. Resigned they flow
No laden fleet adown them glides
But wheeling salmon sometimes show
Their silvered sides.

Stud all your shores with prosperous towns
Blacken your hillsides, mile on mile !
Redden with bricks your patient downs
And proudly smile.

A day will come before you guess,
A day when men, with clearer light
Will rue that deed beyond redress
Will loathe the sight.

And loathing, fly the hateful place,
And shuddering, quit the hideous thing
For where unblackened rivers race
And skylarks sing.

This is beautiful : but the question is one of extreme subtlety, and cannot perhaps be settled so easily.

The conversation between Broadbent, Larry Doyle and Peter Keegan in the last act of *John Bull's Other Island*, on commerce and idealism, efficiency and inefficiency, seems to me one of the finest and most informing things in dramatic literature of the kind. Broadbent, the Englishman, goes over to Rosscullen with his partner Larry Doyle to look after some property there. Within 24 hours of his arrival Broadbent carries off the only ~~thing~~ practically

secures the Parliamentary seat, and plans out a big hotel and a golfcourse. "I shall bring money here," says Broadbent, "I shall raise wages; I shall found public institutions— a library, a polytechnic, (undenominational of course) a gymnasium, a cricket club."

Keegan at first takes up the question with gentle irony "Ireland, Sir, for good or evil is like no other place under heaven and no man can touch its sod or breathe its air without becoming better or worse." Broadbent remarks that efficiency is the thing and Keegan remarks: "I do every justice to the efficiency of you and your syndicate." Then, with a financial insight that takes aback the two partners he continues:

"When the hotel becomes insolvent your English business habits will secure the thorough efficiency of the liquidation. You will reorganize the scheme efficiently you will liquidate its second bankruptcy efficiently you will get rid of its original shareholders after efficiently running them and you will finally profit very efficiently by getting that hotel for a few shillings in the pound. Besides these efficient operations, you will close your mortgages most efficiently, and when at last this poor desolate countryside becomes a busy mint in which we shall all slave to make money for you with our polytechnic to teach us how to do it efficiently and our library to fuddle the few imaginations your distilleries will spare and our repaired round tower with admission sixpence and refreshments and penny-in-the-slot mutoscopes to make it interesting then no doubt your English and American shareholders will spend all the money we make for them very efficiently in shooting and hunting, in chintony and gamble, and you will devote what they save to fresh land development schemes. For our wicked centuries the world has dreamed this foolish dream of efficiency, and the end is not yet. But the end will come."

Broadbent: "Too true Mr. Keegan only too true. And most eloquently put. It reminds me of poor Ruskin a great man you know. Don't sneer I say. I used to read a lot of Shelley years ago. Let us be faithful to the dreams of our youth."

The whole scene is full of subtlety and insight but I must not dwell upon it any longer.

How to feed the body and keep inviolate the soul? The problem is an old one, but it is still one of extreme complexity. We await the genius who will reconcile these two ideals.

ETHEL ROIT WHEELER

London

THE FRUITLESS QUEST.

(Continued from our last number.)

II—NESCIO QUID SIT.

A SULTRY afternoon was ended, and the young Science Master of the Mufton Grammar School sighed with relief.

He had just reached that point when the first enthusiasm for his profession had given place to something different; for all efforts to rouse this class of four and twenty boys of average stupidity to take intelligent interest in their work had been unavailing. Therefore, when the sound of those hurrying feet on the stone steps leading from the class-room to the cricket field ceased, he sank back into his chair, and also fell into a brown study.

Looking down the room with its long table, he mechanically counted twelve balances that stood beneath a framework to which small pulleys were fastened, his eyes finally resting on a barometer of a peculiar bent appearance, which at a distance might have puzzled a stranger. Though quite familiar to him by this time, it was his habit to look at it whenever thoughtful. There was little else to attract attention, and one must look somewhere—even when drowsy.

But there seemed to be a shadow in the room; then many shadows, flitting about from point to point, from balances to pulleys, and one in particular, settled at last and took shape over this barometer.

"I do wonder," he was thinking, "why it is those boys never seem to—but there, what's the good of trying to find the explanation of anything?"

"I beg your pardon," said a voice, "did you speak to me?"

Turning round in astonishment, he saw a youth who was a total stranger.

"Good gracious! Who are you, and how did you get here?"

* "Not quite so fast, my dear Sir. You should know better than that! Things cannot be explained all in a hurry."

"Who are you? Would you like to see the Head Master?"

"No, thank you, not a bit of it," said the strange visitor. "I've seen him before."

"This is most extraordinary. Where do you come from?" cried the master with annoyance.

"Well, not to be so rude as you are, I may say that I came out of a cupboard in the adjoining laboratory. Really, the abominable smells your things make there are quite unbearable. And after all, what is the good of it?"

"Just what I often think myself," agreed the master.

The boy here seated himself on the table, but with a silence that was uncanny, for his way of doing so was by no means gentle.

"Very well then," he continued, "and now, since you seem more amiable and composed, let me talk to you. Ever seen me before?"

"Most certainly not!"

"Ever heard of me? My name is Gammage, Percy Gammage."

"No indeed! How should I know you, you have never been to the Mufton Grammar School?"

"Oh yes I have, years and years ago, probably before you were born. Surely, you must have heard of me. No! Well, I never did! How quickly the glory of this world passes away. Why, I was the boy who made a name for himself!"

"Indeed!" said the master suddenly interested.

"Yes, but I wish you wouldn't look so pleased. The fact is, when I was here, we had a wretched man who interested us boys very much in his Chemistry."

"Quite so, and so he should have done."

"Well, my interest took the form of prying into some of his secrets; and by accident I got hold of a bottle of a nasty yellow gas, which ended my career."

"But not your interest evidently."

"No indeed, and for that very reason I have haunted this building ever since; and as you are the present authority on Physics and Chemistry, have come to gain information."

Still the shadows moved and flitted round the room.

"What do you wish to know?" he asked, for though startled, force of habit compelled him to answer questions.

"Well, what *was* the beastly stuff?"

"Very suffocating was it?"

"It was."

"And yellow you say; greenish yellow?"

"Just so!"

"Oh chlorine, no doubt. A most wonderful thing is that the substance common salt, which is so harmless, and such a useful article, contains in its molecules, one atom of this same dangerous chlorine, and one of sodium, which will burst into a blaze after water touches it."

"But why did it kill me?"

"Because of its poisonous nature."

"And yet you can swallow it when you eat salt, and the sodium too without getting scorched. Surely, such things require further explanation."

"There are many matters we cannot explain," remarked the master.

"So I should imagine," said the boy, who now without noise of any kind left the table, and walked about the room and laboratory, keeping up a running fire of commentary which was punctuated by those strange darting shadows meanwhile. "But," he continued, "cannot you tell me just why and how it killed me?"

"Not exactly. Perhaps a medical man could better enlighten you there. It is a little out of my line."

"Not a bit of good; the Doctor might try to get out of it in the same way. I want to know what it actually did, how it acted, and what made it do so."

The young man shook his head.

"Never mind," said the boy, "I will be quite fair, and give you further things to answer. If you can satisfy me on any one point—then I'll go back to the cupboard; but not till then."

"Please go on, I will try to do my best."

"Very good. Now suppose we take the question of *Adhesion*. This afternoon you gave as an example the case of two leaden bullets, cut so as to have two equal and bright surfaces. I think you said, if firmly pressed together, it would require a force of more than 100 grammes to separate them; and two pieces of

polished glass, quite plane, must be broken to get them apart, that a drop will adhere to the lower extremity of a glass rod after it has been immersed in water, liquids run down the outside of a vessel when you try to pour them out, that all these things and gluing and soldering are due to this self-same cause which you call adhesion or molecular attraction "

" Quite so."

" But what is this attraction, and why are the molecules attracted? Tell me *that*! When you say this causes that, I admire and wonder at the fact, but really see nothing more in the explanation than this—something has done something "

" I don't know that I do myself "

" Well, that's candid any way. Now again, with *Compressibility*, you say gases may be made to occupy from 10 to 100 times less space and solids are compressible within certain limits, liquids also to a small extent. But whence this difference? If there is this point beyond which we cannot go, why do different forms of matter choose such, or any variety of volume? What was the inherent nature that gave these extraordinary predilections? "

" Oh " interrupted the master, " that we can certainly explain "

" Wait a bit " said the boy. " With *Elasticity* similarly, why should gases, solids, or liquids want to regain their original volumes? And moreover, why these different degrees of elasticity, some showing more inveterate dislike for the pressure, traction, flexure or torsion? What is their objection really? But keep quiet—I don't like having my ears pulled either. And again, with *Mobility, Motion, and Rest*, if we do not know what absolute motion and rest may be in nature, how is even the earth's action to be realised? It is going on at the rate of 18 miles per second, but I feel it perfectly maddening to suggest that we know what is really happening, when we do not do anything of the kind. As for *Inertia* and Newton's first Law of Motion, please tell me which is the natural state of matter, is it rest or motion, and what actually decides the point? "

" If you would only stick to the point " said the master in a fury, " I might be able to answer you. You also do not seem to take kindly to rest yourself, nor allow me much opportunity of giving you any answer "

"Do you wish for it?"

"Not at this moment, so please go on, I am learning quite a lot."

"Oh there's plenty more, I have only just begun."

"Then do not run off at a tangent. Please remember, by the way, that Newton said, every body continues in its state of rest or of uniform motion in a straight line, except as it is compelled by force to change that state."

"Precisely, oh yes, but why in the name of science should it do either one or the other? I do not do anything except on compulsion, and it is a word I dislike as much as Falstaff did."

"Force is, er—that which compels."

"Of course it is—but you do not—cannot tell me what Force is. You take a pendulum and experiment with a bullet and say there is attraction between the earth and the bullet, but what is this attraction? When you quote Newton and talk about universal attraction, this only makes me wonder what it may be! You suspend a body in two different positions to find the centre of gravity—but so far as I can see, you tell me no more than I find if I tilt my chair over backwards and fall on my head. Something happens then—no doubt, to the conglomeration of molecules composing myself—but what is the force of this attraction please? And that was a funny thing you showed the boys the other day with your pneumatic syringe compressing the air, which when the force was removed, resumed its original volume, the piston returning to its first position. The boys liked that experiment—evidently the air prefers to be left alone. But what gives it that preference? Heaven only knows!"

"Surely," cried the master, "common sense will tell you that if you compress a volume and then remove the pressure, the original volume will be regained."

"So far so good, but that only makes me wonder what caused the original volume, so let us proceed. *Work*, you say, is done when the temperature of a body is raised or electric, magnetic or chemical change is produced. Whence this capacity for producing either physical or chemical change—the power to do anything?"

"I think I am right in saying Fiske has told us that

'Physics knows nothing of causation, except that it is the invariable and unconditional sequence of one event upon another.' "

"Thank you very much. But please do not think I am dictating to you on Fiske or any one else. All I wish to remind you of is, that so far as science goes, there is always an absence of real explanation, at least it is so to my poor mind. For, as Romanes* once wrote, 'Behind all possible explanation of a scientific kind there lies a great inexplicable. . . . It is what it is, is all we can say of it.' So all I wish to do is to make you think. To proceed; what do you say now, after describing sound and our power of hearing, by means of tympanum, tympanic cavity, hammer, anvil, that marvellous stirrup bone, oval window, labyrinth, eustachian tube; the membranous part of the diaphragm—lined with its 3000 tiny threads (Corti's fibres) tuned so that only one set will answer to one simple sound, and be 'deaf to all others', any compound sound vibrating several—what after all these things and many more, is sound, how does it act on the brain? What do you say?"

"I did not speak."

"Can you track the message? When does vibration cease and the intelligent reception, the translation of *sound* into *sense* begin, and *what* is it we receive? Again," he continued, "you have theories about *Heat*, and by that of *undulation* there is very rapid oscillating or vibrating of molecules; the greater the heat, the more fierce the vibration. But what really brings about this oscillation; why through Friction or Percussion? Again, if Helmholtz is right in saying the heat of the sun is kept up by a continued contraction, and if but of 0.0001 of its mass, this would suffice to supply the heat radiated by our sun in 2,000 years, we still do not know what makes the sun contract. There is much hidden work through all the universe, don't you think? In vain we seek for what is really done to produce the result we see. Then take the case of Terrestrial Heat. Physicists say the earth has gradually solidified by radiation."

"So it has."

"But what is radiation?"

"The emission of heat—"

"You mean the heat won't stop where it is, and so goes out on a journey."

* *Thoughts on Religion*, Romanes, p. 47.

"Not very scientifically expressed."

"What do you say it does?"

"It radiates."

"And why?"

"Because it does."

"Precisely, but don't get heated yourself."

Döbereiner's lamp interested your boys very much. Döbereiner found when platinum black was placed in Oxygen, absorbing many hundred times its volume, owing to the density of the gas and the height of the temperature, strong combustion resulted. With his lamp, when hydrogen escapes and comes into contact with spongy platinum, it is ignited; given copper or any other substance, I presume, it would not so happen. Now we will vibrate and have a blaze, says something or other; it happens, but in God's name why?"

"You are making fun."

"I was never so serious in life— but you will see presently."

"Combustion is chemical combination attended with the evolution of light and heat," stated the master.

"Yes, they attend it; matches burn; I know that. Also I am aware what we call light is caused by rapid passing of waves through the ether; but what makes the vibration, or how the eye or the brain realises what is seen, is beyond me. Here is marvellous work indeed. Only take a minor instance in connection with eyesight. On the inner surface of a membrane a yellowish purple pigment is secreted. How is it nourished, colour and everything just so, and secreted just there? Seeing too, like hearing and feeling, is a message. It is brought by means of the dazzling sun from the open where the ether vibrates, but is only effectively received when it reaches the dark home beyond the retina. What is this sensitiveness? Why should an impression on the retina be so far persistent?"

"Only for a limited time," interrupted the master.

"Plateau experimented and found an average of half a second."

"Precisely, but what makes it stop there at all? Then take magnets. They are funny things, are they not? Repulsion and attraction! What starts this pushing away and drawing together? You remember the experiment with broken magnets, how each half possesses two opposite poles, and if again broken, still forms two complete magnets. Hence it is reasonable to

suppose that if in time the molecule were reached—supposing it possible—the ultimate particles would still be found to have the two magnetisms. Thus, as molecules are sound-giving, light-giving or magnetic, according to circumstances, we should like to know what light, sound or magnetism may be. Please, what is magnetism? Another pretty experiment was that with the pith balls and the narrow strip of ribbon to show that “two bodies charged with the same electricity repel” as with opposite electricities they attract each other. Why do they so act? How does friction cause a redistribution of positive and negative electricity? An electric spark is irregular like lightning—it is a way it has. Do you know what the force is which arranges iron filings in concentric circles on the cardboard, when the voltaic current is brought by a piece of wire?”

Here the boy seized a piece of chalk and wrote upon a large black-board—

“Give the answer to the following just one answer will do for them all.

- I. Why when electric energy enters wire from the outside is it destroyed as electric magnetic energy and converted into heat?
- II. Why do some liquids, when mixed, separate into distinct layers whilst others do not?
- III. Why do gases expand when heated and contract when cooled, have different colours tastes and smells, dissolve differently in extent whilst acids so much alike in some respects are so different in others?
- IV. Give true reasons for the presence of both air and water being necessary if iron is to rust? A reason for the activity of Oxygen and all its other properties? What is the real objection that metals have to being dissolved?
- V. When carbon dioxide is passed over heated iron filings, a gas issues forth to be only partly absorbed by caustic soda. Why? The power of absorption is surely limited by something, which is caused by something else, and so on we go—how far?
- VI. Carbon monoxide has a characteristic blue flame. What is the cause of that?

VII You speak of a chemical change when one substance is changed to one or more fresh ones which exhibit quite different properties. What is change *per se*? Immediate or by stages?

VIII. Why does moist Hydrochloric Acid Gas make you choke. It does so, is all we know. How is it Chlorine adopts its particular greenish yellow colour and is so very irritating? It is annoying of it not to combine with Oxygen. But why is it things ever do combine? They do or they do not; is this all you have to tell us?

IX The Oxygen contained by Nitre is said to be 'given up to easily oxidised substances.' Say what you really know of this 'giving up?'

X. Whence comes the determining factor to cause the physical properties of Sulphur, the form of those octahedral crystals, their density, melting, melting point? Whence the difficulty of making sulphur dioxide combine with Oxygen, and the more amenable behaviour of sulphur trioxide; the reason for the law of multiple proportions, that the good old Kendal schoolmaster Dalton gave us to show by what rule elements do combine; why Chlorine is ready to unite with Hydrogen, and Bromine and Iodine so sluggish and unwilling; a reason for their respective chemical activity; an explanation of the rapid motion of molecules which according to the Kinetic theory of Gases, makes them move in a straight line against one another?

"Or," he continued aloud, for the black board would hold no more, "tell me, what answer you can give to Flammarion, who asks, in what the solidity of a strong iron beam whose particles do not touch each other really consists? What is that force which keeps all bodies in shape?"* What is *that* visible thing?"

"I know not," groaned the master, "nor whether you are visible or invisible. Trouble me no more!"

"Aha," taunted the ghost. "Ask him!" and the shadows moved more rapidly round and round the room.

"Ask him," he cried again, "how, whether I be objective or subjective, does an apparition real or illusionary give its vision to the dark thalami of the brain? But again, does not the great astronomer ask with reason as he describes those 11 chief movements of the earth and the 60 distinct motions of the moon where we are to find any 'fixed point' for our support *? Is he not right when he says, that 'Worlds like atoms rest on the invisible'? Might he not have added—the *unknown*? If as some say † matter reigns alone, is he not warranted in asking, since matter is meekly obedient to Force, that they should first of all tell us what they mean by that famous word 'matter'? What is that mysterious force in a plant's life, he asks, and we may add, in the life and growth of all living things from infusoria to whales, from bacteria to human beings, which governs the life and can direct it in the maintenance of its existence? This choice of 'the proper molecules,' upon what depending? How are we to find out what matter is when we learn that — 'a millimetre has been divided into a thousand equal parts and Infusoria exist so small that their entire bodies, placed between two of these divisions, do not touch either of them' that the members and organs of these beings are composed of cellulæ, these of molecules, and these of atoms that the dimensions of atoms must be less than $\frac{1}{1,000,000}$ of a millimetre in diameter' . . . that in the duration of a second the ether through which light is transmitted makes 700,000,000,000,000 oscillations each of which is mathematically defined'? Finally, tell me what the hidden reason may be—as the same authority states that, 'If motion should stop, if force should be annihilated, if the temperature of bodies should be reduced to absolute zero—matter, as we know it, would cease to exist'? Yes, why—why? Is it not true, in short, that in the end, instead of a final explanation of any wonder of Science, you have ever to rely upon a bare statement * of fact, and the further you go and the deeper you search, the less reason have you to laugh at the empiricism of your fathers."

He paused. The room grew darker, for the sun had set, and the young master saw many shadowy forms passing con-

* Flammarion's *Urania* p. 206.

† Ibid p. 216.

‡ Ibid p. 217.

tinually before him, fit emblems of his doubts, and though persuaded there could be nothing of substance there surrounding him, he still seemed to hear the voice, nay, voices in numbers growing ever more threatening and insistent.

"Answer," was their cry. "Give but the right answer to any one of these things, and you shall be haunted no longer."

"Must I speak the truth?"

"For yourself, for those you teach, nay, for Science itself—it must be?"

His brain was swimming, and he had no power left for many words, whilst the ghostly cries became more horrible and terrifying.

"Answer!"

"I know not what it may be!"

"That will suffice. We leave you now, but let *Nescio quid sit* be the text of all your future teaching. You know not, nor does living man, what it all may be or mean, what works behind the infinitely great or infinitely small. So tell young and old ~~that~~ whatever else is hard, obscure and unattractive, Science has this one true message for us all, ever to be repeated and insisted upon, strengthened by every experiment and all research—for man at least the truth is mystery, glory, still unknown."

And so those shadows vanished. I know not whither.

FRANCIS GELDART.

England.

IDEALS.

It used to be the fashion to look down upon the Idealist. For some incomprehensible reason he was dubbed "unpractical." Incomprehensible because the true Idealist is the most practical man living, the man who really sets going the machinery of the Universe—who causes things to be done things which otherwise would never have occurred to mankind at all.

There used to be a school of thought—it exists now—but it is showing signs of decay. A school which declared that ideals were of no use to the world, and that all that mattered was a sufficiency of rice. It had no use for ideal to inspire men and lead them on perhaps to heights and plateaus yet undreamed of, it divided Society into two classes, those who worked and were therefore of use to the world, and those who dreamed and were to be considered as nuisances.

They were very unobservant these practical people. They did not see, for instance, that for thousands of years men have been creating civilizations and building cities, have been fashioning great nations and gathering them together into mighty empires, yet they are no happier now than they were in the beginning. They did not see that for a hundred years the men we see around us have been working furiously, breathlessly, making laws, making nations, making empires, exploring the earth and making her yield up her treasures, increasing the production of the earth, building houses and laying out cities, inventing machines which should do sufficient work to leave fifty men and women free to enjoy life; yet because of the darkness of their minds, and because they had no great ideals to guide them, they seem to be no nearer to the Kingdom of Heaven within or an earthly Paradise without. But though the mass of mankind seem not to have progressed at all, the stream is not quite stagnant; they have

progressed a little, for they are not entirely without inspiration. Even machinery cannot finally drive away inspiration, for man is by nature an idealist at heart. One of the best arguments for the divinity of man—for the existence of an intelligence beyond the physical brain—is the fact that man is never really at home in this material world. It was once said that man cannot live by bread alone, and however sternly the "rice" theory may be forced upon a man, he will never be wholly satisfied with rice, but will be continually seeking for an ideal of one kind or another. In the material world man is a wanderer, and great pressure needs to be brought to bear upon him in order to induce him to take an intelligent interest in it and to learn to mould it to his will : but in the world of ideals no such pressure is necessary, for there he is nearer to his native realm, there he is at home ; many men have lost touch with that world, but it is not desire which has drawn them away to the material one, but necessity.

People are apt to think that to be an idealist one must be an idler, one who is not in the position of having to cope with circumstances in any form ; but that is not so. Those who do not know the working classes, those too-patient people who are at present undermost in the struggle, will be surprised to learn that there are many shop assistants who, like H. G. Wells' Mr. Polly, feel vaguely that the world has somewhere something very much better and more splendid to offer them if they could but learn how to obtain it—yes, and many factory girls with urgent, haunting dreams of social reform and better and brighter cities, more fitted to a statesman.

When the practical life of a nation is guided by the ideal lives of its citizens, the lot of that nation is indeed a happy one. In this country it has not been our habit to think of our ideals very much in connection with our political life, but at the present time there are various forces working to bring home to us the fact that ideals are perhaps more potent than we thought : the Suffragettes, whatever one may think of their methods, and however irresponsible one may consider them, are at any rate bringing the heroic back into political life, and showing us that here in England in the twentieth century a woman may give up even her life for an ideal ; and in London recently Mrs. Annie Besant, speaking in the Queen's Hall, made use of her marvellous oratorical powers to exhort her audience to live the heroic life.

" You must try to live the heroic life, not the commonplace. One may be right or wrong in the particular thing one chooses to sacrifice oneself for, one may be mistaken or accurate in one's choice of a cause to which to give oneself, but to be able to pour out life and liberty and wealth and happiness, to care nothing for self in the face of the demand of an ideal—that makes the heroic life. For life in our own day is too small and too petty, too much swayed by worldly thought and worldly convention and worldly ideas, but within that shell of convention, within that shell of worldly ideas, there is growing up the spiritual life.

And looking round your world of to-day realise that of every man and every woman who tries to lead the heroic life, who sees a great ideal and tries to reach it, true words were spoken by Giordano Bruno, who said that the hero tried greatly, and that it was greater to try and fail ignobly than not to try. It is the effort that counts in spiritual stature, it is the effort by which the heroic life is judged; so, casting away the ties of your petty conventions, try to see the right and do it, whether other men see it and do it or not. Lead the life that is great in its conception, even if you sometimes fail in execution, for man grows by what he thinks, and the great thing he thinks to-day he shall realise in action to-morrow. No great act is done without great thinking, no great achievement without aiming at a great ideal."

If, deafened by the din and awed by the handiwork of those who act, we become scornful of those who dream, we shall err—for the dreamers are equally necessary. The world progresses by the majority putting into practice that of which the minority dreamed during the previous generation.

O'Shaughnessy, the Irish poet, says:—

" We are the music-makers
And we are the dreamers of dreams—
Wandering by lone sea-breakers
Or sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams—
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever it seems!

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities.
And out of a fabulous story

We fashion an empire's glory.
 One man with a dream, at leisure,
 Shall go forth and conquer a crown,
 And three, with a new song's measure,
 (An trample a kingdom down

We, in the ages lying
 In the buried past of the earth
 Built Nineveh with our sighing,
 And Babel itself in our mirth
 And overthrew them with prophesying,
 To the old of the new world's worth
 For each age is a dream that is dying
 Or one that is coming to birth

And so to-day is thrilling
 With a past day's late fulfilling
 And the multitudes are enlisted
 In the faiths which their fathers resisted
 And, scorning the dream of to-morrow
 Are bringing to pass, as they may,
 In the world, for its joy or its sorrow,
 The dream that was scorned yesterday

Yet the idealist need not necessarily be a dreamer. He may be intensely practical. He may be *really* practical—for there are various interpretations of the term. For one it means translating his ideals into practice whenever possible, but for another it means periodically gathering together his ideals and putting them upon one side, what time he gathers in the shekels (or helps to sentence his fellow-man to a month's hard labour for stealing something !)

You may tell yourself that you have dreamed long enough in your study, that henceforward you will take up your abode in the slums, and try to be of some material assistance to those around you, but the whole point is that now you *have* the ideal. If you had *not* dreamed of a fair city where the houses and streets shall reflect the beauty of man who called them into being, and where all the splendid individual characteristics of each man and woman, which are being gradually moulded in this furnace,

shall shine forth in all their glory—if you have 'not had that dream
you will not be able to do so much, perhaps, for the less fortunate
people whom you are trying to help '

I dreamed in a dream I saw a city invincible to the
attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth,

I dreamed that was the new city of Friends,

Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust
love it led the rest,

It was seen every hour in the actions of the men of that city
And in all their looks and words —(*Walt Whitman.*)

JASPLR SMITH.

England

H. G. WELLS.

THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE.

THE remark of Fletcher of Saltoun, "Let me make a nation's songs and I care not who makes its laws," is familiar to every student of literature. I cannot help thinking, however, that if the distinguished Scottish patriot were to revisit this mundane sphere, he might be tempted to question the wisdom of his choice. If he was to return from Valhalla, were it only for a week-end visit, and to find himself dumped down in the heart of a modern city as the theatres and music-halls are "skalin'", I can imagine that he would shake his ghostly head as he reflected on the musical proclivities of the present generation. I can imagine, too, the old man's feelings as he heard the young men and women of that Scotland which he loved singing lustily

"You made me love you
I didn't want to do it"

Or it might be, by way of variation:

"Who were you with last night
Out in the pale moonlight?"

"Keep on swinging me Charlie," or "Follow the foot-prints in the snow."

"Let me make a nation's songs and I care not who makes its laws!" No, I sadly fear that the glory of the ballad—"makkar"—has departed and that other influences are moulding the thoughts of men to-day. It is true that we have still our "Hamewiths" to remind us that Scottish poetry is by no means dead. I have an impression somehow that even Mr. J.

Keir Hardie would rather have been the author of "The Whistle" than have had the distinction of drafting either the Welsh Disestablishment Bill or the Irish Home Rule Bill itself. Still there is no gainsaying the fact that the age of the ballad—"makkar"—has gone. The fine old songs are no longer handed down "by word of mouth" from generation to generation. With the spread of education amongst all classes the power of the written word is steadily increasing, and, alike for purposes of instruction and entertainment, it is taking the place of the old time songs and ballads.

I have an impression somehow that if Fletcher of Saltoun were with us to-day, he would be tempted to express his aspirations somewhat after this fashion: 'Let me write a nation's novels and I care not who writes its Acts of Parliament.' There is at any rate a good deal of sound philosophy in that point of view. I am painfully conscious, of course, that a good deal of modern fiction—from a literary point of view—is neither better nor worse than the pantomime songs I have referred to. I am quite aware of the shortcomings of our modern authors, but still among the rush of novels that scarcely live for a day before they are forgotten, one frequently finds nuggets of real gold. Moreover, in recent years, a new school of novelist has sprung into being. Time was when the fashionable novelist never deigned to depict the daily, and perhaps humdrum, lives of working men and women. One would almost be tempted to think from their spurious pictures that modern society ran on wheels and that the work of the world was done by machinery. "Hudgers, ditchers, and (sic) cattle" were never mentioned. If by any chance one of the vulgar throng were allowed to creep into the pages of a work of fiction, the figure was almost invariably a caricature. The great novelists of the past, I know, are open to no such rebuke. Some of Sir Walter Scott's finest characters belong to the humbler walks of life. Dickens's working-class heroes too, bear the hall-mark of truth. Yet, these geniuses of the past notwithstanding, the statement is emphatically true that in the fashionable fiction of twenty to fifty years ago—and in a great deal of the fiction of to-day—working-class life and all the vast problems associated with it are either wholly ignored or grossly caricatured. That is particularly the case with the vast majority of the novelists, whose stories are evidently intended for the sole purpose of providing

entertainment—not always of a harmless kind—for the wealthy dames of Belgravia and the young flappers who may be expected one day to adorn Society (with a big “S”).

The new school of novelists is, however, gaining rapidly in influence and in popularity. To find among the mass of modern fiction a new novel by an author, who has the root of the matter in him, is as exhilarating to the jaded reviewer as water in a dry parched land to a thirsty traveller. Sometimes these things happen, and during the past eight or ten years several novelists of strong democratic bent have succeeded in winning the ear of the reading public. Mr. Pett Ridge has given us some admirable pictures of the railway men and their daily rounds; Mr. Robert Halifax and Mr. Neil Lyons have depicted life in the East End of London with remorseless fidelity, yet withal with an underlying sense of humour. Mr. Stephen Reynolds has given us some illuminating pictures of the Devonshire fishermen among whom he has lived and laboured. “James Bryce,”* in his “Story of a Scottish Ploughboy,” describes graphically life in the rural districts of Central Scotland, although sometimes perhaps the dark columns are laid on a little too heavily. Mr. Keighley Snowden has found his own sphere in his native Yorkshire; and Mr. John Masefield, who has written perhaps the two finest poems that have been penned this century, has also found his heroes and heroines in the working-class world.

In some respects, however, the most distinctive figure among modern democratic authors is Mr. H. G. Wells—scientist, philosopher, novelist and iconoclast. I do not mention Mr. George Bernard Shaw in this brilliant band because, curiously enough, while his plays are superlatively brilliant, his novels, written in his early years, seldom bring one into grips with real life, notwithstanding the fact that one of them has a prize-fighter for a hero. Mr. Wells, on the other hand, is at his best and greatest as a writer of fiction. It is in his novels that we find his most mature and carefully thought-out opinions on Life, Death, and Immortality. One may disagree with much that Mr. Wells says—and I find myself often opposed to the opinions which he expresses so dogmatically—but even his opponents recognise his many brilliant qualities.

It is giving away no secret to say that this author bears the honoured Scotch name of Anderson.

An ill-natured critic once referred to Pope as "a crooked little thing which asks questions." Mr Wells too has some of the characteristics of a point of interrogation. He probes deeply into the heart of things, and asks many searching questions which some of us have scarcely the courage to put to ourselves. It is true he does not always answer his own queries—or if he does, it is just as likely as not that the answer will be wrong. Still the mere asking of the question is of itself some slight advantage to the seeker after truth. Mr. Wells, moreover, has this further advantage over some of his contemporaries. He has a practical knowledge of working-class life—of certain phases of it at any rate—and he is familiar with the trend of thought in the new Labour Movement. I imagine he still looks back with pride on the morning when he revolted against the tyranny of modern shop life and, taking his courage in both hands, fled precipitately like a prisoner who makes a dash for freedom—never to return to his old place behind the counter again.

When his earlier novels were published, Mr Wells was hailed as one on whom the mantle of Jules Verne had fallen. In "The Time Machine," "The War of the Worlds" and "In the Days of the Comet," we have far-seeing scientific vision, allied to an awakening passion for social reform. Then came "Kipps," perhaps the author's most successful venture in the realm of pure romance. Even if he had written nothing else, Mr Wells would have won for himself a unique place among modern novelists. It is with Mr. Wells's sociological novels, however, that I wish to deal more particularly in the meantime. Of these the most noteworthy are "Tono Bungay," "Ann Veronica," "The New Machiavelli," "Marriage" and "The Passionate Friends." It is true that there are other novels in which Mr Wells takes occasion to expound his views on social and industrial questions. Even in, "The War in the Air"—wildest and most fantastic of romances, there is an eloquent sermon on international peace. In the five novels I have mentioned, however, we have the quintessence of Mr. Wells's social philosophy. Let us take "Tono Bungay" first.

"TONO BUNGAY."

"Life's a rum go, George." Mrs. Ponderevo had tasted the bitter and sweet of life. The carking cares of poverty, the inherent littleness of the middle-class world, the worries of enor-

mous wealth and the bitter fall to the bottom rung of the ladder once again—she knew what all that meant and her whimsical plaint gives the keynote to Mr. Wells's story. In the opening chapters of "Tono Bungay," one finds all those qualities of insight, delicacy and humour which charmed readers of "Kipps." But the author takes a firmer grip of the problems of life than in his earlier story, and combines something of that philosophic breadth and keen penetration into the heart of things which characterise his more ambitious studies. Tono Bungay is a patent medicine and the principal theme of the story is the rocket-like rise and fall of its inventor Edward Ponderevo. The story is told in autobiographical form, the narrator being George Ponderevo, the nephew of the great financier, and his associate in many amazing enterprises. Edward Ponderevo is a singularly realistic picture of a certain type of modern business man. In spite of the narrowness of his life he has many loveable traits. The nephew may have known all along that they were selling "slightly injurious rubbish" at 2s. 9d. a bottle, but to the end the inventor retained a sublime faith in the virtues of the concoction. Anyhow, he made Tono Bungay hum. "It brought us," says George, "wealth, influence, respect, the confidence of the endless people." From a hard-working chemist in a little shop in a back street in a provincial town, Edward Ponderevo rose to be one of the best known financiers in Britain. "Tono Bungay" was successfully floated as a company, and still it continued to "hum." Other businesses were next dealt with by Edward Ponderevo and as a company-promoter he waxed fat and famous. He commenced to build a gorgeous palace, which a Prince might have envied. Such was the hero of "Tono Bungay." "There he stands in my memory," says the narrator, "the symbol of this age for me, the man of luck and advertisement, the current master of the world." But even while the two financiers were in the hey-day of their fame, George Ponderevo was not without his misgivings regarding their manner of life.

"Great God!" I cried, "but is this Life?" For this the armies drilled, for this the law was administered and the prisons did their duty, for this the millions toiled and persisted in suffering in order that a few of us should build palaces we never finished, make billiard-rooms under ponds, run imbecile walls round irrational estates, scorch about the world in motor cars, drive flying machines,

play golf and a dozen such foolish games of ball, crowd into chattering dinner-parties, gamble, and make our lives one vast dismal spectacle of witless waste. So it struck me then, and for a time I could think of no other interpretation. This was Life. It came to me like a revelation at once incredible and indisputable of the abysmal folly of our being.

George Ponderevo is not quite so satisfactory a creation as his uncle. It is evidently the intention of the author to present him as a characteristic production of the twentieth century, a youth naturally refined with a bent towards science, not without some praiseworthy traits, but one whose best qualities are stunted and withered by the modern craze for money-making. George was the son of an upper servant in an ancient county family, and in introspective fashion Mr. Wells gives a most admirable account of his boyhood and adolescence, beginning with the time when he made love to the Honourable Beatrice Normandy and blacked the eye of a youthful Viscount. His sojourn with his cousin Nicodemus Frapp, a master baker on a small scale, gives Mr. Wells an opportunity of indulging in some pungent strictures on the orthodox views of hell. "My cousin tried very hard," says the unbelieving George, "to get me to 'jest 'ave a look at the bake-ouse fire, before I retired. It might move you', he said." But George's real story begins when he became apprentice to his uncle, afterwards the inventor of Tono Bungay, the world famous remedy for all ills. The story of his marriage and divorce, of his fruitless expedition to the West Coast of Africa, of how when the lust for gold burned in his veins, he murdered a prying native—all this is told as only Mr. Wells could tell it. When the inevitable crash came, the snarling enemies and fair-weather friends of the great financier soon discovered that he was made of common clay. "That chap Wittaker Wright," said Edward Ponderevo to his nephew, "he had his stuff ready. I hav'nt. Now you have got it, George. That's the sort of hole I'm in." The fallen financier and his nephew made a marvellous flight across the Channel in an airship, but the inventor of Tono Bungay, spiritless and heart-broken, passed away in a foreign land far from the scene of his triumphs and his failures. Towards the close of the story the Hon. Beatrice Normandy again crosses the orbit of young George Ponderevo. Her reputation was smirched by that time but the passion of their childhood was easily revived. Her vehe-

ment reply to George's wooing obviously sums up the moral which Mr. Wells seeks to enforce in this powerful story:—

"It's no good," she cried almost petulantly. "This little world has made—made us what we are. Don't you see—don't you see what I am? I can make love. I can make love and be loved prettily. . . . But I couldn't be any sort of helper to you, any sort of wife, any sort of mother. I'm spoilt. I'm spoilt by this rich idle way of living, until every habit is wrong, every taste wrong. The world is wrong. People can be ruined by wealth just as much as by poverty. Do you think I wouldn't face life with you if I could, if I wasn't certain I should be down and dragging in the first half-mile of the journey? . . . You don't understand because you're a man. A woman when she's spoilt is spoilt. She's dirty in grain. She's done."

When the story closes George Ponderevo has forsaken quackery and finance, and is winning fame as a scientist and inventor—a designer of airships and destroyers.

In this story, it will be observed, we have not only a brilliant satirical exposure of modern business methods, but an illuminating study of the corrupting influences of riches as well.

"THE NEW MACHIAVELLI."

In "The New Machiavelli," Mr. Wells essays a bolder task. Both this novel and "Ann Veronica" have been banned by most of the libraries. Many well-meaning people regard them as garbage of the gutter, and I doubt not but they would burn both with as much goodwill as a certain English Library Committee burned "Tom Jones" the other day. Until the publication of "Marriage" a couple of years ago "The New Machiavelli" might have been justly described as Mr. Wells's most ambitious novel. One hesitates to say, however, that it is either his best or his greatest. It is a searching, penetrating criticism of modern society and a masterly analysis of the ideals, motives, and aspirations of modern politicians, but one misses the genial, whimsical humour of "Kipps," and the dramatic intensity and all-embracing sympathy of "Tono Bungay." "The subjective history of a modern politician" is the author's own description of the book, but it is that and something more. It is an able and frequently eloquent presentation of a problem—or a phase of a problem—with which modern society has more than once been confronted.

during the past few years. One may disagree—and I do disagree very strongly with the conclusions at which the author arrives—but I cordially recognise his sincerity of purpose and the fearless fashion in which he discusses unwelcome and sometimes unsavoury problems.

"The New Machiavelli" is written in the first person. It purports to be a candid and critical autobiography of one Dick Remington, who had in his time achieved some distinction as a journalist and politician. He is now living on the Continent under the cloud of a dark scandal—a scandal that had led to his exile and banishment from English public life. But Remington, although he acquiesces for the moment, is by no means disposed to accept in silence the sentence pronounced upon him by Society, and his reply to the man who urged him to hush up the scandal seems to us to give the keynote to the whole story —

It's our duty to smash now openly in the sight of everyone. I've got that as clear and plain—as prison whitewash. I am convinced that we have got to be public to the uttermost now mean it—until every corner in our world knows this story knows it fully, adds it to the Parnell story and the Ashton Dean story and the Carmel story and the Witterslea story, and all the other stories that have kicked man after man out of English public life the men of active imaginations, the men of strong initiative. To think this tottering, old-woman-ridden Empire should dare to waste a man on such a score.

That outburst gives the key to the whole story, and if the author's standpoint is kept clearly in mind, readers will be saved much of the bewilderment and mystification that has quite evidently overtaken more than one of Mr Wells's critics. Remington, as I have said, tells his own story, and he finds in Machiavelli, the great Italian statesman, some parallel to his own position and aims. "He takes me with sympathy not only by reason of the dream he pursued and the humanity of his politics, but by the mixture of his nature. His vices come in essential to my issue." Remington was born in the middle rank of life—"on the fringe of the possessing class"—and in the earlier chapters there are some suggestive comments on modern education. Remington's father—"a lank-limbed man in easy, shabby tweed clothes, and with his hands in his trouser pockets"—is one of the best

and most distinctly human characters in the book, in spite of the fact that he disappears from the story at a very early stage. Still he is worthy of a place alongside Mr. Polly and Mr. Ponderevo in Mr. Wells's famous gallery of portraits. Most of the other characters—Remington himself, Margaret his wife, and Isabel his companion in the scandal—savour too much of the dissecting-room. We admire the skill and dexterity with which Mr. Wells pierces with his scalpel the innermost recesses of their souls ; we watch with wondering awe the clever fashion in which he dissects and analyses their motives and desires, but they fail to arouse either our likes or dislikes. One would just as soon think of confessing to symptoms of affection for the cold corpse of the surgeon's dissecting table. At the same time, we recognise that the dissecting knife has its uses. Remington's father, however, lives. One can even understand his bitter resentment—when his attempts at gardening ended in failure—against "pandering to cabbages!" "Get education, get a good education. Fight your way to the top. It's your only chance. . . . You'll do no good at digging and property-minding. There isn't a neighbour in Bromstead wont be able to skin you at such-like games." That was the old man's advice to his son, and when Remington, the elder, died, Dick firmly declined all the tempting offers of his wealthy uncle to enter on a business career, and went off instead to Cambridge to obtain that education which his father prized so highly. During his University career he visited his uncle occasionally, and found time to indulge in a mild flirtation with one of his pretty cousins, but it was during a walking tour on the Continent that he first realised the powerful influence that sex was to exercise on his life. Milly was the wife of a dull-headed drysalter—retired. They met at a hotel in Switzerland, and this time the flirtation was not a harmless one. Probably Mr. Wells is not unduly lewd in describing some of Remington's friendships, but he is certainly open to the charge of painting vice in alluring colours. Perhaps, however, he would retort that he paints vice as it is—"paints the thing as he sees it," as Kipling would say.

"When we form that League of Social Science we were talking about" (said Remington's friend Willersley), "charity will be first among the virtues prescribed." "I shall form a rival League," I said a little damped. "I'm hanged if I give up a single desire in me until I know why."

"I was no systematic libertine," declares Remington emphatically, but he adds—"I can count a meagre tale of five illicit loves in the days of my youth, to include that first friendship, and of them all only two were sustained relationships." In telling the story of these illicit loves Remington is often unnecessarily plain. He is as candid as Rousseau, as candid as Mr. Wells's own friend, George Meek, the bath-chairman. In due course Remington married a wealthy young woman whose mental and spiritual outlook will be understood when it is mentioned that she thought Tintoretti's "Origin of the Milky Way" was "needlessly offensive." Soon the hero is launched into the maelstrom of politics. He gets to know everyone in London who is worth knowing and some who are not—and we are given a series of what are understood to be composite portraits of well-known publicists and politicians. There has been much gossip and some scandal about this part of the volume. Many of the portraits are easily recognised. It is scarcely possible to mistake the identity of the Labour leader who went to lecture to the students at Cambridge on Socialism. Many of the public persons who figure in the story are caricatured, and even their best qualities distorted and Mr. Wells certainly lays himself open to the charge that he is "having his own back" upon certain people with whom he has quarrelled, but whose hospitality and personal friendship he had at one time enjoyed. Few people who are familiar with the public personages in London—particularly those who are connected with the reform movements of the day—will have much difficulty in recognising the two apostles of social organisation, Mr. Bailey and his wife Altiora—

At the Baileys' one always seemed to be getting one's hands on the very string that guided the world. You heard legislation projected to effect this "type" and that; statistics marched by you with sin and shame and misery and injustice, reduced to quite manageable percentages; you found men who were to frame or amend Bills in grave and intimate exchange with Bailey's omniscience; you heard Altiora canvassing approaching resignations and possible appointments that might make or mar a revolution in administrative methods, and doing it with a vigorous directness that manifestly swayed the decision; and you felt that you were in a sort of signal box with levers all about you, and the world outside there, albeit a little dark and mysterious beyond the window, running on its lines in

ready obedience to those unhesitating lights, true and steady, to trim termini.

Mr. Bailey and his wife made strenuous efforts to bring the Socialists and the advanced Liberals into closer touch with one another. In this task they were assisted by Remington and his wife Margaret who, it may be mentioned, was an ardent and enthusiastic Liberal.

When I think of the Socialists there comes a vivid memory of certain evening gatherings at our house. These gatherings had been organised by Margaret as the outcome of a discussion at the Baileys'. Altiora had been very emphatic and uncharitable upon the futility of the Socialist movement. It seemed that even the leaders fought shy of dinner parties. "They never meet each other," said Altiora, "much less people on the other side. How can they begin to understand politics until they do that?" "Most of them have totally unrepresentable wives," said Altiora, "totally!" and quoted instances, "and they will bring them, or they won't come! Some of the poor creatures have scarcely learnt their table manners. They just make holes in the talk

One can overlook this kind of thing in Mrs Tweeddale's stories, but equally readily one can understand why there is a good deal of resentment among Mr. Wells's old associates at passages such as these—and there are many of them—which occur in this novel. There is no need to discuss in detail the sordid story of Remington's downfall. He had joined the Tories shortly after Mr Lloyd George's democratic Budget of 1909 was introduced; he had abandoned now the "outworn shibboleths of Liberalism," and advocated instead a curious brand of Tory democracy. It was about this time that the catastrophe occurred, and Remington became enamoured of a clever young woman who had helped him in his first election

"Things were incurably complicated by the intellectual sympathy we had, the jolly march of our minds together," the hero tells us, and he labours strenuously to convince us that there was something grand and magnificent about their unholy passion—something "fine" as he puts it. I fail to recognise it. Indeed, the whole book—but particularly the closing chapters—is a glorification of gross, callous selfishness and sexual passion. An attempt was made to hush up the scandal by marrying Isabel to one of Remington's friends, but the device failed. "And then we broke down. We broke our faith with Margaret and

Shoesmith, flung career and duty out of our lives, and went away together."

I have already said that in his conclusions and implications Mr. Wells is hopelessly wrong. It is true that the man who wastes things in general and the Seventh Commandment in particular may be a much less dangerous person in Parliament than his sanctimonious colleague who "never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one," but sweats his workers, or rack-rents his tenants, and contributes liberally all the while to missions for the purpose of persuading the natives of Timbuctoo or Zululand to embrace the blessings of civilisation and wear the cheap shoddy cotton manufactured in his mills. Still, I emphatically agree with the writer of a brilliant suffragist novel published the other day that "social and moral progress is impossible so long as the legislation of the country is in the hands of men many of whom have broken the ten commandments with a crash and come a notorious cropper over some of life's most decent fences." Nevertheless, I recognise in this story of Wells's many rare qualities which command one's admiration. Earnestness, sincerity, candour, and eloquence are stamped on every page. It is a book for strong-minded people. Those who are not ashamed to look life fearlessly in the face will enjoy a rare literary treat in reading "The New Machiavelli."

Space would fail me were I to attempt to analyse the teachings of "Ann Veronica" and "The Passionate Friends," for I wish to devote some attention to Mr. Wells's other great novel entitled "Marriage." Suffice it to say that "Ann Veronica" is a companion novel to "The New Machiavelli." In it Mr. Wells tells, from the point of view of Ann Veronica, how a modern young woman determined, like Remington, to "smash things." "The Passionate Friends" may also be classed in the same category.

"MARRIAGE."

In "Marriage," however, Mr. Wells views life from a different standpoint. The story marks a distinct advance in the author's intellectual development. In this case the critics have no cause to scowl, library committees to ban, nor scandalised Mrs. Grundy to hold up her hands in pious protestation. That, however, is only a negative virtue, but the story has far stronger

claims on public attention than that. It is no exaggeration to say that "Marriage" is in some respects the greatest novel that Mr. Wells has yet written. The opening chapters are reminiscent of "Kipps"—and "Tono Bungay" at its best. There are the same subtle humour and pungent satire which delighted so many readers of Mr. Wells's earlier romances. The English middle-classes, particularly that section amongst them whose aim in life seems to be to initiate movements for compelling the working classes to do the things they don't want to do, are rather mercilessly caricatured. Aunt Plessington, for example, was one of that type. "She was like Bernard Shaw's life force, and she really did not seem to think there was anything in existence but shoving. She had no idea what a lark life can be, and occasionally how beautiful it can be when you do not shove, if only, which becomes increasingly hard each year, you can get away from the shovers." Aunt Plessington's passion in life was—by means of "movements"—to shove the lower classes into the paths of virtue. Another of the same type of fussy people was Mr. Pope—a reformer, too, in his way, but in private life irritable, dogmatic, overbearing—bullying almost in his behaviour to his wife and family. These and other types of reformers who are determined to send the great world spinning down their own little groove are held up to ridicule by Mr. Wells in good-humoured fashion. He holds the mirror up to the "Gawdsakers"—of whom more anon—and if they have the faintest spark of humour they could scarcely fail to laugh at their own distorted figures. It must be admitted that the mirror which Mr. Wells uses is of the convex type, which gives an air of lugubrious solemnity even to commonplace mortals. But even in the caricature there is always an element of truth.

Marjorie Pope, the heroine, is a university girl who reads Shaw on municipal trading and spends her afternoons at golf and tennis. Her wedding with Trafford, the staid scientist and professor, was highly romantic. The luckless man, as a matter of fact, fell out of his friend's aeroplane into Mr. Pope's garden and before many days had passed he won the affections of Marjorie and saved her from the worse fate of marrying an author (with something of a reputation as a humorist) for whom she was wholly unsuited. Now Trafford, like most scientists, had but limited means at his command, while Marjorie, in spite of her many

excellent qualities, was light-hearted, irresponsible, and extravagant. They were devotedly attracted to one another and perfectly loyal, but Marjorie's expensive tastes made it necessary for her husband to abandon his research work, and prostitute his genius on the hum-drum altar of business. Success came in due course, and it would have been quite possible then for the pleasure-loving wife to have gratified all her wildest whims. But her husband by this time was confronted by the awful thought that he had become a Judas. Trafford was, indeed, face to face with the world-old problem—"What must I do to be saved?"—saved not in a theological but in a personal rather than a social sense. He turned his attention to the Labour and Socialists parties for a time, but "found their ill-marked feuds and jealousies of their leaders, the sham statecraft of G. B. Madgeberg, M.P., the sham Machiavelism of Dorvil, the sham persistent, good-heartedness of Will Pipes, discouraging and irritating." Meanwhile "the immense troublesome futility of everything" impressed itself more strongly than ever on the mind of Trafford. As he said to his wife—

It's just the good, the exquisite things in life that make one rebel against the life we are leading. It's because I've seen the streaks of gold that I know the rest for dirt. When I go cheating and scheming to my office, and come back to find you squandering yourself upon a horde of chattering, over-dressed women, when I think that that is our substance and everyday and what we are, then it is I remember most the deep and beautiful things. It is impossible, dear, it is intolerable that life was made beautiful for us—just for these vulgarities.

It was just at this crisis in his life—having discovered like the Preacher, that "all is vanity"—that Trafford decided to flee from the ultra civilised world for a time, and so, with his wife, he betook himself to the wilds of Labrador. From this point onwards every page in the book bristles with deep, pregnant thoughts on the great problems of life. There in their exile, living the simple life, face to face with the elemental laws of nature, husband and wife found their souls again.

Perhaps I shall die a Christian yet. The other Christians won't like me if I do. What was I saying? . . . It is what I reach up to, what I desire shall pervade me, not what I am. Just as far as I give myself purely to knowledge, to making feeling and thought clear in my mind, and words to the understanding and expression of the

realities and relations of life, just so far do I achieve Salvation. . . Salvation! . . .

I wonder, is salvation the same for everyone? Perhaps for one man salvation is research and thought, and for another, expression in art, and for another, nursing lepers. Provided he does it in the spirit. He has to do it in the spirit

Thus Trafford—the echo of Browning in Mr Wells's new philosophy—will be readily recognised. But Trafford probes yet more deeply into the heart of things

I heard Haldane at the Aristotelian once go on for an hour—no! it was longer than an hour—as slick and slick as a well-oiled sausage machine, about the different kinds of Absolute, and not a soul of us laughed out at him! The vanity of such profundities! They've no faith, faith in patience, faith to wait for the coming of God. And since we don't know God since we don't know His will with us, isn't it plain that all our lives should be a search for Him and it? Can anything else matter—after we are free from necessity? That is the work now that is before all mankind to attempt understanding—by the perpetual fixing of thought and the means of expression, by the perpetual extension and refinement of science by the research that every artist makes for beauty and significance in his art, by the perpetual testing and destruction and rebirth under criticism of all these things and by a perpetual extension of this intensifying wisdom to more minds and more minds and more till all men share in it, and share in the making of it. There you have my creed, Marjorie, there you have the very marrow of me.

It may be objected that Mr Wells's "new" creed is world-old. That is no doubt true. There is no new thing under the sun, and Solomon expressed the same idea more than three thousand years ago. Greed and haste Trafford regarded as the enemies of all true progress. "Then the Gawdsaker tramples us under." Who the Gawdsaker is Trafford explains to his wife in this wise—

He's the person who gets excited by any deliberate discussion and sets to wringing his hands and screaming, "For Gawd's sake, let's do something now", I think they used it first for Pethick Lawrence, that man who did so much to ruin the old militant suffragettes and burke the proper discussion of women's future. You know. You used to have them in Chelsea—with their hats. Oh! "Gawd-saking" is the curse of all progress, the hectic consumption that kills a thousand good beginnings.

Thus it was, during the winter spent in the wilderness of Labrador, that Trafford and Marjorie "found God." There are many noble and beautiful passages in the book—indeed, the concluding chapters contain some of the finest things that Mr. Wells has ever written. It is a brilliant and stimulating story, abounding in deep and subtle thoughts on the problems of life. There is humour and satire in it as well as penetrating observation; and—what is perhaps even more important—it marks a real advance in the intellectual development of one of the most gifted of modern novelists.

STILL A SOCIALIST.

With Mr. Wells's definitely Socialist works I do not propose to deal at any length, because his social philosophy is even more admirably expressed in his novels than in his essays. Mr. Wells's books and pamphlets are, however, among the most stimulating and suggestive works on Socialism that have appeared in recent years, although they are marred by flaws somewhat similar to those which I have referred to when discussing his novels. "New Worlds for Old," "The Modern Utopia," and "Anticipations" are all characterised by clear and original thinking and a frankly independent outlook on life. Although Mr. Wells has severed his connection with organised Socialism, that I think is due to the fact that he experiences considerable difficulty in running in a team rather than to any abandonment of the principles which he has championed so eloquently. Indeed, he himself has said so very definitely in a letter published quite recently in the "Labour Leader":—"I have not rejected Socialism," he says emphatically, and he adds: "I left the Social Democratic Party because it was hopelessly doctrinaire, and I left the Fabian Society . . . because I could not induce that body to alter its Basis, and confess to the citizenship of women and the endowment of motherhood."

In spite of his shortcomings—shortcomings which I have rather glossed over, not ignored—Mr. Wells is undoubtedly one of the most wholesome and stimulating influences in modern English literature. As the years pass on, the likelihood is that the more wholesome aspect of his work will receive greater prominence than it has done in the past. His healthy optimism is in itself an inspiration. "I believe," he says passionately as a doubting

lover believes in his mistress, "in the future of mankind." He sees the blots on the social life of to-day, but still he is one of those who :

"Never doubted clouds would break
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong
would triumph,
Held we fall to rise and baffled to fight better, sleep
to waken."

WILLIAM DIACK.

Scotland.

MAN AND WOMAN.

Are we not tunes of the Same One Dream?
Are we not stars of the Same One Gleam?
Are we not fruits of the Same One Tree?
Are we not waves of the Same One Sea?

PURAN SINGH.

♦

WILLIAM JAMES AND HIS PHILOSOPHY.*

THE current notion about philosophy is that it is a dry-as-dust subject, dealing with nothing special, having nothing to do with mundane affairs, providing occupation for unintelligible and confused heads and couched in as unintelligible and confused language. Philosophy was once defined as looking for a black horse, in a dark place, where there is no horse. The reproach implied is not wholly unmerited. Philosophic conclusions have always been marked by a greater or less amount of strangeness and unfamiliarity. How they are connected with the every-day world is by no means clear; and more often than not, these conclusions stand in direct contradiction to the dictates of common sense and experience. These contradictions, so far from making philosophers revise their conclusions, have only led them to glory in antinomies. Inconsistency with experience is, to them, more a mark of respectability than otherwise. And when there is the further qualification of unintelligibility, philosophy is supposed to have attained the acme of perfection.

To remove, as far as possible, this divorce of philosophy from life and to turn the former from pedantic masquerade to more respectable and useful occupations, was the work of William James. He was the first to show that it is possible to be profound without pedantry, to be philosophic without transcending experience.

The reason, perhaps, for this was that James was not trained as a philosopher. In "A Pluralistic Universe," James marvels at the German cerebral endowment. His own must have been much more marvellous. Starting with the study of medicine, to pass on to the detailed study of physiology is easy enough. But it is not given to all to pass thence to a study of psychology, to become master both of psychology and philosophy and to free those sciences of their fetters. It is quite possible that his own unconventional study of philosophy

*Some of the arguments above stated are traceable more to the followers of James than to James himself. They have been here adduced in the belief that they will exhibit the Jamesian position in a clearer and stronger light.

helped him much in despising such conventionality and finally doing away with them.

The main factor of interest in James' philosophy is his theory of truth. Truth, it was supposed, was some transcendent deity, deigning to be present in some judgments and keeping away from others. Truth or falsity, say some, is measured by the degree of correspondence between a judgment and the object of the judgment. We say of a picture that it is faithful or true, when it corresponds to the object represented. Similarly of propositions. But the difficulty here is, "how are we to know objects independently of our judgments?" In the absence of such independent knowledge, we have no means of testing the degree of correspondence between our judgments and their objects. It is equally evident that such independent knowledge is impossible. What knowledge we have, starts with judgment.

The essence of truth, say some others, lies in Coherence. A proposition or set of propositions, which fits in consistently with our body of knowledge, to form an organic whole, must be true. Truth is an organic whole and its parts are always consistent. These theorists, however, forget that systematic falsehood is as possible as systematic truth. It is true knowledge that one fault makes many. Consistent inference is as possible from a false proposition as from a true one. The coherence theory cannot supply an adequate test for distinguishing truth from error.

The Jamesian theory of truth is known as pragmatism. An idea is true, says James, if it works well, i.e., if it brings one into successful relations with the reality which it is supposed to stand for. I have, for instance, an idea of the Memorial Hall. This idea is true, if by following it up, I can have further experiences of the Memorial Hall. The truth or falsity of an idea is determined by its practical utility. Mere intellectual consistency is not enough. Scientific knowledge is impossible without assumptions. These assumptions are justified, for the purpose of the special sciences, if they fit in with ascertained facts. But they cannot be said to be *true* until they satisfy emotional and volitional demands as well. These are as much facts of experience as intellectual demands and nothing can claim to be true which ignores them. To sum up an idea is true, if it is verifiable, i.e., if it leads to *more* of experience, whether that *more* be intellectual, or emotional or volitional, provided the *more* is congruous with the given.

Armed with this theory of truth, James makes short work of metaphysical chimeras. *A priorism* is hollow. *A priori* reasons are not more conclusive than empirical grounds. Indeed, the latter may be said to be more conclusive, since we see our theory or hypothesis verified in actual experience. No hypothesis need be *demonstrabile a deo*.

Enough if it can be shown to fit in with all known facts—intellectual, emotional or volitional.

There can be no absolute gap between science and Metaphysics—in method, at least. Both must take facts into account in the beginning as well as in the end. The only difference that can be observed is that the field of Metaphysics is wider, that it includes and explains a larger number of facts than any special science.

No quantitative comparison is implied. In other words, metaphysics aims at explaining the whole universe in a co-ordinated manner, the explanation of the parts being undertaken by the special sciences.

Neither is science wholly confined to facts, nor metaphysics to fictions of the imagination. The gulf between fact and theory, phenomena and hypotheses, which explain them, has been unnaturally magnified by intellectualists. The actual difference is not so great. Fact is verified or confirmed theory. A theory is something which is in process of becoming fact. Any science must combine both fact and theory, in this sense, and can never deal with one to the exclusion of the other. That which is verifiable is true, as, for instance, the existence of tigers in India. Truth means verifiability. A proposition is not true otherwise than as it is practically valuable. Truth and practical utility coincide. How far this supposed coincidence is true, or how far it is necessary in the interests of pragmatism, does not concern us here. This coincidence has been emphatically affirmed by some to be the cardinal principle of pragmatism; and it has been as emphatically repudiated by others (A. W. Moore : *Pragmatism and its Critics*). James himself unfortunately makes statements which countenance, if they do not explicitly favour, the coincidence doctrine. Truth, he says, is what it is *known as* practical value. It would be more correct to say that it is known as practically *valuable*. This portion of the theory, however, is more of a side-issue and need not concern us here.

The pragmatic method has been most fruitfully applied by James to the problems of metaphysics. As yet, the results have been mainly negative. They are not, however, to be under-estimated. They constitute the preliminary clearing of the house, preparatory to making it a habitable dwelling. The dominant philosophic tradition in his time (and to a certain extent, even now) was the absolutistic. Individuality was sacrificed at the altar of a mystic Absolute One. Individual differences, whether as between good and evil or between truth and error or between black and white, were all declared to be illusory or but partial manifestations of an infinite whole. Reality is synonymous with infinitude, and anything finite is so far unreal. This Abso-

lute Individual is offered as the serious solution for all metaphysical problems. To take down the absolutist structure and show that it is all hollow and unsound was the work of William James. The Absolute is an abstraction. Being ourselves finite, we have no means of knowing the infinite—either the that of it or the what. Assuming its existence (which is indemonstrable) the hypothesis does not work. The infinite abstraction cannot make room for finite differences or imperfections. The problem of evil is left unsolved. To declare evil itself illusory is no solution, since in that case there is no problem to be solved. If it is said to be a partial manifestation, the question arises, "How can the infinite have parts?" Here lies one of the most fruitful sources of controversy—the confusion between infinite and innumerable. A whole of parts, however innumerable, is not infinite. A billion or trillion is not nearer infinity than a million. Infinite and finite are qualitatively distinct. As long as we proceed by adding parts to parts, we may get to bigger and bigger wholes, but never to infinitude.

Again, how can the infinite manifest itself? Manifestation must be of something to somebody through some medium. But the infinite cannot thus fall into parts, nor can there be anything outside it. The "illusory" solution is not more helpful. Illusion consists in the apprehension by somebody of something as something else. To whom can the infinite appear except, perhaps, to itself? The conclusion, then, is that the infinite appears to itself as other than itself—an obvious absurdity. The world-process, as conceived by absolutists, would appear to be an unceasing process of purposeless self-tormentation.

The Absolute is a monster. Its all-inclusiveness makes it repellent. With the Absolute, we can have no sympathies. We cannot think in terms of the Absolute. "We are invincibly parts, let us talk as we will, and must apprehend the Absolute as a foreign being." The only value of the Absolute is emotional. It gives immense satisfaction to mystics. But emotional appeals are amateurish. Tested in other ways, the Absolute is found wanting. To say, "In the Absolute I am fulfilled," may be good rhapsody; but it is not good philosophy. The doctrine that there are no contradictions in the infinite, affords no consolation to the finite sufferer. We are solemnly assured that all is well—with the Absolute. But it is far from being well with men, with whom we are primarily concerned. The miseries of man make him seek refuge in God, and a God who can barely assure him that all is well so far as He is concerned, sins by his foreignness. The Absolute is an impossible and, to a certain extent, a ludicrous exception. There are certain peculiarly human characteristics, such as doubt, curiosity, error

which it cannot comprehend. The Hegelian or the Bradleian Absolute must know both what things are and what they are not. "One would fairly expect it to burst with such an obesity, plethora and superfoetation of useless information."

Absolutism is bound up with determinism. The Absolute, being infinite, must also be temporal. Human action, being essentially temporal, must, therefore, be unreal or pre-determined. The admission of free-will means the admission of novelty; whereas, there can be nothing new under the Absolute. The Absolutist well may say,

"With earth's first clay, they did the last man knead,
And there of the last harvest sowed the seed:
And the first morning of creation wrote
What the last dawn of reckoning shall read."

It is not clear how "One" is intrinsically better than "fifty-two." The superiority is assumed by absolutist writers, like Lotze, Royce and Bradley who cannot conceive of distinct and yet connected particulars. The least element of connection leads up, in their eyes, to the Absolute. And short of the Absolute, there can be no relations. The conception of a world partly related and partly distinct either never strikes them or never appeals to them. Their arguments are tainted by vicious intellectualism—assuming that to be wholly absent which has not been explicitly mentioned as present. Because our world is composed of particulars, they can never be related among themselves. By the same principle, sugar can never be sweet, for sugar is just sugar and sweet, sweet. "This habit of thinking only in the most violent extremes," says James, "reminds me of what Mr. Wells says of the current objections to socialism, in his wonderful little book, *New Worlds for Old*. The commonest vice of the human mind is its disposition to see everything as yes or no, as black or white, its incapacity for discrimination of intermediate shades. So the critics agree to some hard and fast impossible definition of socialism, and extract absurdities from it as a conjurer gets rabbits from a hat." The method, Mr. Wells continues, is always the same: It is to assume that whatever the socialist postulates as desirable is wanted without limit of qualification—for socialist, read pluralist and the parallel holds good—it is to imagine that whatever proposal is made by him is to be carried out by uncontrolled monomaniacs, and so to make a picture of the socialist dream which can be presented to the simple-minded person in doubt—"This is socialism"—or pluralism, as the case may be. Surely—surely! you don't want this!"

Green's great weapon of attack was the conception of relations. Mere sense-data are isolated; they are related and systematised by

the synthetic unity of apperception. In the same way are individuals related in the Absolute.

May not the sense-data themselves contain a principle of relating? May they not of themselves run together, and may it not be that instead of associating, we only dissociate? This point of view does not appeal to the Absolutist; but it seems to point a definite way to the pluralist, out of the change of irrationality.

James was much influenced by the philosophy of Bergson which he adopted in full. Reality is a flux. All schools of philosophy from Plato and Aristotle downwards, have regarded reality as unchanging and fixed. Bergson declares it to be changing unceasingly. The main conclusion, as thus stated, was forestalled by philosophers even in ancient days—by Heraclitus, for instance, who said that it is impossible to cross the same stream twice. Life is indivisible. It is a continuous flux. The particulars of our experience interpenetrate one another. They are indistinguishable as and when they come. It is we that analyse out the mass of experience into component parts and keep them conceptually distinct, for practical purposes. Life is movement. Experience as a whole may be compared to the feeling of vertigo. Just as a man, subject to vertigo, may yet pick up sufficient knowledge to discriminate positions, relations etc., so also intelligence sets to work upon the concrete mass of experience, dissects, discriminates and organises so as to furnish more efficient and successful means of battling with our environment. The conceptual world is artificial; it is a human creation for human purposes. Real life is something different and must be grasped by an effort of intuition. Life is more than logic; it overflows and surrounds our miserable intellectual categories. An experience is continuous, the particulars running into and interpenetrating one another. The cosmic continuity must be of a similar type. We distinguish ourselves as individuals, for practical purposes. But really our various experiences run into one another, to constitute a wider, more comprehensive experience. Our author here follows the lead of Fechner who believes that the presence of spirit is the rule rather than the exception. Fechner postulates an earth-soul, including and exceeding human experience, like his greater predecessor, Plato. Each wider experience, according to Fechner (and James), comprehends and exceeds all the narrower experiences. It is something like a valvular system—the higher watching and guiding the lower, but not *vice versa*.

The existence of such superhuman experience is indemonstrable and must be taken for granted. There is, however, abundant pragmatic justification for the assumption. There are usually three hypotheses as to the nature of our activity: "The first type takes a

consciousness of wider span than ours to be the vehicle of more real activity. Its will is the agent, and its purpose is the action done. The second type assumes that 'ideas' struggling with one another are the agents, and that the prevalence of one set of them is the action. The third type believes that nerve-cells are the agents and that resultant motor discharges are the acts achieved." (*A Pluralistic Universe*, p. 386.) Evidently, the first is the most satisfactory. The purposes of a wider experience must include mine; and hence, I can always be sure of the realisation of my purposes, at least. In neither of the two latter cases can we have this surety. The set of ideas that prevail now, will not continue in that state for ever; any set may become dominant at any moment and instead of using my ideas, I should become their slave, just as in the last case, I should become the slave of my nerve-cells. The facts and demands of purposive life compel us to place faith in the first mentioned hypothesis, to the exclusion of the other two.

Such, in essence, is the "pluralistic pantheism" of William James. It might, perhaps, be more characteristically described as Pan-en-theism—the doctrine that all is in God, Who, according to James, is the outermost envelope of all. The same doctrine, in various other forms, has been advocated by many other writers. There can be no doubt that this doctrine is more satisfactory than Absolutism. The problems and antinomies that beset the latter, find no place in the former. "On a pluralistic hypothesis, not why evil exists, but how we can diminish its amount, is the only problem." Certain points, however, have still to be made clear. "In the beginning, there was God," says the first book of Genesis. Does James admit this? Does he also admit the Genesis conception of creation out of chaos? There is nothing in James's writing to suggest an answer.

Granting, what is perhaps more probable, that man and God co-existed from the beginning, what is the significance of the world-process? Is man evolving towards God? If so, what exactly does it mean? It does not make much sense to say that the contents of an envelope evolve in the direction of the envelope. If it is said, however, that the narrower-span experiences develop into wider-span experiences, we must ask "how?" Again, God Himself is finite. What, then, is He limited by? It is absurd to reply, "By men," since He includes men. Further, being finite, He must evolve. What is the goal of His evolution?

If the results are thus unsatisfactory, the process of getting at them is much more so. It is indeed unfortunate that James should have held on so firmly to the Bergsonian system. Bergsonian immediatism is a retrograde step in the development of philosophy. It preaches

a continual flux, the what, the whence, or the whither of which cannot be known. Knowledge means intelligence at work and the intellect always mutilates and detests things. How, then, can we know what reality is? The only kind of true knowledge admitted by Bergson is intuition, which is inexpressible. And yet Bergson dares to *write*, setting down in *language* (condemned by him as a distorting medium) what he *understands* to be the whence and the whither of his flux.

Democracy, they say, is never stable. No sooner are old despots expelled than a new demagogue springs up, the people being as tenderly led by the nose as asses. This irreverent iconoclast, this relentless wrecker of time-worn ideals and effete superstitions, this vaunted liberator from ancient fetters, this American democrat, William James, was himself caught in the toils of Bergsonism. All honour to French ingenuity!

What is permanent or most valuable in the work of William James, does not lie in the results so much as in the method. He has demonstrated clearly the pragmatic value of pragmatism. The course of philosophy in the future lies in a more successful application of that method to its problems, than James himself was able to effect. And to this extent, that he showed a newer and clearer way of solving old problems, James is indeed, and ever deserves to be remembered as "the last great liberator of the human spirit."

S. S. SURYANARAYANAN.

Madras.

THE ROSE.

Is it a rose or a fragrant fire,
Or a star that rubies in the grove?
Is it the blossom of my blood,
Or quivering lips of Crimsoned Love?

PURAN SINGH.

THE MONTH.

Throughout the month of October there was almost constant fighting in the western theatre of the war, **The War.** but no decisive action took place in France.

Little change was reported from the right wing and the centre of the allied armies, while the left wing had to be gradually extended northwards to prevent the enemy from outflanking it. The Germans, having extended their right wing in the same direction, gradually withdrew towards the frontier. They occupied Lille, but do not seem to have remained there long, and the Allies have entered Belgium. Perhaps nothing proves more clearly that the armies are equally matched than this prolonged stay of the enemy in France, where he is unable to advance, but contests every inch of ground. The casualty lists published by the British show that the fighting is continuous. The most decisive event recorded in the West last month was the fall of Antwerp, which was followed by the transfer of the Belgium Government to Havre in France, the King and Queen remaining with the army. The fall of Antwerp was as much a foregone conclusion as that of Liege or Namur, and if the enemy had not been otherwise occupied, the event would have occurred sooner. The garrison had the satisfaction of receiving some help from England at the last moment, but the British Government must have known that a fortress could not hold out indefinitely in modern warfare, and the only result of yielding to pressure on political grounds was that a couple of thousands of British prisoners are now interned in Holland. The Kaiser is said to have raised the question whether by the flight of the Belgian Government to France, he has not now

become the King of Belgium. The reply of the neutral Powers is not yet reported, but as the neutrality of Belgium is one of the principal issues at stake in the war, it sounds almost like a grim joke to ask whether during the continuance of the war, the party which has been so far successful in that particular quarter cannot represent the country in international transactions. It is held by some that the King of Belgium, however right, was not wise in having resisted the invader. From an interview granted by him to the representative of an English journal shortly before the fall of Antwerp, it is clear that Germany had threatened her neighbour five years ago, and the wolf would in any case have swallowed up the lamb, finding some cause or other for a quarrel. In resisting the violation of her neutrality Belgium has at least the satisfaction of doing her duty, and however severe her sufferings, the whole world has sympathised with her. Mr. Roosevelt, a friend and admirer of the Germans, has openly asked whether any weak state may hereafter trust Germany and look to any protection from friends if England and France desert her. Whatever the ultimate result of the war may be, the Allies have as yet shown no disposition to betray their ward. Germany was one of the signatories, be it remembered, not merely of the treaty of 1837, confirmed by Bismarck in 1870, but also of the Hague Convention of only six years ago which prohibited neutral states from allowing belligerent Powers to convey their armies or supplies through their territory. Only the Kaiser could raise the question of his position in Belgium in such indecent haste, if the report be correct.

Russian censorship is much stricter than British, and the telegrams from Petrograd are rather one-sided. The late General Samsonoff's defeat appears to have been much more severe than the telegrams acknowledged, and the prisoners captured by Germany in East Prussia cannot be said to constitute an insignificant fraction of the army employed by Russia in that part of Europe. However, that disaster has been retrieved, an equally severe defeat having been inflicted on the enemy who ventured to enter Poland, and an almost equally large number of prisoners have been captured by the Russians. German troops, however, are still in Poland, and the Russian army there is only on the defensive. In Austria, the earlier

brilliant successes of the Russians have been followed by a lull. Przemyśl is still holding out, Cracow is not yet approached, and the threatened invasion of Hungary has not yet taken place. In the eastern as well as the western theatre of the war we are not likely to hear for some time to come of vigorous offensive or brilliant achievement.

大大大大

Not much progress was made by Japan in reducing the German garrison at Kiaochau. This is well
In Asia and Africa. fortified and would appear to be as difficult of approach by land as by sea. Both the land and the sea are mined, and the Japanese Navy has already made some sacrifices in bottling up the enemy's fleet in the Kiaochau Bay. No opportunity has, perhaps, been given to the garrison to work the electric wires and blow up a battalion trying to force its way into the colony by land. China is believed to have been threatened with vengeance for having allowed the Japanese to land their troops on neutral soil, and it is added that in reply that distracted Government declared its readiness to show a like favour to Germany. The position of a weak State is always pitiable, otherwise its attempts to steer clear of more powerful neighbours would be amusing. Japan has acted up to the spirit and not merely of the letter of the treaty with Great Britain, but it appears she has declined to act alone and take all the risks upon herself. As the other Allies are not in a hurry to bring matters to a crisis in the Far East, nothing more seems to be aimed at than to prevent the German fleet from reaching the open sea. The one cruiser that eluded the vigilance of the Allies has played havoc in Indian waters. After sinking several ships between Rangoon and Puri, she appeared at Madras, poured a few shells into that town, causing the loss of a few lives and considerable damage to property, and having disported herself at the capital of French India, disappeared. It was reported that a Japanese warship was waiting for her at Colombo. The Emden, however, took no notice of her, and successfully emerging from the Bay of Bengal, concealed herself somewhere off the Minicoy Islands. She sent the crew of the ships sunk in this vicinity first to Colombo, and after a considerable interval, when British cruisers were supposed to

be chasing her, she again reminded India of her existence and sent the crew of the batch of ships sunk this time to Cochin, so that the alarm might gradually spread northwards. When the cruiser had left the Bay of Bengal, navigation between Calcutta and Rangoon was officially pronounced to be reasonably safe. As the Emden was being pursued, the public thought that the Malabar coast was also reasonably safe, but events proved otherwise. The exploits of this single cruiser have brought home to all minds vividly the difficulties of keeping the trade routes open when even the Queen of the Seas is at war with a first-class naval power. We must thank the alliance with Japan, among other factors, if a worse fate has not befallen His Majesty's distant possessions and the commerce of a world-wide empire. Public opinion is showing signs of preferring a reversion to the old system of convoys, instead of relying upon the safety of trade routes. Another German warship is reported to have escaped from the Kiaochau Bay recently, but to have run aground. A British warship was attacked and destroyed on the Zanzibar coast when she was engaged in cleaning her boilers, and the public do not know the whereabouts of the enemy's vessel that had this piece of good luck. Public anxiety will therefore be only partially allayed by the capture of the Emden. A surer method of protecting trade would seem to be necessary. The Germans in both East and West Africa have been active, and small successes have been claimed on both sides. But the most sensational event of the month in South Africa was the treachery of a Boer commander who went over to the enemy. Practically, the whole Dutch population has denounced the treachery, and General Botha and his party may stamp out the rebellion. This episode, like others, reminds one of the risks of war to a scattered world-wide empire, and the scope that a Power like Germany has to stir up trouble. The German Chancellor, in replying to Mr. Asquith, only recently referred to the Boer war, and in his rejoinder Mr. Asquith quoted General Botha's acknowledgment that the Boer republics were fortunate in having come under the British and not the German flag. It is well known that General Botha's leadership and representative character are not acknowledged by all. Yet his opponents seem to be in a small minority. The attempts to involve Turkey in the war have unfortu-

nately succeeded. The seed of trouble was sown early in the war by two German warships which fly the Turkish flag.

The first batch of Indian troops despatched to the front landed in France last month and newspapers have already published glowing accounts of the reception accorded to them. Correspondents from the seat of war have begun to write in praise of their calm, collected bearing under fire, and they have every motive to distinguish themselves by their bravery. More Indian soldiers are on their way to the seat of war, and an official document declares that "the only Indian soldiers who are unhappy are those who have not been chosen to go and fight." The majority of the population, however, would naturally think, in the first instance, of the effects of the war on their own daily lives, rather than of the military glory to be reaped by their countrymen. Notwithstanding the wild rumours that are always circulated in the bazaars, the peace and order that prevail around them are reassuring, and the only evidence of the war that will come home to them will be the disturbance of the markets. The Admiralty may assure us that the trade routes are reasonably safe. Yet the trade returns are eloquent; they show that the routes may be safe, but for other reasons the trade is bound to decline during the war, and it has rapidly declined. The Customs revenue has fallen and before many months elapse, the effects of the war on finance will have to be officially announced. These results are inevitable, and perhaps India has been more fortunate than many other parts of the Empire. Yet the uppermost thought in the minds of the people must be that the sooner the war ends, the better. Warm controversy has raged in Bombay about the help that the Government may render to cotton-growers and the cotton industry; and this is not the only industry that requires assistance, if it can be rendered. A special officer has been deputed to 'report' on the question. The special officer deputed in Bengal to study the question of starting new industries, does not seem to have finished his investigations yet. England and France, between them, may supply some of the articles formerly obtained from Germany and Austria. Apart from the effects of the war, it is desirable and necessary that the people should

not be led away by false reports about the march of events. The Bombay Government expect much advantage from public lectures delivered in the towns and villages of the mofussil, explaining the circumstances which led up to the war, the relative strength of the combatants, the disposition of the armed forces, and the history of the war up to date. A synopsis of the lecture has been prepared, and it will be read with much interest and instruction everywhere. Regarding the Emden, the synopsis tells the public that this and "other similar German boats are being hunted about like mad dogs; they may bite a few innocent people, but must sooner or later be caught and destroyed." Certainly they must, but until they are, the innocent people are having a very trying time of it, and, indeed, throughout the war they will have to make sacrifices of one kind or another in almost every part of the Empire. The synopsis explains that Berlin is the eventual Russian objective. We are not told what the objective of the Allies on the West is; it is remarked "our Generals know there is no need to risk a big attack on strong German positions, because the Russians are attacking Germany from the East." But the Allies have a common object, and by the time the Russians arrive in Berlin, the other Allies would presumably be equally successful in overcoming resistance. At any rate we are reminded that the Germans have enemies to meet on every side, and if they are defeated or even held in the West, they will be gradually crushed by forces on both sides "like betel-nut in a nut-cracker." The lecturer will have to admit that the nut is rather a large one, for the figures supplied to him in the synopsis show that excluding British forces, which can be continually expanded, the war strength of the Allies on land is 91 lakhs, and of the enemies 80 lakhs. This relative position may well make the nut rather refractory, but the result does not depend upon mere numbers. The Servians and Montenegrins, for example, have not yet been crushed by Austria; they are said to have invaded Bosnia and surrounded Sarajevo. Perhaps, the Indians will understand the expected fate of Germany best if it is said that the tiger will be starved in his lair. It is, perhaps, by no means certain that no sustenance is received from Holland and Denmark, Norway and Sweden. But the strangulation of German commerce must, sooner or later, bring on a crisis.

Repatriated Punjabis. H. E. the Viceroy announced at the last meeting of the Legislative Council that the Indian emigrants, who had gone to Canada to try conclusions with the Government there and had returned disappointed would be provided with pecuniary assistance by the Indian Government where necessary and conveyed back to their homes. The Punjab police went down to Calcutta to take them back. When the Government's offer and intentions were explained to the emigrants on board the 'Komagata Maru' they at first hesitated to obey but subsequently they agreed to land. They were about to disperse themselves in Calcutta when they were once more remonstrated with and persuaded to come to the railway station. Several scores were put into a special train and left for the Punjab. While trains were being brought for the others, an altercation with the authorities seems to have taken place, and the emigrants suddenly opened fire on the police, who do not appear to have known previously that they carried arms. The riot is said to have necessitated the employment of soldiers, who, returned the fire and casualties occurred both among the assailants and the police. The nature of the altercation has not been officially reported and no one knows definitely why the emigrants attacked the police. It has been argued on behalf of the Punjabis that in their own country they had every right to go anywhere they liked and they resented the attempt to take them to their own province as if they were undesirable foreigners in Bengal. But it is not yet known whether the Punjab police refused to leave them there or the Calcutta police insisted on their deportation and whether this was the grievance which led the emigrants to open fire. Without knowing the facts one cannot say whether the police were wanting in tact, or their assailants were unreasonably turbulent and lawless. In any case to open fire on the police is rather a rare occurrence in India, and the affair was as serious as it was regrettable. As two Provincial Governments are concerned in this controversy, the Government of India has appointed an independent Commission to report on the facts and the circumstances which led to the voyage have also been included within the scope of the enquiry. Colonial public opinion has demanded that expeditions of armed Indians to challenge the Colonial authorities should be made impossible in future. It is reported

that an Indian emigrant in Canada has shot an Inspector of the Immigration Department. In the circumstances a peaceful solution of the emigration question does not seem to be near at hand.

**Peaceful
Vocations.**

When the war broke out in Europe, newspapers in England advised the people to keep their heads cool, to refrain from foolish demonstrations, to join Lord Kitchener's new army, to attend to their daily vocations with quiet confidence in the authorities, to bear the hardships of war with fortitude, and to do everything in one's power to relieve the distress and sufferings of others. Our duties in India are not quite so varied, nor very difficult in comparison. We have received from Mr. A. F. Khabardar, the well-known Gujarati poet, a spirited "Call to Duty," in which brave sons of India are thus addressed :

" Now stern Duty calls you all,
From your cottage and your hall,
Come like lions, great and small,
Every one!"

Some lions have indeed already gone to the West, but the Government has not sounded a general call to arms. In other ways, however, every Indian may help the war, especially by subscribing to the relief funds. Many tradesmen have been disturbed in their peaceful vocations, but the usual public questions that would have occupied the attention of the country in peace are not forgotten or shelved, though they are somewhat overshadowed by the war. The Congress Committees have practically chosen the next president, conferences meet and pass their resolutions as usual, and the civil administration is carried on as if no war was in progress. Addressing a Mahomedan Educational Conference in this Presidency, H. E. Lord Willingdon asked why so much stress was being laid on compulsory Urdu teaching in primary schools, seeing that with all its political associations, that vernacular will be of no use to the students of this Presidency in their after-career in any walk of life. The demand for Urdu, among classes who do not speak the language in their homes, seems to be a matter of sentiment, rather than of utility. In Bengal a committee has been appointed by

Government to report how the curriculum of studies in girls' schools may be brought into harmony, if possible, with the popular conceptions of a type of education which befits Indian womanhood. It is an interesting question, on which Indian opinion is very much divided. If the only object of female education were to turn out useful and obedient housewives, the question would present no difficulties. But if women may aspire to medical and other higher education, and if, on the other hand, most girls should finish their education before the age of 14, no reform of the present system will suit all and yet produce remarkable results.

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THE TAJ AS A NEO-IMPRESSIONIST MASTERPIECE

IT may seem difficult to reconcile the delicate loveliness of the tomb which Shah Jahan built to the memory of his dead wife—a monument whose pure and exquisite design the least æsthetic amongst us finds admirable, with the products of an art movement which at first sight might almost seem to be remarkable for a deliberate choice of the unpleasant as subject, an apparently designed contempt of technique and a wilful disregard of the hitherto accepted canons governing form and colour.

Yet I venture the proposition that so far are the basic influences which govern the art of the Taj and the ultra modern painter from being antagonistic that in reality the Agra mausoleum is an ideal example of the materialization of the aims of the new art movement which we in England to-day style Post-impressionism.

First, let us trace the course of those factors which have influenced this new school of artistic thought which only the other day came in upon us from France with such tempestuous upheavals of the ideals of our dignified academism, such shameful outraging of the complacency of our artistic consciences *Advenit, irrupit, in easit, accessit*, to misquote Cicero conveniently; and since it has come to stay, or at least is evidently to have a marked influence on our artistic outlook, let us see whether we cannot reconcile it with something which we are quite sure is beautiful so as to reassure our consciences once and for all.

We may perhaps define the aims of the Pioneers of the Neo-impressionist movement (to give it the hardly less unsatisfactory title of its mother country) as the desire to develop and apply more

completely the lessons in the psychology of colour and form and the grasp of the significant of which the younger spirits under Manet had begun to realise the importance from the study of the uminous canvasses of Delacroix, who in turn had drawn his inspiration largely from our Turner and Constable.

Thus the movement is not original but eclectic, as is every other important artistic innovation, drawing vitality from the thoughts which those gemuses, who passed before, had bequeathed to them, endeavouring to develop them to meet the altered conditions of their own day.

"It is useless," the Impressionists of the seventies had cried, "for us to plod along the same traditional path of imitative realism as has been followed from the days of Greece until now—sheer imitation has been done as well as it is possible to do it by the Dutch Painters and it leads to nothing but emptiness as is plain from the painters still around us to-day whose little souls seem to peter out in a blather of sentimental realism which nauseates us. Besides, how shall we imitate literally the whole vast orchestration of Nature's bounty in colour and light with a few tubes of opaque substance such as we possess for paint, and why should we wish to imitate laboriously and inadequately what Nature offers everywhere in unattainable profusion? Actual imitation is even impossible, since it can be but comparative, the substituting of a few clumsy colours to represent the mighty gamut of tones and subtleties offered by Nature, the imposing of a limited scale of which one flat tone symbolises a whole series of tints, as if one were to try and render a sonata in one octave."

So they determined to produce the effect of sunlight by other means than literal imitation, and poured over scientific treatises on optics and split up the spectrum into its primary colours, and by an intricate technical system of imposed hachures of paint, produced canvasses which seemed indeed marvels of shimmering light but which had gained their iridescence at the expense of sacrificing all beauty of form and line. So "pointillisme" died at birth, as all the children born of the union of art and science must, though it left a deep and abiding influence on the colour of the next generation.

These arose, and pondered deeply on the causes of things. The spot-impressionists had not been entirely successful, it was true, Their children had been still-born. Yet they had con-

tributed much to art. They had saved the French art which counted from the paralysing worship of the sentimental and the clogging ritual of academism. Yet Ingres, the high-priest of academic artificiality, had been a great painter, and he was no less academic than Bouguerrau himself whose canvasses filled them with such indescribable nausea. But while the subject of both Ingres and Bouguerrau was almost identical, and the paintings of the one were noble, and the other ignoble. Yet Rembrandt had seemed noble even in the painting of a hunk of beef roasting on a spit. It must therefore be that the subject was nothing, but the inspiration everything, that if the soul of the Creator were noble, his painting, whatever its subject, would reflect that nobility.

Then they remembered that the Impressionists, by means of their strange technique, had produced effects of light vastly more luminous than the realists had ever succeeded in obtaining by their methods of so-called direct (yet truly comparative) imitation.

They recalled the strange riot of colour in Turner's later seascapes by which one can realise exactly his feelings of the moment and remembered the story of how the old artist, when a critic had complained that the sails of the funeral ship in his "Burial of Wilkie" were too dark to be natural, had growled out a wish that he had paint with which to make them blacker. And with that they also remembered how the old masters had loved to dispose their lines cunningly so as to assist the feeling of their paintings, El Greco conveying the nervous restlessness of his spiritual exaltation in his flame-like compositions, and even how old Ucello the Florentine, when he could bring himself to forget his experiments in perspective, had arranged the clash of lines in his battle scenes in sympathy with his subject.

And to clinch it, they quoted Delacroix to each other :—" Si à une composition interessante par le choix du sujet, vous ajoutez une disposition de lignes qui augmente l'impression, un clair obscur saisissant pour l'imagination, une couleur adaptée aux caractères, c'est l'harmonie et ses combinaisons adaptée à une chant unique."

So reasoning among themselves, they arrived at the vital conclusion that every true artistic production was an emotional experience, and that depth of feeling was the inspired source from which all great artistic endeavour must spring, and paint or plaster

served only as the language in which their emotional experience was to be materialised.

But to acquire this deep communion with the nature of their subject, they realised that they must keep themselves simple in soul, even though their intellects were essentially and brilliantly modern. They saw the faith of a little child the sublimest of all attributes, and that it was to their child-like faith, deepened but not obscured by emotional tensivity, that all the great primitive artists owed the sublime nobility of their masterpieces. So that genius conceived the Sphinx and set it down at Ghizeh, eternally contemptuous yet ever tolerant of man's littleness, and Giotto, greatly striving and so greatly noble through his depth of feeling and earnestness of purpose in spite of want of perspective and difficulties of technique.

With their contemporaries around them still intoxicated by their own adroitness, and creating works empty as a bubble of all else, they saw in technique only a snare and a delusion, obscuring the essential attribute of greatness.

So they cast it aside as far as possible and striving with a deep emotional concentration and simple earnestness of purpose to sense the significance of what they painted, they used form and colour only in so far as they might serve to translate materially this one essential of significance, caring nothing for imitation of outward forms as such.

So Cézanne, with noble simplicity in his heart, yet capable of the most subtle grasp of the hidden rhythm in Nature, went forth into the fields and painted those landscapes of his which, when you understand them sing to you of the deep, silent beauty of the woods, of the buds throbbing in the womb of their great rich-coloured branches, ready to burst into leaf, while the tender subtle blue of the sky vibrates above and the green corn springs fresh and full of sap, and you feel the whole bounty of Nature overwhelming you from a few square feet of canvas.

Or he would paint his own head for you to read the depths of the great tender soul therein, and though always he conceals the power of his technique, yet his painting is of marvellous delicacy in spite of the overpowering strength of it.

And this because, possessed of great genius and nobility of soul, he realised profoundly the significant and sought to reproduce that only.

And so with Gauguin, that strange hybrid of France and Africa, who lived first in Brittany and there painted the legends of Christianity and the simple country folk, infecting his canvasses with the slow passionate fever burning in his veins, and later, finding his place more surely amongst his mother's people, showed us the depths of their queer languid natures in the rich colours of their exotic surroundings.

He could draw the essence from a bunch of tropical fruit so magically that even in a London drawing-room they seem to reek of the hot sensuousness of the equator.

And the simple and violent-souled Van Gogh who, in his own swirling technique, could paint sunflowers so that their rankness is a veritable pain to the senses.

Thus by deliberately rejecting imitation, by using form and colour as their servants, and above all by intense emotional identification with the subject of their creation, these great men have given us the significant in art

Now let us return to the Taj Mahal with its delicate reflection shimmering in the waters of the Jumna at Agra

It was built, we know, by the grief-stricken Emperor of Delhi, Shah Jehan, as a tomb for his beloved queen Mumtaz Mahal, on her death in childbed in the year 1629

Mr. Havell has eloquently and succinctly disposed of the theory that the design was anything but the work of an Oriental, and indeed this does not here concern us. But the strongest link in my chain of evidence is the power of the sensation which possesses you of being actually in the presence of a beautiful and noble woman, immediately you enter the great gateway before the tomb and see the whole delicate beauty of the building rising directly before you.

When I first visited the Taj some years ago, I thought perhaps my experience of this sensation was due to some emotional acuteness in my own temperament, but now that I realise how great is the number of pilgrims to the shrine with whom I share it, I am convinced that the something feminine inherent in the building was deliberately intended to be felt by the designer.

I do not say consciously, for almost all genius is unconscious of the essential laws by which it works, but the inspiring idea

was none the less deliberate for not having been previously materialised into actual avowed intention.

Genius cannot analyse the power which governs the birth of its creations, though it does sometimes try and confuse more humble minds by telling them that design depends on symmetry and series, when in truth it depends entirely on its own innate gifts of selection and inspiration.

Similarly, I do not, of course, maintain that the arguments I have here put into the mouths of the Neo-impressionists were actually materialised in speech, but they are none the less the true ideals towards which they soared and which influenced the course of their flight

I believe, moreover that this sensation is capable of being experienced almost equally forcibly without any previous knowledge of the history of the building, or the existence of Nur Jehan herself; in fact, I believe the appeal to be entirely emotional and in no way a sentimental one.

I imagine the genius who first conceived the building to have been deeply moved by the distracted grief of his king, and able to realise truly something of that sorrow in his sensitive Indian mind. This mind, trained by the art traditions of those ancestors who had carved the reliefs of Ellora and Elephanta to interpret materially in stone the metaphysical philosophy of his religion, conceived a design, whether unconsciously or deliberately which should embody the personality of the beautiful dead queen, or in other words he intended to materialise in her tomb the significance of an ideally beautiful and noble woman

Profoundly inspired to great emotional sensitiveness, while employing a purity of line and tender grace of contour in the modelling, he selected for medium the most sensitive white marble which seems, at all times, to float unearthly and ætherial as a dream in the Indian atmosphere, and reflects on its tender surface each delicate tint with which the light caresses it.

Thus in the early morning, when the rising sun first kisses the tender rounded dome, she blushes as it were divinely confused at being caught asleep, and seems to stir her dainty form, stretching beautiful arms to banish sleep.

And each hour she takes on a different feminine aspect. At noon she is serene in the noble loveliness of a beautiful queen. But in the evening when the sun has sunk and she is left trembling

in a dim greenish twilight, then you feel it is no live woman but the soul of one long since dead before you and the sadness of her loss is almost unbearable till the moon rises at last and, bathing this delicate masterpiece's unearthly beauty in his pale beams, leaves you less despondent and dimly glad that she had been so beautiful and so deeply loved.

It is not, of course impossible that the conception of the design which was chosen by the Emperor out of the many models for his lady's tomb offered for selection, should have come from a Mahomedan's brain.

Indeed, that in a Mahomedan court preference should have been given to the work of a co-religionist, seems only what we should expect, and that any European should have been the original designer is a theory so wildly untenable from every point of view that it is difficult to understand how it could ever have been considered seriously. Certainly, the technical details of the Taj are strikingly Mahomedan, being practically exquisite enlargements carried out in marble of the illuminations which fill the initial pages and borders of Qorans and other literature valued by the Musalmans, and we know them to have been executed by Mahomedans who are named together with the Hindu experts who specialised in other details in the Padshah Namah. Indeed, the whole building considered under a coldly architectural analysis might be similarly described, in spite of the presence of certain Hindu symbols in its ornamentation; but the feeling infused into the whole is so essentially Hindu or more properly Indian, that it seems impossible to deny the strong intuition, which after all is the true test of all great art, that the original conception could only have been the work of either an indigenous native of the country, or one who had imbibed her sentiment so thoroughly as to have made it his own. In the contemporary Indian accounts, it is true, the original design is attributed to one Ustad Isa, a celebrated architect from Shiraz or Rum, but this cannot be necessarily held as proof that a Mahomedan was responsible for the original model chosen, as the "Faithful" are notoriously loath to mention any fact in their historical chronicles which might bring credit to a religious opponent, and supposing a Hindu to have been the designer, the credit would probably have been given officially to the most convenient Musalman to hand.

The court chronicle, the Padshah Namah, does not mention the name of the designer, only citing those two nobles who actually superintended the building with other specialists employed on details of its construction.

Taking into consideration the Hindu love of symbolism and that the whole teaching of the art tradition of this people for centuries before the iconoclastic Mahomedan arrival had been the materialization of abstract ideas, it seems to me that it is far more probable that this beautiful monument of an Emperor's eternal love at Agra was the creation of a Hindu brain.

But whether it be the conception of Hindu, Moghul, Persian or Turk, certain it is, to quote Mr. Havell that "The Taj was meant to be feminine, the whole conception and every line and detail of it expresses the intention of the designers."

This is Sir Edwin Arnold's description, "a deep and true interpretation," of the meaning of the Taj :—

"Not architecture ! as all others are,
But the proud passion of an Emperor's love
Wrought into living stone, which gleams and soars
With body of beauty shrining soul and thought ;
.....as when some face
Divinely fair unveils before our eyes,
Some woman beautiful unspeakably
And the blood quickens, and the spirit leaps,
And will to worship lends the half yielded knees,
While breath forgets to breathe,—So is the Taj."

And this magic embodiment of a woman's soul in a marble shrine has been attained architectonically in exactly the same way as Matisse and the masters of the Neo-impressionist school to-day seek to obtain their effects, by deliberately eschewing direct imitation, and employing a system of form and line essentially similar to those of the object to be depicted, in such a manner that the material form of their creation may convey through the senses the significance of that object subjectively realised by intense emotional and mental identification with it.

Which after all is only another proof of the truth of the hackeneyed old adage that "there is nothing new under the sun."

J. G. WILLOUGHBY.

Aurangabad.

DYNAMIC IMAGES

Was Ihr den Geist der Zeiten heisst,
Das ist im Grund der Herren eigener Geist,
In dem die Zeiten sich bespiegeln.

GOETHE

LUTHER'S words were half battles. There are words spoken in certain times, places and circumstances, and there are acts, and events, and incidents accompanied, or unaccompanied by words, which, with the person speaking, or acting, as the central figure in a milieu, constitute images and a kind of picture-writing that possess a dynamic power. This power may be practical or speculative, or moral, or aesthetic, or it may be humorous, but in whatever sphere these images or pictures may be—in actual fact or reproduced in memory by the plastic power of the imagination—they represent the best in that particular sphere. If they are not the best they soon fade and die away. They rise above the ordinary level of everyday life. They are like the tops of mountains like the high spires, and pinnacles, and steeples, like birds flying above a certain height which catch the glow of the level rays of the rising, or the setting sun while everything below is massed together in shallow or unremarkable grey. Unnumbered facts and objects, parcelled out in separate spheres of existence, or activity, lead up to them, but these alone as representing the best, the apex, the zenith, the blossom as it were and possessing an inherent dynamic power, become symbols or types, and absorb all the rest. They possess some special vitalising quality out of the ordinary. They are stamped with nature's hall-mark of excellence. There are others of the same kind, but they are static. These alone have risen to the dynamic, like stagnant water raised to the temperature of steam, inert wood or coal that begins to glow at the kindling temperature, the electric fluid that exists everywhere, but condenses into spark, or dazzling fork-lightning, only under special conditions, the lotus that grows silently and unseen in the dark depths, and, rising above the surface, flames out in radiance, the dragon-fly that, after slow and successive evolutions, ascends its slimy reed, and, coming in contact with the light and air

of this upper world, flies away on its bright wings of gossamer. If this world is a great fermenting vat, they represent the wine of life. Such are these dynamic images and pictures, when

In vacant, or in pensive mood

They flash upon that inward eye,

Which is the bliss of solitude.

They are the very nerves and sinews of history and biography, if these are to be a living force, and not a mere compilation, or a chronology. The harnessing and utilising of this power is what gives to the works of Plutarch and Carlyle a vigor and vitality, which will make them last for ever—none understood its value better than these two great writers on man and his history. Nor is it in great matters only that these images have power,—they are such

As have no slight or trivial influence

On that best portion of a good man's life,

His little nameless unremembered acts

Of kindness and of love.

John Bunyan looking at the thief that was being led to the gallows, and saying :—" There goes John Bunyan— but for the grace of God : " Samuel Johnson, then a poor student, getting up one morning, and finding at his bedside a pair of boots which someone had compassionately placed there for him, examining it with his near-sighted eyes, but with manly thoughts in that young head of his, and then flinging the boots out of the window : the same Samuel Johnson, then an old man, standing bare-headed in the rain in the street of Utoxeter, as an act of filial piety and repentance, and reproaching himself for a long past disobedience of the wishes of his father, who had once kept a bookstall in that place : again, this same man, carrying home on his shoulders a poor starving fainting girl of the town—so great was his love for the poor, the fallen, and the afflicted, so little did he care for the possibilities, or the decision of fools, when he was called on to act at the bidding of duty, or generous sympathy : Benvenuto Cellini sitting up the whole night by the furnace which contained his Perseus : Jane Welsh Carlyle sitting awake for half the night, and watching the oven which contained the loaf which was her first attempt in that sphere of housewifery : the same Jane Welsh Carlyle, unknown to everyone, rolling up in a piece of paper two of the candles which had been purchased on a special occasion by her mother whom in a hasty moment she blamed for her extravagance,—and immediately repented of having done so,—and recording as her last request, that these candles should be burned at her deathbed—a request that was duly carried out, (see Carlyle's pathetic remarks on this incident in his reminiscences) : Nelson put-

ting the telescope to his blind eye, and declaring that he could not see the flag lowered ; or, in the moment of victory at Trafalgar, with his dying breath saying, " Kiss me Hardy "—this in any other man, and in any other circumstances, would have appeared weak, or effeminate ; here however was the true point of pathos, and the heroic sublime ; such is the peculiar privilege of the man and the occasion which are out of the ordinary : Wolfe reading the stanzas of Gray's elegy, and remarking that he would rather be the writer of that noble poem than the conqueror of Quebec ; and later, when struck by the fatal ball, asking his comrades to support him, so that his brave fellows may not see him fall, and uttering with his last breath, " I die happy, " when informed of the day's victory : the young Schiller, whom his mother could not find anywhere in the house, and who was at last found among the branches of a high tree which he had climbed, and from that station was wondering at and admiring the terrific display of nature in the lightning flashes, and the cannonade of a thunder-storm : the great Goethe, after eighty years of such a life as seldom falls to the lot of the sons of men, closing his eyes with the last words, " Mehr Licht,—Mehr Licht, " words which have since become the watchwords of science, and culture and progress : the old Scandinavian King and Warrior, sitting in his chair for the last time, and soliloquising on the approach of death—" Wah-Wah—what great power is this that drags down the strength of the greatest Kings ? " Napoleon cutting short the babel of those who were vainly striving to fish out a pedigree for him from the distant past, with the words of common sense—" My patent of nobility dates from the battle of Montenotte " ; or asleep on a camp chair after the battle of Wagram ; or awaking from a sleep while sitting with folded arms at a council of war after Eylau, and saying half to himself—" Is it a dream then, or a reality " ; or afloat on the Nile, looking up at the stormy heavens, and saying as in a reverie—" But what about all that " ; or reining in his horse, and contemplating the distant sound of a chapel bell (Emerson has remarked on this) ; or after night had closed on the rout of Waterloo, turning his horse round, with the thought of walking back to the fatal field—mighty somnambulist of a vanished dream ; or closing the New Testament with these remarkable words—" You know I am an understander of men—but He was no man : " Nay, after every attempt to take Hougoumont had failed, saying—" O that all these English bullets were buried in my body "—" Unhappy man, " says Victor Hugo in a remarkable passage of his *Les Misérables*, " thou wert reserved for French bullets " : Cromwell, pointing to the mace on the Speaker's table, and saying—" Take away that bauble " ; or on another occasion, when the rabble were cheering him as he drove past in his chariot, remarking,

with his keen insight into human nature, and fact—"These people would do the same if they saw me driving to the gallows": Themistocles, obliterating self in the interests of his country, and saying—"Strike but hear me": Plato in the garden of the Academy, meditating on the immortality of the soul; Socrates discoursing on high and noble themes, with the bowl of hemlock in his hand: Scaevola holding his hand in the fire that consumed it: the dying Mirabeau, to a friend who was holding up his head—"Yes, hold up that head,—would I could bequeath it thee": Keats bequeathing to his friend, the painter Severn, "all the joy and happiness which he never possessed"; or parting from Coleridge, whom he met on the road, and coming back again to shake hands with him, that he might carry away with him the memory of having pressed his hand: the blind Milton dictating a sonnet on his blindness, and the noble line—"as ever in my Great Taskmaster's eye": Vergnieaud, on the last night before the execution of the Girondists, saying, with bitter irony—"We thought we were in Rome, but we are in Paris—the soil of France is too weak to nourish the roots of civic liberty": Burns, standing and musing in the unfinished furrow, where he had ploughed up a daisy, or the nest of a field mouse: Addison calling his son to his bedside to see how a Christian can die: Galileo, a prisoner of the Inquisition, rising from his knees, and murmuring—"It moves for all that": the generous and the chivalrous Sydney, taking from his lips the untasted bottle of water, and giving it to a dying soldier: Alexander the Great throwing into the desert sand the cup of water, and refusing to quench his thirst alone: Carlyle sitting down, and rewriting the first volume of his French Revolution, which had been accidentally destroyed by a friend: Johnson writing his *Rasselas*, one of the noblest productions of the human mind, to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral: Cæsar, after a long and painful indecision, crying—"Jacta est alea—and swimming across the Rubicon; and at a later stage, when struck with the mortal stab, expiring with the last words—"Et tu Brute": Frederick the Great on his return to Berlin, after the convulsions of the Seven Years' War, stealing unawares into a corner of the Chapel, where he was discovered sitting alone in the dusk of evening, and weeping bitterly (und er weinte bitterlich); on another occasion, when he saw the people gaping, and laughing at a caricature of himself, nailed high up on a street wall, ordering his attendants to hang the placard lower, so that his good people may not hurt their necks by having to look up; and again, when his Minister of Education was expatiating on the inherent goodness of human nature, cutting him short with the words—"Ach mein lieber Sulzer, er kennt nicht diese verdammte Race"—an utterance that will long be remembered, criticised, and perhaps misunderstood; or, after the rout

at Kunersdorf, when he was found sitting on the fallen trunk of a hollow tree, and tracing figures in the sand with his stick—his fortune being at its nadir—Luther, in the face of implacable hostility, pressing on to Worms, and fighting there the great battle of Christendom, or sitting alone in the Wartburg, and translating the Bible, and pitching his inkstand at the devil himself—he believed it was the devil, and the mark remains on the wall for the wonder and admiration of succeeding ages, and of men who do not believe even in a devil—Cortez disembarking in another hemisphere, and burning his ships—Kant, when all attempts to administer palliatives and nourishment had failed, expiring with the words—It is enough—which men remember long afterwards, and which become typical symbolical mythical, and the nucleus for endless coruscations of thought, and sentiment—such is the wonderful inherent energy wrapped up in the personalities of these chosen men—the mighty Swift great even in decay—his life's work ended when he was told that the people were lighting bonfires to celebrate the birthday of their champion and benefactor—slowly murmuring—It is no use—they had better let it alone—Sir Thomas Moore at the block joking about the shortness of his neck—and pointing to the basket, and consoling his friend with the remark that their heads will meet there—Michelebrachi soliloquising—If I were offered Truth in one hand and the pursuit of Truth in the other I would choose the pursuit of Truth—Comte the high priest of humanity finishing his meal with the slow eating of a crust of bread and with thoughts compassionately turned on the poor—Archimedes in the sack of Syracuse, asking the Roman soldiers not to disturb the circles he had traced in the sand—Newton the Christian Scientist impressed with the paltriness and the utter insufficiency of human knowledge remarking—"I have been but picking up shells on the sea coast of Truth—these are only a few random gleanings from the immense field of literature, of biography of history of humanity itself"

The central figure in all these dynamic images—and pictures, is the man of high and extraordinary personality—who is in tune with Nature, and her eternal harmonies—her immanent splendours, revealable and educible in all her forms, and substance—in thought, in action, in emotion, waiting only for the proper time and circumstance to blossom into visible beauty, locked up in marble like the idea of the sculptor, till it is emancipated by chisel and hammer—Take this exceptional personality away, and substitute another, and the scene, the circumstance, the milieu, resolves itself into the commonplace, the flat, and the static. These dynamic images do not repeat themselves, nor can they be imitated—Nature breaks the lyre after having struck the chord, and thus safeguards the genuine from the spurious. The best imitation will

be but a feeble copy of a great original—its banality will prevent its passing current. Nature allows room for pantomimes, known as such, but no room for the charlatan, and the mountbank, masquerading under her label. Lambert failed when he attempted to imitate Cromwell, and even the younger Goethe sank under the commanding personality of his father. Another excellence may be produced, but the same comes not again. The mould in which the central personality had been caste is broken; and in all her inexhaustible stores Nature has not another exactly like it. Even in the life of the individual no two events, or sets of circumstances will ever be the same. The occasion that is lost, or wrongly applied, or wantonly gambled away, will never come again in the same form. Endless variety without repetition—this is what critics, like Coleridge, and DeQuincey, dipping their buckets deep in the well of Shakespear's mind and art, have emphasised as the essential characteristic that separates his works from all other human productions—so complete is the fusion in them of art and nature.

It is not easy to analyse the samples given above, or to say exactly wherein lies the secret of their power and beauty. They somehow possess the power of striking consonant chords of electrifying things stagnant, of rivetting themselves in the memory by novelty, by contrast, or by hidden associations, of focussing, on to themselves the otherwise dissipated attention—they go home. Thus the first of the series has for incident a thing of common occurrence, gazed at and gaped at by thousands in every age and country, but there was only one man, who, under circumstances so prosaic and unpromising, could say—“There goes John Bunyan—but for the grace of God”—words heard by some friend or bystander, and handed down to posterity, to grow and fructify for ever in the great seed field of time—such is the peculiar influence of the man in unison with nature.

The amazing naturalness, after they have been produced, is what, in these images, appears to be the most extraordinary. Nature likes to produce variety out of sameness—deep hidden in the monotony, and the oneness of her atoms, electrons, and forces, she is ever striving to produce a diverse multitude of effects, like the shifting forms of the kaleidoscope, from a few chips of glass, or stone; and it has been said that she has her own enjoyment in it too—

Was geht dich's an?
 Hab' ich doch meine Freude d'ran!

Yet it seems as if the age for the production of these dynamic images, and pictures, is fast disappearing, and giving place to the age of criticism, and commercial values. Carlyle, Ruskin, and Wordsworth

have lamented it, and have also hinted at what they thought to be the cause.

The world is too much with us : late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
 Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
 This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;
 It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

The samples given above are all from the West—some from before and some from after, the Christian Era - and, strange as it may appear, the latter could not have come about without Christianity, and the former hold Christianity in solution. Christianity itself, says Emerson comes within the exhausting generalisations of Plato - the potential, as distinguished from the actual.

Are there none then to be found in the East ? None--except one and that is the source and fountain of all the rest ; for whatever there is of sublime, or beautiful is traceable to that one great and absorbing power and personality, everything leads up to, and, in return, catches a refulgence from that crown of glory ; for that power is immanent, and manifests itself in every act accomplished in every word spoken and every foot-print that was trodden by the Son of Man.

B. G. STEINHOFF.

Nagpur.

“WHAT IF I WERE A WOMAN.”

It was evening. A gentle wind blew around us. The sea was quite calm. The waves chanted a wild luxuriant music. We were walking arm in arm on the sea shore—my mother and I. We had walked long. My mother pleaded fatigue. “Come child, we shall return,” she said. I turned round silently—automatically. My mind was very busy. Indeed, I had not uttered a single word during the walk. My mother was either occupied with her own thoughts or she did not wish to disturb me—whatever it was, she never made an effort for conversation.

Suddenly I turned round and asked, “Mamma, what if I were a woman?” For a moment my mother looked perplexed. She then burst out into a laugh. “Oh, dear me!” she cried “why, you would have been married long since—at least four years!” Indeed! I would have been long wedded, for I am past eighteen now and fourteen is a very late marriageable age for the average Indian girl. This opened quite a new channel for my thoughts. We returned home to a late dinner. Immediately I retired to rest. No sleep however! I left my bed. The moon shone brisk and brilliant. Her rays shimmered on my bedstead. Dear D—lay there drowned in sweet sleep. How happy was he! Innocent child! He looked quite handsome. I surveyed myself in a mirror and really, far from boasting, in my night clothes and loose toilette I looked exquisite enough to be loved. What then thought at that hour of midnight if I were a beautiful young girl. Yes, what then? I threw myself on a sofa and dreamed of it. It was a dismal and yet a luxuriant dream. Indeed, my future and my happiness would have greatly depended on my birth. Who knows! I might have been a princess, an heiress or a farmer girl. These distinct prospects are of course to be considered, but as a girl what would I have been! As I am, I would have been “quite

charming." As a little girl I would have laughed gaily, sang merrily and carolled freely. As a maiden I would have loved freely, for I possess, even though I am of the sterner sex, a very soft mild heart which is burning with love. I am a good lover, a lover in my own way to love charitably and I would have made quite an ideal beloved. But it is possible I might have been deserted or not loved in return. That would have indeed been heart-breaking. It is a shocking thought. No, no, I must have been loved. Oh yes, but whom should I have loved? Of course a handsome youth. I would not have cared for much beauty. I would have preferred to look into the heart rather than into the face. For faces, by the bye, are often, why very often, very deceitful. I would have seen whether he could love, whether his heart was capable of feeling love and whether his mind was capable of retaining love, but all these are considerations for me regarding my lover. As a loving girl I would have loved before marking anything of this. Whether as princess, heiress or farmer girl, I could have and would have loved. No one could have shut my eyes or shut the outlet of my heart. But alas! I could not have married the man I loved, for here in India our elders settle the match. In fact, match-making is a great event. The family holds quite a *serone* Court to decide the question where nearly all who are fit to be engaged and who are anxious to be so, very actively take part and then I would have been told that a husband has been found out for me. "There he is," my aunt would have said. I would have looked slyly, for look at him I must, and stolen a glance. Could I have loved him? Yes, this question would have been predominant were I a grown-up girl, but not at a child age, and matches here are settled when we are quite children, before 10. A shower of reproaches from the old crones would have rained if this was not done. Therefore from my childhood, in case of my being a girl of ordinary means, I would have been taught what a husband was. Before I could know what was love, I would have been schooled to be a wife. This is the key to all useless controversy about marriage happiness in Indian life. As a princess or an heiress, however, I would have taken quite a different attitude. I would have been married late, late enough for me to know whether I loved or not. That would have been some satisfaction at least. For it is a misery to marry with the conviction "I cannot love my husband."

But in such a case I would have at least resisted and perhaps successfully. I would have selected my lover myself. But would my selected fiancé have loved me? Indeed it is a problem, for here we are not to talk to each other, *i.e.*, not to make love. We are to marry first and make love after. What a contrast between the East and the West, and so it always is. As an ordinary girl, however, no one would have consulted me. But if I were educated,—and Western books teach us to love—what would I have thought of a husband fixed like a lamp-post since years for me? Very poorly indeed. I would never have loved yet I would have been married. Western education would have been my ruin—my marriage an exile from love's region. But nevertheless I would have made a good wife. Our girls are taught to be good wives, and though we often have a tussle, we are usually very faithful. But this would have depended again on my nature. What if it were boisterous. Then indeed I would have been lost. Oh! I cannot think of it. Similar would have been my fate as a married woman, were I a princess or an heiress, if I had not loved. If I had loved, then, indeed, quite a heaven of bliss would have opened itself for me equally in a palace and in a cottage. Yes I would have loved to nestle my beloved to sleep in my arms. I would have lulled him to a soft repose. I would have sung such airs as would please him. I would have loved to go for moon-light walks with him. Very true, very true indeed all this, but I leave aside quite a possible calamity, a very great misfortune indeed. What if I were a widow? Oh! horrible, how horrible! I shudder even now at the idea. The poor Indian widow, whoever she may be, is quite a miserable creature. As a rule she is doomed to subordination. She is compelled to work like a maid-servant at home. She is under the ban of society outside. She can never deck herself with clothes or ornaments. With the hair shorn off she appears quite a witch. I am sure James the First would have persecuted all these devilish looking old crones. But this barbarous practice is falling off. So far so good. That is some consolation at least. Otherwise, the poor widow so long as she is young, trodden under a hailstorm of abuses, would have felt life galling. Oh! I cannot bear to think of it. Our widowers are happy, for they can remarry. Our poor widows cannot. How iniquitous this is! And yet all our boasted

social reform can do nothing against custom, prejudice and superstition, nor do I think it ever will. But I do not meddle in social reform Its trumpets sound hollow. However, as a woman, I would have been quite nice. I would have been satisfied with my lot. I would have resigned myself to fate. I would have had full confidence in the word of God as expounded in the sacred Gita and the Bible, dear alike to the Hindu and the Christian—Faith, Hope, and Charity. Yes, I would have made an admirable woman, mild, obedient and docile and I would have made my home happy. Quite true, but coupled with love, I would have transformed it into a paradise.

RAMRAI MOHANRAI.

Dumas.

ENGLISH CLASSICS.

(Continued from our last number.)

CHAPTER VI.

THE TRANSITION AGE.

Herrick, Jonson, Fletcher, Bacon, Hooker, etc.

WE have now seen something of the Classics who have come down to us from the times of the Restoration, and we have found that the literary generation, say, from the death of Cromwell to the expulsion of James II. could not be condemned as exceptionally and utterly frivolous or graceless. A period which produced the Royal Society, whose men enjoyed Shakspeare at the theatre and crowded to hear Barrow and Baxter from the pulpit, is also notable as having welcomed the poems of Milton and absorbed large editions of the "Pilgrim's Progress." The high society of the Court End was indeed more licentious than usual; and politics were steeped in corruption and tainted by cruelty; but such things had existed before. The account of the Court of Charles I. by a contemporaneous historian would fit that of his son with almost equal propriety*: and the deaths of Stafford, Colledge, Russell and Sydney were no more unjustifiable than the treatment awarded by the previous generation to Stafford, Laud and the King himself. The political life of the Rebellion time was too serious to allow of general corruption; yet the apostasy of Wentworth and the treachery of Waller are evidence that, had the temptation existed, there was nothing to prevent public men from being corrupt. Clarendon writes of Lord Bristol,

* "History of the Parliament" of 1640, by Thomas May. London 1647. He notices profaneness, no religion, luxury, and excess, as characterising the Court of Charles I. Jeremy Taylor's wife is said to have been an illegitimate daughter of that King.

a statesman of that time, that " he was in his nature very covetous and ready to embrace all ways that were offered to get money, whether honourable or no " : and Bristol, on his part, accused Clarendon of corrupt administration. On the whole, we shall be safe in concluding that, whatever the vices of the aristocracy may have been, the opinions and conduct of the general public were no worse in one generation than in the other, and the conclusion is entirely borne out by the evidence of literature. At the same time we shall find that in drawing nearer to the great revival under Elizabeth, we shall come upon a more universal nobility and enthusiasm of tone : a distinction of thought and manner that was confined to a far smaller number of authors in the day of the later Stuarts. For this reason we might call the period from the accession of Elizabeth to the death of Cromwell the " Heroic Age " ; dividing the period into two at the end of the 16th century. Englishmen have never been so noble since.

In literature the last years of this period were almost barren : from about 1640 men's minds became too much disturbed by politics and actual war, and the poets on either side were either unheard or unable to give their attention to the Muses in sufficient measure. The best remembered now are the Cavalier songsters, Lovelace and Suckling, the two clergymen, Herbert and Herrick ; and the Puritan Wither, famous chiefly for one love-song. Of all these it is enough to say that they had unquestionable inspiration, had the time been more favourable but their bulk was small and their matter unimportant, while their manner is constantly marred by quaint efforts and a straining after effect as of thin voices crying in a boisterous crowd. The " Going to the Wars " and " Althea " of Lovelace are immortal little lays ; and fragments of many of George Herbert's things have taken root in English hearts by reason of the peaceful piety that breathes through them. These indeed were produced before the beginning of the disturbances, as were also many of Herrick's most exquisite lyrics.

Up to the great Puritan movement the energies of the English authors had been greatly concentrated on the Drama. For this there were several reasons : there was no law of Copyright or distinct system of publication for ordinary books ; it is well known that even after the Restoration, Milton received only £5 for the first edition of his " Paradise Lost " : on the other hand,

the representation of a play was a palpable result ; and if the play were successful, the author could reckon the number of representations and make a somewhat exact calculation of his claims. The reading public, too, of those days was infinitely smaller than the number who crowded to the theatres ; and so it befell that, down to the end of the 17th century and beyond, the playwright was much better paid than the ordinary author. Hence poets from Shakspeare to Dryden put most of their work into the dramatic form.

The drama was thus a vigorous kind of literature during the early part of the heroic age ; and it was not until the change of manners caused by the politicians and the Puritans that this ceased. The last of the old school of dramatists was James Shirley (1596-1667) who may be regarded as forming a link between Shakspeare and Dryden, both of whom he may have seen. He graduated at Cambridge about 1619 and became first an Anglican priest and then a Roman Catholic monk. His first play was licensed in the beginning of 1625, and though deficient in originality, had enough success to lead him to take to writing for the stage as a profession—a singular one for a regular cleric—but, seeing that he was afterwards a married man, his vows must have sate but lightly on him. From this date to the close of 1635, when he moved to Dublin, Shirley supplied the London boards with at least a dozen comedies, and was recognised as the leading playwright of the day. and in 1633 one of his plays was noted by the licenser as free from censurable faults and a “pattern to other poets.” In 1640 he appears to have returned to England where, as already said, the work of the dramatist was ceasing to prosper. After the closing of the theatres Shirley continued to produce plays, but they were only published to be read and they betray fatigue or loss of spirits. In 1646 appeared a volume of poems, including a *Masque* ; and from that date Shirley is reported to have fallen into poverty : he died during the Great Fire of London. Shirley has more than one claim to our special attention : in the first place he is the last scion of a mighty time, and was hailed in his own day as the successor of Ben Jonson. Then, in the refinement of his ideas and in the elegance of his diction, he furnishes a stage of transition between the naïve vigour of the Elizabethan and the more cultivated yet far less powerful playwrights of the Restoration. Lastly, a select number of his dramas

is still reprinted, and many of his lyrics are familiar to the readers of Selections.*

When we travel back to the earlier stage of the Stuart dynasty, we begin to find ourselves amongst a race of giants. Ben Jonson (1573-1637) is the second greatest of all, not only as a dramatist but even more for a quantity of lovely lyrics which remind posterity of Samson's honey, ("out of the strong came forth sweetness," *Judges XV*, 14.) Born in the lower middle class, he was educated at Westminster and at Cambridge; went as a volunteer to the Netherlands soon after the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588, and became a regular writer for the London stage not later than 1597, having been already connected with it as an actor. In the following year he produced his first important comedy, having become about the same time a Roman Catholic, as he continued to be for about twelve years. His last play was produced in 1633, his dramatic work, however, though admirably constructed and finished, has proved too heavy for posterity. It is in his lighter poetry that Jonson lives, and that the reputation that he enjoyed in his own day finds its complete justification. These have been reproduced as recently as 1879, and a copious selection will be found in the second volume of Mr Ward's *English Poets* †

Jonson's epitaphs are justly famous and his lines to the memory of "his beloved William Shakspeare" are an unsurpassed monument of true yet loving criticism almost comparable to Shelley's poem on Keats (and more sober and judicious): many of these lines have taken rank as proverbial sayings; such as, "Marlowe's mighty line"; "though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek"; "he was not of an age but for all time"; etc. To the first edition of Shakspeare's collected works was also prefixed a portrait with a shorter piece of verse opposite, from which we learn that the portrait was accepted as a likeness: *e.g.*,—

"Oh! could he but have drawn the wit
As well in brass as he hath hit the face!"

Neither in the case of Jonson or of any of his contemporaries is much of the dramatic work to be considered as classic literature;

* *The Best Plays of James Shirley*, edited by Edm. Gosse, (Mermaid Series.) 1888.

† *Ward's English Poets*; Vol. II. 1883.

hardly one of the plays of the day is now to be seen on the stage ; Jonson himself has perhaps given us a key to their comparatively short popularity. Speaking of a work by a writer whom elsewhere he had called "Sporting Kyd," he makes Bobadil say : " I would fain see all the poets of his time pen such another play as that was ! They'll prate and swagger, and keep a stir of art and devices, when—read them—they are the most shallow, pitiful, barren fellows that live."

But, whenever these men are found writing otherwise than for the stage, they display a vigour and occasionally a grace that have never been excelled at any other era of English literary art. Coleridge has expressed the wish that some of them had never written plays but only poems

One of the most exquisite poets of the time of Jonson was John Fletcher (1579-1625) famous as the partner of Francis Beaumont who died before him. In his later days Fletcher wrote a Masque called "The Faithful Shepherdess," which is almost as fine as Milton's *Comus*, to which it served as a model

The poet was the son of Richard Fletcher, Bishop of London ; and Mr. Strachey, who has edited the selections published in the "Mermaid Series," conjectures that the then rural scenery about the Palace at Fulham may have supplied matter for the "Faithful Shepherdess."* The work was written for the stage, for which, however, it could never had been well fitted. From some lines by Ben Jonson, addressed to the author on the occasion of its performance, we gather that it failed to please, he consoles Fletcher by predicting that his poem shall rise

"A glorified work to Time, when fire
Or moths shall eat what all these fools admire "

To a very great extent the prediction has been made good. Well might Charles Lamb praise this delightful pastoral. Mr. Ward gives characteristic and beautiful selections. (Vol. II, 48 f.f.) But it must be admitted that the whole poem is somewhat marred by what Lamb justly calls an "ugly deformity." Such jarring notes are found in all the poetry of the age, and help to show the error of exaggerating the supposed anti-puritan reaction of the Restoration.

* *Beaumont and Fletcher*. Edited by J. St. Loe Strachey, London 1837.

William Brown (1588-1643) is one of the notable exceptions to the general rule of licentiousness regarding this period. * He cannot be quite considered "a classic"; but the best books of *Selections* contain extracts from his writings, which show culture and skill. The first book of "Britannia's Pastorals" appeared in 1613, and the second three years later: the author was a lawyer and a friend of Drayton and Chapman, greater men than he, of whom we shall hear something later on.

Prose, we have already seen is—as art—of later origin than verse, which is the natural language of emotion, a little wrought for the convenience of memory. In the time of which we are speaking, there were not very many great authors who chose the former channel for conveying thought and knowledge; and not all of these had the qualities or the fortune to produce durable literature in prose.

Bishop Joseph Hall (1574-1656) deserves more attention than he receives from an over-worked posterity, and Sir Thomas Overbury (1581-1613) is better known for his tragic end than for his ingenious and penetrating "Characters." A happier destiny has waited Robert Burton (1577-1640), an Oxford clergyman whose "Anatomy of Melancholy" was a favourite book with Samuel Johnson and Charles Lamb, and largely influential upon the work of Lawrence Sterne: Byron bore testimony to the value of the book as supplying topics for talk: and it has been reprinted repeatedly from the time of the author down to our own. Burton's peculiar habits and character appear to have been honestly reflected in his work, a circumstance which goes far towards accounting for its long popularity. It is original yet full of learning, melancholy not only by title but also in substance by reason of the author's sequestered manner of life, yet full of wit and benevolence controlled by a constant irony. In the prefatory letter to "The Reader" Burton modestly describes his own style and method. "I neglect phrases," he says, "and labour wholly to inform my reader's understanding, and not to please his ear; 'tis not my study or intent to compose neatly which an orator requires, but to express myself readily and plainly as it happens. . . . as the present subject required or as at the time I was affected." This, however, for a full and exercised intellect, would be the highest kind of prose, spontaneous at the moment because the past had been full of preparation

manifesting art by the very act of its concealment. Burton professed to have made his diagnosis of melancholy to cure himself of mental disorder; but the cure was not more successful than is usually the case with men who dwell too long on their own diseases. His mind loved morbid thoughts; he foretold the date of his own death, and is strongly suspected of having hanged himself in order to ensure the fulfilment of his prediction. If Burton succeeded by virtue of a spontaneous pen, that can hardly account for the success of Sir Walter Raleigh (1552-1618), an illustrious man unhappily possessed by an ambition as universal as his genius. War, navigation, politics, poetry, history, all came within his vast scope; but he was beset through life by enemies and sacrificed, at last, to an ignoble foreign policy, though for much of his ill-fortune he had his own self-will to blame. This peculiar nature is as usual reflected in Raleigh's great fragment, "The History of the World," published in 1614. It is the work of one who is at once courtier, scholar, and soldier; it is wise, learned, and energetic; but the style is stiff, inverted, and marked by constant effort. Such as the book is, it was never finished, probably never revised; yet it remains a fine, though broken, monument. Curiously enough, things have been brought to light which shew that it is not in manner only but in matter also that the author's character is revealed. Ben Jonson said that Raleigh "esteemed fame more than conscience; and the best wits in England were employed in making his history." The research and criticism are now believed to have been chiefly contributed by one Burrell, Sir Walter's chaplain. But in any case the result has been a work which has always been studied with profit and pleasure, and fully deserves the praise of having been the first in its class and time. Oliver Cromwell esteemed it highly and recommended it to the attentive perusal of his feeble-minded eldest son. The fragment consists of some 1,300 folio pages; and covers the period from the Creation as related in *Genesis* down to the Macedonian War and the conquest of Perseus by the Romans in 169 B.C.

A yet more immortal English writer of the early Stuart period is Francis Bacon (1561-1626). Though habitually called "Lord Bacon," his proper title is Viscount St. Alban's which he received in 1621, having been previously created Baron Verulam. Thus he ought no more to be called Lord Bacon

than his hostile contemporary the Earl of Salisbury should be "Lord Cecil." But the usage has been stereotyped by many distinguished writers, and it must content us here to note it and pass on.

Few English writers, indeed, have received so much attention from succeeding times as Bacon. Not to dwell upon earlier editions, from 1638 to 1730, we must take note of the collection by Basil Montagu as one which furnished the text for Macaulay's brilliant but superficial essay. In 1857-74 appeared a fine complete redaction in 14 volumes, of which a full half consisted of an apologetic introduction by James Spedding. A full exposition of Bacon's philosophy by Kuno Fischer had already appeared in Germany; but we must here be satisfied with following the judicious and impartial monograph of the late Dean Church,* while we consider Bacon as a writer of English rather than as a philosopher or even as a man.

Bacon was son to a former Lord Keeper, Sir N. Bacon, and born 1561 the year of Queen Mary's arrival at Edinburgh. he lived to nearly the end of her son's reign over the whole of Britain. At the early age of 13 he was sent to Cambridge: after two years proceeding to Paris as what would now be called Attaché to the Embassy. In 1579 he was recalled to England by the death of his father; in 1582 he was called to the English Bar; and, two years later, became a member of the House of Commons, where he took the popular side, speaking in 1593 against supply. He ultimately saw that this course was premature in the then state of affairs; so he became Queen's Counsel and acted as junior in the prosecution of his friend and benefactor the Earl of Essex. In palliation of this ill-looking conduct it may be observed that Bacon seems to have thought it his duty; and to have reconciled it with the claims of justice by a notion that, as Essex was clearly guilty, the best thing in his own interest was that he should be made to see the hopelessness of defence and to throw himself upon the mercy of the Crown. "All that you can say in answer," so he apostrophised the noble prisoner, "are but shadows; and therefore methinks it were best for you to confess, and not to justify." Essex did in fact confess his guilt, but not until after the sentence: when he added—according to Camden—that "the Queen could not be safe while he lived."

* In Macmillan's *English Men of Letters*. London, 1892.

But whatever be thought of Bacon's motives in aiding in the conviction of his former friend, his subsequent course through life abundantly showed that he would never put any consideration before his own interest—he would indeed be a good servant of the public, but only so long as by so doing he could serve himself. In 1607 the new Government of James I made him Solicitor-General, and he offered a few years later to lead for that Government in the Commons. No record appears of the acceptance of this offer—but in 1613 Bacon became Attorney-General.

In 1617 he obtained the post of Lord Keeper once held by his father, and in 1618 he was made Chancellor and a peer. In 1621 he was deprived on charges of corruption to which he pleaded guilty, and he retired to his seat at Gorhambury near St Alban's, where he died five years later.

It was Bacon's peculiar fancy to write for the most part in Latin, as a language more likely to command the attention and apprehension of Continental student. He was anxious to aid in the increase of human welfare and comfort not so much by a course of practical teaching as by showing men the true path of discovery. He professed man's mind a betterment from habitual prudence and because he thought it a dangerous thing to leave the minds of his countrymen to the influence of the vernacular. When he wrote in Latin, or when he condescended to the vernacular, he went to all possible pains to have his vernacular works turned into the learned language.

Bacon's principal English writings are

1. "Advancement of Learning" afterwards incorporated into the Latin "*De Augmentis Scientiarum*" but originally written in the mother-tongue in 1605.

2. "Essays," 1612, republished with additions in 1625.

3. "History of Henry VII," written in 1621, just after the author's fall from office.

It is of course with No. 2 that we shall chiefly concern ourselves, that being the only work of Bacon's that is now popular or widely read. This book is indeed a Classic—the style is as flexible and natural as that of Burton, yet betraying the curious combination of scholar and man-of-the-world that we have seen produced by Raleigh—only that while the latter was indebted to professed scholars, Bacon wrote from the fulness of his own

knowledge. We cannot better describe this immortal collection of papers than by borrowing the words of Dean Church :—" It is an instance of the author's self-willed but most skilful use of the freedom and ease which the ' modern language ' which he despised gave him. It is obvious that he might have expanded these counsels, moral and political, to the size which such essays used to swell to after his time. Many would have thanked him for doing so ; and some have thought it a good book on which to hang their own reflections and illustrations." This refers probably to the edition by Archbishop Whateley and to the copious commentaries of the Right Reverend editor.*

" Nothing," pursues the Dean, " can be more loose than the structure of these essays. There is no art, no style, almost no order ; thoughts are put down and left unsupported, unproved, undeveloped. . . . These short papers say what they have to say without preface and in literary undress without a superfluous word. . . . But with their truth and piercingness and delicacy of observation, their roughness gives a kind of flavour which no elaboration could give. It is none the less true that their wisdom is of a somewhat cynical kind, fully alive to the slipperiness and self-deceits and faithlessness which are in the world, and rather inclined to be amused by them. But he had another manner of writing for what he felt to be his more serious work. . . . When we come to the ' Advance-ment of Learning ' we come to a book which is one of the landmarks of what high thought and rich imagination have made of the English language."

Dean Church concludes that this " great book " is the first which can claim a place beside the " Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity." The work thus taken as a standard was the production of a contemporary of a somewhat senior date, Richard Hooker (1554-1600), a man superior to Bacon in character and conduct, however inferior in the qualities that confer permanent popularity. Bacon, it is true, has not been without a kind of piety, a stately orthodoxy as of a judge giving a decree in Chancery in favour of Eternal Providence. He was indeed a man of unimpeachable opinions, although willing to owe all his distinctions and satisfactions to mundane sources. He was also one who

* *Bacon's Essays*, with annotations by R. Whateley, D.D., 5th edition (616 pp. royal 8vo.), London, 1860.

could retain a certain factitious nobility while doing all kinds of ignoble actions. In every respect but literary mastery Hooker was as complete a contrast to Bacon as could be imagined or conceived. Born just before the Marian persecution, his infant mind was doubtless filled with tales of the patience and piety of the Protestant martyrs.

Bred under the fatherly care of the holy Bishop Jewel, he studied while still a mere child at Oxford, where in due course he became himself a tutor, obtaining a Fellowship and being ordained in 1577-80. Five years later than the date of his priest's orders he married and became Master of the Temple, a post then, even as now, involving pulpit eloquence. The afternoon lecturer at that time was a Low-Church man and perhaps jealous of the new Master; and the upshot was that Hooker fell back on his country-living by permission of Archbishop Whitgift, who had, however, taken his part and suspended the rival preacher. Retired to Boscomb, the meek and uncontentious philosopher applied himself to the task which, as he told the Bishop, he had already undertaken; and in 1594 appeared the first four books of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*. In 1595 Hooker was transferred to another living where he finished the fifth book: three other books appeared many years after his death: of one of these (Bk.VI.) the authenticity has been doubted.

Many good critics have combined to praise the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, a book which—as we have already seen—is taken by Dean Church as a standard of comparison by which to try Bacon's English philosophic work. Hallam doubts "whether any later writers have more admirably displayed the capacities of our own language." Long before the French influence had improved our literary workmanship, the gentle but earnest apostle of Anglicanism had shown how an argument could be conducted in rhythmic prose and unconfused composition. Though Hooker's work and life were alike finished before the accession of James I., he belongs by the moderation of his opinions and the perfection of his workmanship to a more modern school than any of the Elizabethan authors; and the comparison with Bacon has necessitated this brief account of him a little before arriving at his chronologic place.

Prose-writers more exactly belonging to this period remain to be briefly mentioned. With the exception of Hooker the men

of the sixteenth century used a prose-style that was somewhat boyish and untrained : every part of their culture was tentative and somewhat unruly ; as indeed may be seen by their architecture in which remnants of the later Perpendicular are incongruously blended with elements of Italian and Greek. At the death of Elizabeth England was nearly isolated, excepting in regard to Spain and her Colonies—where English mariners were apt to fight and plunder. Even Scotland was a foreign country, North America a scene of enchantment, India a land of fabulous wealth and splendour.* At home the feudal system was in full force, loyalty to the Crown was universal, the House of Commons was respectful, almost submissive. What changes came with the next two generations History can tell : and the time of violent conflict and transition was not favourable to literature, least of all to artistic prose. The passionate pamphleteering of the great author of *Paradise Lost* can hardly be said to have lived ; though the writings of Jeremy Taylor, Sir Th. Browne, and Izaak Walton continue to be reprinted and enjoyed. In all these the language shows a marked advance on that of all but the very greatest of the Elizabethans: the vocabulary enlarged, the rhythm improved, the structure of the sentences more studied. Poetry shows a great falling-off but, as already observed, Prose is the literary art of progress : the Poet can sing to himself or to a friendly circle ; prose is the art of the Orator, the man of the Forum and of the organised social system. In times of storm the voices of the birds are silent : the thunder alone is heard.

(To be Continued.)

H. G. KEENE.

England.

* Purchas, *Collecte of Accounts of Travels in India and Elsewhere (1613-25)*. *

SPAIN.

MR. BELLOC says somewhere that if you were suddenly set down in Spain by some invisible agency, you would at once be certain in what country you were. And it is true. Spain is so unlike any other part of Europe that the identification is immediate.

The prevailing tints of ochre: the universal pack-mules: the absence of roads: the sense of arid and earthy spaciousness, are factors in this distinctive impression. Yet they do not constitute the whole of it. There is a noble melancholy about the very lines of the landscape.

After a few hours' intercourse with the people, you realize that you have stepped into an enchanted land, where the past seventy years of movement have been blotted out. Superficially, there is change. The smallest towns will surprise you by their electric lights. The railways compare not unfavourably with those of France or Wales. Building proceeds with knowledge and discretion. Intellectual circles are in close touch with Paris. The simplicity of life, however, remains. The domestic is an attached member of the family. The clergy are everywhere a power. The pert self-assertion of the pushing Americanized races give place to a serious self-respect, which knows how to fill any station with considerateness and dignity. King or beggar, the Spaniard does not forget what is due to himself or to others.

We entered this enchanted territory by one of its most beautiful and least characteristic districts—the western extremity of the Pyrenees. On the way the train crosses the Bidassoa, and shortly afterwards it reaches San Sebastian. The lovely little blue sea-lake, shut in by a lotty peninsula of rock, like a scene in a theatre, is the subject of encomium by everyone who mentions San Sebastian, and we will not omit our tribute. After leaving the town, the train traverses the grandest mountain scenery before it is clear of the Pyrenees. This is the entangled country where, a hundred years ago, the "Battles of the Pyrenees" were fought. In the afternoon we emerge from it, and by three o'clock we are at Burgoș. We descend light-heartedly from the train, which has been our moving home since we left the Quai

d'Orleans in Paris. If we had known—! As in the days of diligences, (according to Street), it is almost impossible, once you have left the train, to resume the journey. The trains are made up for the transit from Paris to Madrid; and if passengers do leave the train at Burgos (they must sometimes, as we did) their places are filled by some mysterious agency which we did not fathom. It is necessary to wait for some months, or else to proceed in a slow train. But we did not know; and all unconsciously we left the little station and embarked in a little hotel omnibus, which clattered along the tree-shaded causeway leading to the town.

We were suspicious about our beds: but they were soft and clean, (No traveller, at least on the beaten tracks, need be in the least afraid of Spanish hotels: though some constitutions need to be warned against the effects of the excellent white claret "Rioja"). And then we sallied forth to look at Burgos.

On the old Castilian capital, with its grim and stately history, we had expected to find a dark stone city, frowning with black battlemented basalt on narrow streets, where here and there a cloaked figure might stalk in gloomy silence past the grilled and grated windows. But you cannot get a gloomy effect from yellow ochre. Burgos is much less gloomy than Paisley. The shallow river runs past a bright esplanade, vivid with crowded life beyond which are light, bright buildings, the picturesque yellow Arco de Santa Maria, and the great Cathedral. A charming Plaza, irregularly polygonal, and colonnaded, leads to equally bright, light streets, which might belong to comic opera. It is not what we expected. Many would affirm that it is a great deal pleasanter.

The Cathedral, with its two massive, pierced, steeples at the west end, is well-known to all students of architecture. A delightful custodian took us round and showed us the relics of the English builder-bishop, and the coffer of the Cid. That warrior is said to have pledged this portmanteau, filled with stones, to Jews who were obliging enough to take his word for it that the contents were gold. (The Cid paid up in the end.) The cloisters are perhaps the best feature of the Cathedral. The building is so overloaded with meretricious decoration, that it takes a trained eye to discover its real merit. Like all Spanish cathedrals its proportions are also obscured by a substantial erection built up in the nave opposite the main altar, to contain the sedilia of the choir and canons (the *coro*). Still, there is a great charm about Burgos Cathedral. If, especially at dusk, you can forget the heavy and tasteless ornament with which it is plastered, and can give yourself up to admiration of its transepts and rose windows, its true excellence will not be far to seek.

The night journey from Burgos to Madrid in a slow train does not tempt the imagination. Also, some miles out of Burgos, the train sustained a peculiar accident, described by skilled witnesses in the phrase—"the water has run away from the engine." This prolonged the hours of unrest. Moreover, a priest and his thoughtful mother got into our carriage; we removed our hand-luggage for the lady, and found we had in fact removed it for the priest's feet. So we dozed upright until morning, when we found ourselves traversing a landscape of grey rocks and sparse bushes, which endured until we reached Madrid.

Madrid has its points: the Recoletos, or far-reaching garden-streets, are perhaps the best; the Palace too is fine and impressive. Picture galleries are always a weariness, yet people parade the Prado collections and pretend to enjoy themselves. Feeling extremely artistic and superior, no doubt, they do. There is only one picture at which we desired to look twice. It is a portrait of a cardinal by Raphael—a lovely face of clear olive, seen in profile above its scarlet cape. It might be that of Portia, full of intellect and beauty, the firm-closed lips showing delicate and tender irony. At this moment, the clear objectivity of Velasquez is out of favour, superseded by Greco's attempts to paint his feelings. Like Gallio, we are sublimely indifferent to these storms in the connoisseur's blue and white tea-cup: we leave Velasquez and Greco alike severely alone with Murillo.

But the Prado Museums are the attraction of Madrid for the highly cultivated stranger. The city itself is new, not particularly distinguished or rich, and with no special beauty of situation. Its climate is trying: otherwise it is a pleasant and hospitable town. And it cannot escape its Spanish hall-mark. Not on the borders of Poland and Hungary—not in the heart of Sweden—are you likely to see a caravan drawn by a string of four mules and an ox or two!

After Madrid, Andalusia. We may easily take Toledo on the way. Toledo, until comparatively lately the capital of Spain: the home of its Archbishops and of the Gothic kings: the shelter of the black magician: the forging-place of the chivalric blade! We expect to see it seated black and stern and hard on its ancient crag. But in reality it is the daintiest little town, meandering in narrow lively streetlets from one comic-opera square to another. Its Alcazar, which stands to the town as a keep to a castle, is fine and massive—but, once more, how can you be grim in yellow ochre? The thing is impossible. The Cathedral is more extensive and magnificent than that of Burgos, and less spoilt by overlaid ornament. It has a less intimate charm, however, and a somewhat scattered effect, for it is an enormous building, greater in area than Milan, and immensely wide. We found it less impressive than Seville; undoubted-

ly it is one of the great triumphs of the world's architecture. Toledo has other sights : quaint bits of Moorish and Mozarabic work : the tiny mosque which may have been a Christian church before the Arabs came, (it was old in the thirteenth century) : the often-painted arch of Alcantará, spanning the Tagus, yellow like itself. Certainly a town worth seeing : yet nothing in the least like one's conception of it.

But interesting as Northern and Central Spain are, and beautiful as Pyrenean Spain and Galicia are, it is in Andalusia that Spain culminates. The soft climate and the amiable people—the palms and the cactus—the romance and the flowers—combine to render the country one of singular charm and attractiveness. If Cordova is not actually in Andalusia, it deserves to be. It is one of the most remarkable cities in the West. Dismiss all ideas of Frankfort and Liverpool and Marseilles. Forget side-walks and paving-stones. Eliminate traffic, carts and carriages. Get rid of shop-fronts and plate-glass. Then you may begin to form an idea of the city of Cordova. There is a straight road from the station : then you plunge into a tangle of narrow, quiet streets, rising and falling with the undulations of the ground. The shops are open, like Oriental ones. Winding one's way through these delightful lanes—which are as clean as plates—you come to the unique Cathedral, which was once a mosque, enfiladed by its wide garden of orange-trees. Here we do not find a mass of lancet windows and crocketed gables and spires : but a great square building, internally a forest of low, red Moorish arches, supported on polished columns. Into this dim Moorish forest the chapter under Carlos V. intruded a large, light Renaissance core, to serve as an assembly place for the choir and canons. "You have destroyed," said Carlos the Emperor, "what was unique in Spain and all the world, to put in what any mason could have done !" There are rumours that their work is to be removed, and the fabric restored to its previous state : and although restorations are little, as a rule, to be commended, there is something so alluring in the prospect of seeing Cordova as it was—it is a building so absolutely incomparable—that the balance of desire is in favour of the bold experiment. Bits of rich decorative coloured work still exist in places, dating from Arabic days. The impression of vast extent derived from the multitude of short columns, is very impressive, and the whole effect entrancing to a degree.

It is a short journey from Cordova to Seville. Grapes, the excellent Spanish white bread, close and firm, and a few hard eggs, sustained us on the way. At Seville our tour culminated, and not, as Bædeker will have it, at Granada. Palms and warmth and splendour : these are Seville ! It is perhaps the most magnificent and delightful city that we have met in the course of our wanderings. Much more sophis-

ticated and enginnered than Cordova, it possesses also an *elan* and movement which there are absent. At other Spanish cities there is often an outstanding attraction : but at Seville it is difficult to decide between the Cathedral, the Giralda and the Alcazar. Let us enter the former first. It is dark and lofty. Its great clustered pillars support no triforium, but spring to the roof like giant beech trees. The side-chapels are lost in the immense splendour of their branching. In front of the choir lie the ashes of Christopher Columbus. Pass to the Giralda. Tall and airy, from the gloom of the Cathedral, the bright tower springs in perfect proportions. You may see from the top, where the bells swing, almost to Cadiz and Granada. Descend, and we are within a stone's throw of the Alcazar. A Moorish palace, like the Alhambra, it is in many ways the Alhambra's superior. It is still habitable : it is the King's home in Seville. Unlike the Alhambra, which is the shadowy ghost of its former self, the Alcazar is brilliant with the gold and colour of the arabesque artists. It rests in the embrace of verdant and flowery gardens. It has history, like the Alhambra, but it shows no decay.

The road from Seville to Granada is not unlike the way through the Lake District mountains to Scotland. On the whole it is less variously picturesque than the Pyrenées ; yet it is strikingly beautiful and wild. We arrived at Granada late at night. A long drive brought us to the hotel ; a Spanish one in the centre of the town. Granada is, in many ways, the most Anglicized of any city in Spain. It is no longer true that a few streets are kept clean for the benefit of tourists, while the rest are filthy. Apart from the gipsy quarter, Granada is irreproachable. There are camera shops in the main street, and there are moments when you might almost fancy yourself at Keswick—if you tried very hard. Interesting old arcades surround the big Renaissance Cathedral, which, though four hundred years old, seems in its yellow freshness to have been built only yesterday. Stone does not weather in the dry climate of Spain, where even mosquitoes find existence precarious.

Ferdinand and Ysabel's remains lie in the crypt : you can peep at them through a grating. The organ-cases in the choir and the high altar are excellent in design : and one should by no means omit a visit to this church. But the glory of Granada is the Alhambra.

You toil up a steep, narrow street, and find a stone gateway facing you. Then you enter a path among woods, with rising ground to the right and left. You give a thought of gratitude to Arthur, Duke of Wellington and Marquis of Douro, whose idea it was to plant the luxuriant elms, and still ascending, you come to a parting of the ways. Keeping to the left, and turning back, you find yourself nearing the

summit of the flat table-land, and face-to-face with the dull red gateway of the Alhambra. You traverse the outer court, passing the heavy shell of a Renaissance Palace projected by Carlos V. and, turning again to the right, you enter the Moorish structure.

It is painfully clean and empty. All colour and gold has vanished from the walls. The whole extent of the Palace is small, and some portions are closed to visitors. The views are superb. The attendants are courteous old soldiers, and not obtrusive. One can wander about at will.

But it is not until one has rested on the pavement of its vestibule, say, of the Hall of the Two Sisters, and gazed across the vistas of the traceried saloons, until the twentieth century has slipped away from the mind, and it is attuned to the Arabic milieu, that the Alhambra begins to make an impression. Fix your eyes far and high, till slowly. . . slowly. . . the past comes back, with its silken cushions, its magic carpets, its inlay, its brass, its ivory. The perfumes of Damascus will begin to steal into your senses,—the faint voices of the Sultan's ladies will grow real,—for a moment the Alhambra will be alive.

It is melancholy as a show-place. So empty, so unhuman! Yet it is something that it is preserved. Some day, someone will love it well enough to live in it.

The Alhambra hill is crowded with buildings outside the palace. There is a village: there are towers beautiful enough for a princess, as they say they were meant. But it grows evening: let us take a guide to the Generalife. We pitched upon two small girls—one with a tremendous air of command, the other staggering under a weighty infant. They set off at a race-horse speed and took us to the wrong gate. It was a stiff pull for the small persons, and we gave them a peseta; on receipt of which, forgetting fatigue, but still clinging to the weighty baby, they fled, doubtless to the local sweet-shop. So we made our own way to the Generalife, the summer-house of the Alhambra, crowning an adjacent height, and, traversing the solemn lines of poplars, more solemn in the growing darkness, we gained its gardens, and saw the last gleams of the sunset sky behind the Alhambra's bastions.

Beautiful and glorious Spain! She only needs to get rid of the politicians, who fasten on every sign of wealth, and if the priests would not give her very much trouble. The Catholic Church is a great power in the country. Daily newspapers are full of notices of services and biographies of the daily saints. The priest moves with the gait of an acknowledged master. But its influence is sound and wholesome. It is not Catholicism, but, the purposeless rivalries

and rapacities of politicians, that are the curse of Spain (as of other countries). We could wish the bull-ring away. It is not so much cruel—"these old horses would have to be killed, any way," as Spaniards tell you)—as simply disgusting. But it, like Mr. George Shaw and Helen's Babies, you are not offended by "blugginess," you may like the bull-fight very much. It is not an old institution, dating merely from the bravado of the court-nobles of Stuart or Tudor times, and it is possible that it might vanish as rapidly as it arose. Spaniards, in spite of the Inquisition, and their undoubted willingness to suffer or inflict anything for a principle (like the Ulster folk) are not cruel. We never saw a beast ill-treated or over-driven, from San Sebastian to Seville : and Mr. Wigram in his fascinating *Northern Spain* thoroughly corroborates our opinion. It is good government that Spain needs, and she will never get it as long as she is governed on a centralized French model. The intensity of local life in the various provinces is a most remarkable feature. It is in the concession of local autonomy, and the slow building-up of political independence among the villagers, that progress may be expected to lie. But this is a counsel of perfection even for England. It can hardly be expected to be followed in Spain. Yet the canker of corrupt politics may render it necessary sooner than one thinks, in both the one country and the other. Catalonia hardly considers itself Spanish, nor does Galicia. A strong movement in favour of home rule seems likely to characterize the politics of the immediate future in every civilized country. It can only benefit Spain ; and the sooner it gathers strength, the better.

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THE BEGINNINGS OF ENGLISH EDUCATION IN INDIA.

I.

THOSE who had the opportunity of studying the recent *Quinquennial Review of Indian Education* issued by the Imperial Government, must have been struck by the magnitude and steady progress of the Educational system in this country. The number of pupils under instruction in institutions of all classes at the end of the period, in 1912, was nearly seven millions and the total sum of money spent on Education from all sources during the year amounted to nearly eight crores of Rupees, the expenditure from public funds alone coming to £2,700,000. Even the figures relating to collegiate education are sufficiently imposing by themselves. There were 179 colleges in the country with a total strength of 36,533 students. It must be a matter of no ordinary interest to study the obscure beginnings of a movement which has grown to such enormous proportions and which certainly constitutes one of the proudest monuments of British rule in India.

The statistics become particularly significant when we see that they imply a corresponding increase in the beneficent results that have flowed from the adoption of Western education in this country. The period during which these influences have operated on the people is probably too short in the history of a nation to be able to record any serious transformation, but even the changes that have already come demand a verdict of the most favourable type on the effects of English education in India. It has generated impulses that have vivified all aspects of national life. The dictates of science and reason have begun to regulate the intellectual outlook; the ethical sense has been trained to feel the wrongs of centuries, and various movements for the national good and prosperity have been successfully conceived and worked by the help of this system. It will not be wrong to compare the movement in its intensity and beneficent consequences to the great Renaissance in Europe which Walter Pater has called an outbreak of the human spirit, though the operations of the Indian Revival are necessarily on a smaller scale.

It is true that interested critics have often belittled the results of English education in India, but the attack has always been on grounds that do not bear the test of impartial inquiry. A desire for political progress on modern lines has been represented as an inspiration for sedition and disloyalty; an attempt to free the nation of its superstitions and corruptions of religious faiths as a sign of national degeneration, and the cherishing of a sense of manliness and self-respect as open rebellion against all constituted authority. Principal James of Calcutta has, however, read the situation aright when he says in his *Education and Statesmanship in India*:—"On the main question I venture to think the answer is complete. . . . This vindication holds as against the impatience of advanced political thinkers who complain that too little has been done and grasp at a hasty realisation of the ends to which the educational process is waking before the work of training is sufficiently advanced; and also against the one-sided condemnation of critics who pay disproportionate attention to the morbid products of a great intellectual and moral transmutation and decline to see to what extent these are merely incidental to a process in itself essentially healthy and beneficial. It appears that the policy of the Government of India from the beginning of the nineteenth century to the present day has, in the main, been justified by its results as well as in its inception: that no startling reversal of policy is called for, not even any radical change in the direction of its leading activities. Improvement in the details, expansion all along the line, more liberal employment of funds, these are wanted as they have always been wanted. For the rest the watchword is Forward and not Back; courage and not words of doubt and despondency." To any one who has studied the actual circumstances in which English education was inaugurated in this country it will be apparent that all the aims which are being gradually realised to-day were sufficiently in the mind of the Government and the people when the great step was taken at the beginning of the nineteenth century. It was a scheme that was carefully deliberated upon by the Government and that met with the approval of at least the advanced section of the people.

II.

It has always been a popular mistake to trace the beginnings of English education in India to Lord Macaulay and Lord William Bentinck, though it cannot be denied that their labours and statesmanship served to make its aims definite and its progress a matter of deep concern to the Government. But English education had already begun at various centres in the country and its further development, whether it was going to receive the direct encouragement of Government or not, was only a matter of time.

The first efforts on the part of Government were directed only towards the encouragement of oriental studies, as is evident by the founding of the Calcutta Madrassa by Warren Hastings in 1771 and the Benares Sanskrit College in 1791 by Jonathan Duncan. Even when, as the result of Lord Minto's representation to the Court of Directors in 1811 on the decay of learning in the land and on the duty of the Company's Government to foster the work of education, a lakh of rupees were set apart every year for educational purposes, the amount was spent on the printing of Arabic and Sanskrit works and on the general advancement of oriental studies. But in all the three great Presidencies of India, the Christian missionaries and the educated Indians themselves anticipated the work of Government by opening a number of schools for the imparting of English education.

The spontaneous demand of the people for the benefits of English education was in greatest evidence in Bengal and it expressed itself in the foundation on the 20th January, 1857, of the Hindu College in Calcutta. It has been rightly observed that its association with the foundation of the Presidency College in Calcutta, and indirectly with the organisation of educational departments in all parts of India, makes its history substantially the same as that of the beginning of English education in India. The establishment of the Hindu College was due to the efforts of three distinguished workers, Sir Edward Hyde East, Chief Justice of Bengal, who took keen interest in education like several of his brethren on the Bench since his time; David Hare, a non-official European of philanthropic instincts and Raja Ram Mohan Roy who was almost the first in India to realise the necessity of liberalising Indian life and thought by the introduction of Western culture. Among the first subscribers to the funds of the college was the distinguished scholar Bishop Middleton.

Educational progress was also evident in several other directions. The Calcutta School Books Society, which was started about the same time for the supply of suitable schoolbooks, was soon followed by the Calcutta Schools Society whose avowed object was the opening of new schools for imparting English education. And in 1823 an educational organisation of some kind came into existence by the formation of a General Committee of Public Instruction, whose main function was to disburse, to the best advantage, the annual grant which had been placed at its disposal by the Government.

The Presidencies of Bombay and Madras were also rapidly awakening to their duty in the matter. Mountstuart Elphinstone, who presided over the destinies of the former, had a statesmanly appreciation of the advantage of education, and was successful, before he laid down his high office, in forming an Education Society in 1815 and School Book

and School Societies a few years later, like those that had been started in Calcutta. The Elphinstone Professorship fund amounting to a sum of Rs. 2,15,000 was formed in 1827, for the importing of European professors to teach Western literature and science. The scheme bore practical result only so late as in 1835 when the first professors began to arrive. But the institution was ultimately to develop into the Elphinstone College, Bombay, and a beginning had thus been made in the direction of imparting higher education to the youths of the presidency.

A statesman of popular sympathies, keen insight, and indomitable energy, Sir Thomas Munro was happily at the head of affairs in Madras, and it is no wonder an equally happy beginning was made in the southern presidency under his auspices. Readers of Sir Thomas Munro's famous minute on the subject of the Education of the Natives of India, dated 10th March, 1826, will appreciate his zeal in the noble cause. He had no hesitation in declaring: "Whatever expense Government may incur in the education of the people will be amply repaid by the improvement of the country; for the general diffusion of knowledge is inseparably followed by more orderly habits, by increasing industry, by a taste for the comforts of life, by exertion to acquire them and by the growing prosperity of the people." He recommended the formation of a Committee of Public Instruction, the opening of a number of schools all over the presidency and of the establishment of a training school for teachers so as to make elementary education more efficient and valuable. Educational institutions of a fairly high standard came into existence only later, with the opening of the Free Church Mission School in 1837 and the Government High School and Pachaiyappa's School in 1841, but it was clear which way events were tending. It is only necessary to add that the Christian missionaries who had begun with ideas of evangelisation, now vigorously entered upon educational work. In addition to the Serampore College in Bengal, several English schools had been opened by their labours all over India.

If a digression were permitted, reference may be made to a few significant facts which were elicited about the time by a survey of the condition of indigenous education in the country, at the suggestion of Sir Thomas Munro. Returns on the subject were called for from every district in the Madras Presidency and it was found there were 12,498 institutions with 198,000 students for a population of a little over 12,000,000. There was thus at least in the southern presidency a school for every 1,000 of the population and one person out of every sixty-seven was receiving education. As Sir Thomas Munro observed, though the state of education was low when compared with the condition in England, it was higher than what it was in European countries at no

very distant period. If that was the proportion maintained after a century of political chaos, it must undoubtedly have been very much higher when the country could boast of indigenous dynasties of some authority and ordered government. The significance of the introduction of Western culture in India is, therefore, only in the nature of new learning. It can never be represented, as some enthusiasts have done, as the bringing of light into a land enveloped in darkness.

III.

We begin a new chapter in the early history of Indian education with the appointment of Lord Macaulay as President of the Committee of Public Instruction in Bengal, for it was his famous minute on the subject that made the Government commit itself definitely to the policy of diffusing English education in India. The ten members of the Committee were wrangling over the distribution of the annual grant of one lakh of rupees from Government, five being for spending it on the printing of Arabic and Sanskrit works and on stipends for students in Oriental Colleges, and five for spending at least a part of it in English education. The work of the Committee had come to a standstill and Lord Macaulay refused to have anything to do with it, unless the matter was settled once for all. It was then that he wrote his brilliant minute on the subject, as a member of the Governor-General's Council, not only pointing out that the terms of the grant allowed a new use of the funds, but also urging upon Government the sacred duty of conferring the benefits of English education on the millions of India. Lord William Bentinck who had already strong leaning towards the occidental school, found no difficulty in agreeing with Lord Macaulay and laying down the memorable words in the resolution the 7th March 1835: "His Lordship-in-Council is of opinion that the great object of the British Government ought to be the promotion of European literature and science among the natives of India and that all the funds appropriated for the purposes of education would be best employed on English education alone." The resolution had far-reaching effects, though officially intended only for Bengal, and all the provinces immediately declared themselves in favour of English education. Macaulay's Minute thus prevented the continuance of the oriental system not only in Bengal but in every other part of British India.

The wisdom of Macaulay's decision has been questioned from time to time, but the most convincing answer to all such adverse criticism is in the actual results that have been achieved, in the inspiration to progress that has been shaping the country's history all these years, and in the new life that has resulted in the progress we see all around us to-day. It is true Macaulay underrated the value of oriental learning, not being qualified in any degree to pronounce an opinion

on the subject and one can only be amused—as Matthew Arnold was—at the Philistinism which made him declare, with an air of absolute confidence, that “it may safely be said that the literature now extant in the English language is of far greater value than all the literature which three hundred years ago was extant in all the languages of the world together.” But every enlightened Indian will agree with his main contention that India stood in sad need of Western culture and science, and the best means, in the circumstances, of bringing it to her door was through the medium of English. “How then stands the case?” asks Macaulay. “We have to educate a people who cannot at present be educated by means of their mother-tongue. We must teach them some foreign language. The claims of our own language it is hardly necessary to recapitulate. It stands eminent even among the languages of the West. It abounds with works of imagination not inferior to the noblest which Greece has bequeathed to us; with models of every species of eloquence; with historical compositions, which, considered merely as narratives, have seldom been surpassed, and which, considered as vehicles of ethical and political instruction, have never been equalled; with just and lively representations of human life and human nature; with the most profound speculations on metaphysics, morals, government, jurisprudence, and trade, with full and correct information respecting every experimental science which tends to preserve the health, to increase the comfort, or to expand the intellect of man. Whoever knows that language has ready access to all the intellectual wealth, which all the wisest nations of the earth have created and hoarded in the course of ninety generations.....In India, English is the language spoken by the ruling class. It is spoken by the higher classes of natives at the seats of Government. It is likely to become the language of commerce throughout the seas of the East. It is the language of two great European communities which are rising, the one in the south of Africa, the other in Australasia; communities which are every year becoming more important, and more closely connected with our Indian Empire. Whether we look at the intrinsic value of our literature, or at the particular situation of this country, we shall see the strongest reason to think that, of all foreign tongues, the English tongue is that which would be the most useful to our native subjects.”

Sufficient attention has not been drawn to the fact that Macaulay was not forcing English education down the throats of an unwilling nation, but, perceiving a spontaneous demand for it on the part of the people, insisted on the Government's satisfying it with its encouragement and support. Private effort had already started a network of English schools which were every day growing in number and

strength. The Hindu College alone contained as many as 400 students and there were emerging from its portals some enlightened youths who were to be the makers of the new Bengal.

A new impulse was stirring the land and though it was vague and indefinite as yet, it was clear the nation was longing for the ampler life embodied in Western civilisation. A discerning observer might have echoed the poet's words :

" A doubtful light is in their skies
A gleam that will not let them rest !
The dawn, the dawn is on the wing,
The stir of change on every side."

At least one great son of India had declared himself entirely in favour of English education even several years earlier. Protesting against the Government's proposal to start a Sanskrit college in Calcutta in 1823, Raja Ram Mohan Roy wrote to Lord Amherst : " We find that the Government are establishing a Sanskrit school under Hindu pundits to impart such knowledge as is already current in India. This seminary, similar in character to those which existed in Europe before the time of Lord Bacon, can only be expected to load the minds of youth with grammatical niceties and metaphysical distinctions of little or no practical use to the possessor or to society. The pupils will there acquire what was known 2,000 years ago with the addition of vain and empty subtleties since produced by speculative men, such as is already taught in all parts of India. In order to enable your Lordship to appreciate the utility of encouraging such imaginary learning as above characterised, I beg your Lordship will be pleased to compare the state of science and literature in Europe before the time of Bacon, with the progress made since he wrote. If it had been intended to keep the British nation in ignorance of real knowledge, the Baconian philosophy would not have been allowed to displace the system of the schoolmen which was the best calculated to perpetuate ignorance. In the same manner, the Sanskrit system of education would be the best calculated to keep the country in darkness, if such had been the policy of the British legislature."

That the aspiration was not confined to such leaders of Indian opinion, but found a large following among the people, is proved by two significant facts to which Macaulay was interested in drawing attention in his minute. The Arabic and Sanskrit works issued by the Committee of Public Instruction from time to time found few purchasers. It was only occasionally that demand came for a single copy, though all the time there was a keen demand all over the country for English books. As Macaulay puts it in his own graphic manner : " Twenty-three thousand volumes, most of them folios and quartos, fill the

libraries or rather the lumber rooms of the body. The committee continue to get rid of some portion of their vast stock of Oriental literature by giving their books away. But they cannot give so fast as they print. About Rs. 20,000 a year are spent in adding fresh masses of waste paper to a hoard which, I should think, is already sufficiently ample. During the last three years about Rs. 60,000 have been expended in this manner. The sale of Arabic and Sanskrit books during these three years had not yielded quite Rs. 1,000. In the meantime the School Books Society is selling seven or eight thousand English volumes every year and not only pays the expenses of printing but realises a profit of 20% on its outlay."

Another circumstance pointing to the existence of such a desire and a capacity for its realisation was the mastery several Indians had already acquired over the new learning. The following compliment of Macaulay is significant of the progress that had been achieved. "There are in this town natives who are quite competent to discuss political or scientific questions with fluency and precision in the English language. I have heard the very question on which I am now writing discussed by native gentlemen with a liberality and an intelligence which would do credit to any member of the Committee of Public Instruction. Indeed, it is unusual to find even in the literary circles on the Continent any foreigner who can express himself in English with so much facility and correctness as we find in many Hindus." It is difficult not to draw from this condition of things, which existed almost entirely under non-official auspices, Macaulay's inference about the desire for English education on the part of a large section of the people. He could honestly tell his opponents who were contending for a continuance of the oriental system, "We are withholding from them the learning for which they are craving; we are forcing on them the mock learning which they nauseate."

The decision of Macaulay and Bentinck was thus in accordance, not only with the best interests but with the highest aspirations of the people of India. As Principal James puts it: "The obligation to forward enlightenment being admitted, the use of English as the instrument follows of practical necessity, and English education with its methods and implications is the result.....English education would have come independently of Lord William Bentinck's decision. It would have come in somewhat different garb and its progress would have been slower; but it would have come. When day has dawned, you cannot shut out the light by merely refusing to open the windows. It streams in through every crevice and cranny, and knowledge is even more penetrative than daylight; for when the windows are shut, it percolates through them.....If Government

had systematically opposed, instead of systematically promoting, the vitalising thought of the West, the educational advance might have been delayed ; but there is every probability that it would have come eventually. Japan, Persia, China, Turkey, all have given witness in different fashions and in varying degrees to that probability. How exactly it would have come and with what force, and how far the effect would have been identical with, or would have differed from those we are familiar with, it is impossible to say with certainty, but there is a possibility that the ultimate force would not have been less, and that the disintegrating tendency would have been stronger than has actually happened."

IV.

Such was the irresistible power with which the policy of diffusing English education in India forced itself upon the attention of Government, and such the beginnings of a noble movement whose benefits have been shared by millions of India's children during the last century, and whose capacity for good is becoming increasingly potent. This settlement of the educational policy of Government was rapidly followed by educational expansion on all sides, due to increased and more organised efforts on the part of the Government, the people and the Christian missionaries. The methods and aims of Indian education were to be restated in more emphatic words and in much greater detail by the famous despatch of Viscount Halifax in 1854, but the intervening period was one of steady progress in every part of India. No useful purpose will be served by entering into details, but reference must be made to three circumstances which gave a strong impetus to the cause of English education. The Government introduced in 1839 an elaborate scheme of scholarships, thus providing the means of education to a people whose poverty was a great obstacle to their enlightenment. Lord Hardinge's resolution of the 10th October, 1844, stated in unmistakable terms that English education was to be a passport for entry into Government service. The complete adoption of English as the language of all public business was again another step which promoted the rapid spread of English education.

The occasion of renewing the Charter of the East India Company in 1853 was taken advantage of by Viscount Halifax, and there appeared the next year his famous despatch embodying the most complete statement of the Government's educational policy that had yet been attempted and sketching a comprehensive scheme of reform which has been the basis of educational expansion and reorganisation all these years. It is as great a charter in the history of Indian education as the great Proclamation of 1858 is in the domain of Indian politics. There was to be an elaborate Government organisation for carrying

on and controlling the educational work of the country ; universities were to come into existence and confer degrees for proficiency not only in arts, but also in such professional subjects as law, medicine, and engineering ; the vernaculars of the country were not to be neglected, special attention was to be paid to female education and to the education of backward communities and it was to be enjoined on all the civilian officers in the country that the promotion of education was as much their duty as the collection of revenue or the preservation of peace. Not the least important feature of the despatch was the large number of practical suggestions it contained for the improvement of education in the country, some of them, such as the establishment of university professorship, being realised only at this distance of time. Principal James is not exaggerating the importance of the document when he says : " The despatch of 1854 is thus the climax of Indian education ; what goes before leads up to it ; what follows flows from it." There need be no hesitation in saying that as long as the spirit of this memorable despatch continues to animate the rulers of the country, the future of the educational movement so wisely begun, and so actively worked to-day, is assured. " Among many subjects of importance," wrote Viscount Halifax, " none has a stronger claim to our attention than that of education. It is one of our most sacred duties to be the means, as far as in us lies, of conferring upon the natives of India those vast moral and material blessings which flow from the general diffusion of useful knowledge and which India may, under Providence, derive from her connection with England."

P. SESHADRI.

Madras.

THE LONELY WOMAN'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year but that was once too often for the lonely woman whose only home was a Boarding House in Shepherd's Bush.

She paid less than its other patrons because she took upon her shoulders certain light duties, such as dusting the ornaments on the marble chimney pieces and watering two chronically parched palms in pretentious Doulton pots.

Hence the lonely woman was looked down upon by other lonely women, among them by Mrs. Tom Smith who boasted that she had a married niece living in Portman Square, and faded, languishing Miss Green who posed as a past *Grande Amoureuse*. When she got a letter she always said that it was from an "old flame."

The lonely woman had no nieces in Portman Square, no "old flames," no one at all in fact to remember her at Christmas, and when the others passed round their cards and trumpery little presents at table to elicit each other's admiration and envy, the lonely woman felt horribly out of it. The postman's knock failed to thrill her, for her expectations of getting nothing were never disappointed.

The lonely woman had been a daily governess, but she had lost sight of her pupils and they had long ago forgotten her and her feeble efforts to ground them superficially in English, indifferent French, and in the rudiments of music and drawing. "I haven't anyone," she sighed as she went out to look at the shops in their Christmas splendour, but not to shop. "I haven't anyone."

She gazed gloomily at glittering gifts in the shop windows and wondered who was rich enough to buy such gorgeous expensive

things and who fortunate enough to get them. Then suddenly a thought struck her and her forlorn little face brightened. Why should she not send herself a Christmas present? It would be better than nothing. To be remembered by yourself would at least prevent your feeling so dreadfully out in the cold when the other people who paid more were showing off their cards and presents at the boarding-house Christmas dinner-table.

Acting on this impulse, the lonely woman turned into Selfridge's and elbowed her way through a throng of wealthy shoppers to the glove department. She purchased a pair of Mock Reindeer gloves at 2s. 11*d.* that might pass for real at 7s. 6*d.* in an uncertain light. "Don't put them in a bag," she said to the assistant. "Put them in a box, please. I want to send them by post to—a friend."

She blushed guiltily as if she had said something that must excite suspicion. The assistant, absolutely indifferent, laid the Mock Reindeer gloves in a neat little box and appended a label thereto which the lonely woman addressed to herself disguising her handwriting in another part of the great Store. Then she emerged into the garish lights and bustle of Oxford Street. A novel sensation of elated expectancy had transformed her. She no longer walked with the resigned, dejected air of one of those crushed human beings who are conscious that it would not matter to anyone if they were crushed out of existence altogether. The excitement of buying herself a present had brought a sparkle to her eyes, and gave her dull footstep an almost Tangoish spring. She did not post her cherished little parcel at once, but still hugged it lovingly in her shabby muff, when she took the tube at Marble Arch. And here she chanced to sit down opposite a girl in a showy set of cheap furs, with quills like the horns of the unicorn rising vertically from her toque. The girl eyed the lonely woman with a glance of dawning recognition and then exclaimed.

"Miss Minchin! What ages since I've seen you. Don't you remember me! I'm Nellie Browne."

Nellie Browne was an old pupil of the lonely woman who in her exuberant flapperhood had often exasperated her beyond endurance—and whose ears the lonely woman had often itched to box.

"Of course, I remember you," she answered, "but I did not know you at first. You've grown into such a very smart young

lady!" She glanced at the quills. "What do you think I've been doing?" she went on, her unusual attack of liveliness stimulated by the girlish face, smiling and dimpling at her from its frame of undyed Foxaline. "I have been buying myself a present! Look: I've addressed it to myself and am going to post it on my way home."

She brought the little parcel with its floating label out of her muff and almost flourished it under Nellie Browne's nose.

"What a funny idea," said the girl. "I am fed up with presents and cards already."

"Yes, I know, everyone seems to be fed up, except me, even the people at the boarding-house; the most disagreeable set of people you can imagine! They all have someone to send them a present or a greeting. But I have no one now, and Christmas seems to mock you when you haven't. I don't really mind a bit, feeling left out. I think the whole thing a farce, but it's the other people—they sneer at you, they are so vulgar, and that's what I hate and that's why."

"Oh, Lancaster Gate," interrupted the girl. "I get out here. Good bye," and she made a hurried exit from the crowded car. Its gates snapped behind her and her slim figure vanished into Lethe. Her place was quickly filled up by a strap-hanger, and the lonely woman crimsoned with embarrassment at having told her secret to a serried row of stolidly staring strangers. How could she have been so silly as to let herself go like that, she who, as a rule, was the most reserved and uncommunicative of mortals. Now the whole tube knew that she was going to send herself a Christmas present. In her shame she even forgot to put the precious parcel back in her muff. It slipped off her lap and she did not know it till her journey was nearing its end and it was time for her to shake herself free from the lethargy which sometimes overcomes travellers in the bowels of the earth. Instinctively, she clasped the inside of her muff, as she rose, but her hand closed on no little parcel. She searched on the ground and under the seat, waited till everyone, in obedience to the mandate, "All change," had streamed out of the train, and searched again. In vain! Her parcel was gone. Her present that she had bought for herself was lost, or had been stolen. Perhaps the strap-hanger who had taken Nellie Browne's seat was a pick-pocket. She remembered that he had smiled rather curiously.

The sparkle died from her eyes and the Tangoish spring from her step as she left the tube station. The idea of buying and posting herself another pair of gloves in Shepherd's Bush was out of the question for she had neither the heart nor the means to repeat the little ruse which had ended so much like a damp squib.

Poor lonely woman : she felt lonelier and duller than ever that evening when in addition to watering the parched palms in Doulton pots, she was told by the boarding-house keeper to hang up the mistletoe.

BEATRICE MARSHALL.

England.

SONS OF INDIA.

Sons of India ! who are loyal
To their Honour and their Lord
Dauntless Rajputs, Princes royal,
Who still bear a trusty sword ;

Stalwart Sikhs and supple Gurkhas,
Staunch Mahrattas and Pathans ;
Show your deathless deeds of valour
On the battlefields of France !

Yours to fight for India's Dharma,
Yours to fight for England's Cause
Yours to raise a fallen Karma—
What a glorious lot is yours !

Your forefathers' living glory
Shines on your determined brow ;
Ay, repeat that ancient story
In the warring Europe now !

The honour of three hundred millions
Lies within your sturdy hands ;
Trample o'er proud Kaiser William's
Cruel hordes and boasting lands'

Shall Adharma's blazing vision
Blind a whole world's dazzled eyes ?
Shall Truth fall with dazing Reason ?
Who can live if Dharma dies ?

No ! You shall not stand or stagger ;
Rise, advance to do or die !
India shall not look a beggar
Through you in the foeman's eye !

Forth, ye Warriors ! to the glorious
Errand of your heart and claim ;
And return to us victorious :
India waits to sing your fame

ARDESHIR F. KHABARDAR.

Madras.

THE FRUITLESS QUEST.

III.—QUAERITAMUS : QUAERITAVERUNT.

DOCTOR DOBBY was a gentleman of scientific pursuits. Whilst paying a visit to some friends in the country, he took the advantage of spending an afternoon in prowling about the woods in search of fungi, roots, ferns and beetles, and being all by himself, found it very interesting, and thus, as was his way, forgot the time.

But the sun was getting low, and as he stumbled over the trunk of a fallen tree, his scientific speculations were abruptly interrupted by this accident, and he was also reminded of the fact that he did not quite know where he was. Early in the afternoon he had set out to explore this pine-scented region of beauty, and forgetting the parting instructions of his host, had *not* taken care, and so now was completely lost.

"Dear me," he muttered, "how extremely annoying. I do not know where I am ; let me see. Is the village road over there or where ? "

For answer he only received the faint whisper of the breeze as it swept through the pine tops. However, concluding that it was no good standing stock still, he blundered on again until he reached an opening in the wood, where some trees had been recently cleared. Here he paused, for reflection, but being the most absent-minded of mortals, set off round the clearing until reaching the point at which he started, whence with apparent deliberation, he sought the thicket once more, to retrace his steps until he came upon the very log over which he had stumbled just half an hour before.

"This won't do at all," said Doctor Dobby, "I must find the way out, or my friends will be anxious."

So he started off in a direction at right angles to the one previously taken, remarking meanwhile on the wonderful similarity of pines and fern, beautiful indeed, but aggravating and depressing, when no familiar mark or welcome sign of freedom from the interminable woods could be seen.

At last he came to a curiously deep cutting. Straight through the forest and over a hill it went and appeared like a very deep ditch.

"This is strange and interesting," he said, "and is surely very ancient."

Though not an archæologist, anything like a discovery was sure to make him thoughtful. So down he sat to meditate; but, as he assured his friends long afterwards, he had no intention of resting or going to sleep.

Just then a figure appeared in the distance, travelling with a kind of jog trot right down the cutting towards him.

"Come, this is better," he thought, "this man will perhaps direct me. But is it a man?—a very curious one!"

Curious indeed, for the individual was dressed like one of the fifteenth century or thereabout, and a sort of box tied to his back proclaimed him a pedlar.

"Excuse me," said the Doctor, as the stranger drew close to him.

The pedlar pulled up in a startled manner, and did not appear pleased.

"I beg your pardon," said the doctor, "but could you oblige me by saying what this long ditch may be, for I have never seen anything quite like it."

"Holy Church!" gasped the other, throwing the pack from his back, and seating himself beside the lost doctor. "What a fright you gave me! But there can't be much to fear from you, if you don't know. Why, this is The Pedlar's Way!"

"The Pedlar's Way! I never heard of such a thing!"

"And I wish it had been so with me," answered the other.

He was a small, weird-looking creature and spoke in a kind of whining whisper, sepulchral withal, which chilled the doctor to the bone as he heard it.

"The Pilgrim's Way, I certainly have seen," he said, "and Roman roads, but never this; such things are not in my line."

Give me something to do with Biology, Heredity or Atavism and I should feel at home."

"Oh, ho! Well, let me enlighten you a little. This wretched Pedlar's Way was the death of me, and many another good honest chapman since. We lived long before those flash-men of the north, and here we travelled and might have been allowed to do it in peace. But the highwaymen were so dreaded, it was thought this road sunk down, and lower than you see it now, would give security. Not so, for when attacked we were the more helpless. And our calling, was it not an honest one?"

"Likely enough," said the doctor. "But did you not 'haunt wakes, fairs and bull-baitings?' Perhaps you are Autolycus. What have you in your pack? Is it—

'Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cyprus,* black as e'er was crow,
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklet-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber?'"

"Nothing of the kind," said the pedlar interrupting the quotation from Shakspeare, "those were the things of long ago."

"Ah yes, in the process of evolution everything changes."

"And you are wrong there too," cried the pedlar. "Some things change, 'tis true. As for instance, here am I trying to find my old customers, for I have wares I yearn to show them; but so far as I can discover, the dwellings are gone, so are the inhabitants—dead and buried—and yet I feel sure people still want the same, the very same things from their pedlar."

"Impossible," growled the doctor. "Why, education, experience and science have changed us entirely."

"Say you so?" And there was a mixture of fear and irritation in his tone. "Well, what have you in your mind now, what do you most require?"

And here he busied himself undoing his pack, which proved to be a strange thesaurus of remarkable vases and bottles of varied size and shape.

"When you disturbed me," continued the doctor, "I

*A kind of crape used in mourning.

believe I was dreaming of an interesting subject that has puzzled me as it has the whole scientific world, but surely you would not maintain that your former acquaintances had any knowledge of this matter, any more," he added rather grandly, "than you have yourself."

"Pray what was it?"

"The conflict between Hertwig and Weismann over the latter's Germplasm theory. Now according to Weismann, this germplasm resides in the nucleus of cells; it is more complex than protoplasm, with those '*ids*' which contain all the generic, specific, individual possibilities of a new organism, each '*id*' is a true microcosm, which consists of a number of minor vital units called *determinants* which exists for every part of the adult organism, different in different individuals. Finally, each *determinant* consists of numerous ultimate particles called *biophores*, eventually passing into the protoplasm of the cells and directing their vital activities"——

"By my soul," interrupted his listener, "but you are wasting time, and will never find your way like that."

"Yes, yes, I quite forgot I had lost the road. Can you direct me to the village?"

"The village, man! Why, I thought you were seeking for truth by inventing scientific terms."

"Dear me, of course, yes, yes. Well, to return. I am reminded in this wood even of one of the many objections. Here,"—touching a fern, that grew on the edge of the cutting—"we may find examples ready to hand. The prothallus of a fern, with its rootlets and male and female organs on the lower surface, which is naturally shaded, by experiment with artificial shading on the upper surface and exposure of the lower to light, will have this order reversed. Whether we take Unicellular Organisms, the Lower Multicellular, Phenomena of Reproduction and Regeneration in plants and animals, Heteromorphosis, or Vegetative Affinity, there is apparently a false conception of causality, there is, as Hertwig remarks, the mistake, 'in its failure to distinguish between the causes contained in the egg at the beginning and the causes entering it during the course of development from the accession of external material in the various stages' "

"Yes, yes," said the pedlar who was strangely excited. "You are the very man I want, but we must be quick, for my time

is short, you cannot find your way, and they were just as much in the dark when I travelled this road before."

"But they knew nothing of such things as Sexual Dimorphism, Polymorphism and—"

"No more do you," rudely whispered the pedlar.

"Take Heteromorphosis which denotes the power of organisms to produce organisms which did not formerly exist. Did you ever find your customers knew of such a thing? Poor empiricists of bygone times!"

"Ha! ha! say you so?" laughed the pedlar; and his whisper had changed to a raucous discordant tone which made his hearer shudder.

"Come close to me," he cried to the doctor. "Perchance since fond of research, you will be able to glean some glimmer of intelligence. Here, back once more upon this earth, I have sought in haste the very part where once I plied my trade. But all to no purpose; the ambition of my spirit life has failed. For the beings I once knew and who welcomed the wandering pedlar are gone; other dwellers, other dwellings have taken their place, nor have I yet met one who could so much as see me, let alone converse as you have done. Such was the blow to my fond hopes, for here have I brought the secret treasures that none on earth have found or purchased. Curses though upon the spirits who misled and tempted me to run such risks and seek the earth once more!"

Here the ghostly creature shrieked in agony—so that the doctor trembled.

"What—what did you wish or expect?" he asked in his terror.

"Ah! interested at last are you? Why, to bring this world what it really seeks and still can never find. In those far off days—the simple empirical days, when men knew nothing—I was often not only the pedlar, but the philosopher as well. In travelling through the land, I gathered news, and what was more, had time to think. Over the breezy hills, or in trackless woods, communing with beasts and birds, and even winds and rain would tell their story; these made me think: the silent stars above, the chill death-like darkness of a winter night, the roaring storms of Autumn, the hopeful songs of Spring, the fruitfulness of Summer,

all such things equipped me well for thought and even knowledge, could such indeed be found."

"Doubtless, but you had only ill-assorted facts!"

"Facts—pooh, what are facts you say? More than you admit, and specially as you can never explain them. But a peace to your interruptions. Whatever I thought, wherever I went, whether to youth or maiden, old man or woman, I talked and sold my wares. But wherever I went or whatever I did, whether I sold my goods slowly or quickly, I learned one thing."

"What was that?" asked the doctor in his eagerness.

"I learned what it was that people really sought, and with a diligence that never ceases, upon this ball of earth, beneath this canopy of Heaven! 'Pedlar can you sell me the secret,' they seemed one and all to cry, 'Pedlar can you tell me—tell us—'"

"What?"

"'Tell us'—but come closer!"

And here the ghost bent near him, he could feel his chilly breath, and see him tremble with excitement, whilst icy spasms shot through his own limbs, as if death was very near.

"Mortal!" he cried, and the woods were filled with mournful echoes, "Can you give me hope? When living, it was ever my desire to know, ever my prayer to the saints that the riddles of life should be answered, but the heavens were as brass and dumb nature still refused to give mankind what still they seek. To the world beyond I went. There with unceasing labour, and by means which may not be divulged, I have learned those secrets hidden from mortal men! But though now returned to earth with the strong yearning to reveal what mankind seeks, my labours are proved futile. Woe is me, and curses on the spirits that misled me, I am too late; the scene is changed; the men and women whom I knew are fled! But you can help. Quick, or the fiends of night, of darkness and ignorance will interfere and ruin all."

Here he stooped down and then held up one of the vases from his pack, and cried!

"See! Look! You must read, for I am powerless to tell you. No being can put the answer to this great riddle, sought by men of all time into words. WHAT IS LOVE? The only price I ask is for you to read and learn the answer writ upon the scroll within. I shall be well repaid, if but one secret has been brought to earth."

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The doctor took the proffered vase with trembling hand and saw some writing indeed, but the characters were unintelligible, and though the vase was transparent, immediately his fingers clasped it, all became cloudy and indistinct.

"The Devil," cried the pedlar, "can you not read?"

"Not that," and he rubbed his glasses vigorously, as there was held before him another vase.

"Look through this one," shrieked the pedlar. "It will tell you what *Life* is!"

"Ah, most welcome," said the doctor, "Schafer would like to know. But in truth I cannot see."

"Have you no eyes? Try this, and know the explanation of *Pain*: or this of *Pleasure*."

So two more were placed in his hand, but though he strained his eyes, it was to no purpose. Here and there a word would seem to be familiar, but in a moment his mind could follow nothing, or the writing became so blurred, he could learn no more. To increase his torture, as each fresh treasure was presented, fresh expectation and hope returned to urge him on. As the pedlar's wares were again and again placed before him, there was fresh promise of success, but inevitable disappointment to follow. Nor was his agony lessened by the fact that his own suffering was but a counterpart of the pedlar's despair. The creature writhed as if every moment was fraught with anguish; filled as he was with desperate longing to help this man to see what no man yet had seen, knowing the sight, the ineffable vision of the Universe in all its glory and its meaning was there in the hand of this disciple of research, but that the hand was powerless.

Futile and vain were the attempts, though repeated again and again. Once or twice there seemed a glimmer of hope. After receiving one small vase, he saw these words clearly:—*Why the earth is here.*

"Aha, you have read that!" cried the pedlar.

"No more, my sight is dimmed."

"Courage! Try this one!"

Why are we on earth? "The answer is—"

"Curses upon you, can you not see? My time is short. Try this, for it contains the proof that any man—no matter what philosophers debate—can realise his own existence, that the long-sought *Ego* lives and lives—but this I may not say."

"I cannot see, all is inscrutable darkness within."

"Damnation seize you—take this!"

"The words I see are *The Reality of Matter, Berkeley*—"

"Courage!" cried the pedlar, "you have nearly reached the solution, soon you will be a man amongst men. The truth is coming."

But to their horror, this was not to be, for though he strained his sight, no more could be seen, and in his agony of earnestness, the vessel fell from his hand, and lay broken to fragments at their feet.

So with the next, though he could read the vase emblazoned *Time* and though the pedlar taunted, encouraged, swore and wept by turns, all was mystery, unread, unknown!

But two more vials remained, and as the pedlar raised them above his head, though he knew their names by instinct, such darkness overshadowed all, the words *Eternity* and *Death* had no hope for him of further knowledge.

"These must for ever be but words."

And as the pedlar ceased, there was silence; but presently this was changed, for with a wail of bitter sadness, the woods and hills re-echoed and repeated words that seemed to come from a tortured multitude of spirits.

"Oh, that man could read, that we could tell him the answer to such things as these, but the language of true knowledge is unknown on earth, not for human eyes or ears. Return, oh Pedlar, thy quest is vain."

And so in the darkness, the man of science found himself alone, listening for, but never hearing the message, yearning or labouring for, but never reaching the meaning which in the heart of Nature rests eternally secure.

FRANCIS GELDART.

England.

THREE WEEKS' IDLING.

I was not so long before the English and Egyptian forces moved up the river to meet the Dervishes at Omdurman, and to avenge the murder of Gordon at Khartoum, that I found myself in one of the state-rooms on board "Ramses the Great," in which I was to proceed in a restful manner to the First Cataract. Opposite my cabin there was another of the same type occupied by an American Cardinal who, after a special visit to Rome and the Holy Land, wished to see the far-famed temples that border Egypt's wonderful river, the Nile, which, though not equalling in width the colossal streams of America, is 5,000 miles in length.

The third day after our departure from Cairo I heard the following conversation in my neighbour's cabin. A man hurriedly entered it exclaiming, "I shall be late! I shall be late! Why, who are you? Who are you, hiding behind my door?" Abdul, the bedroom steward, answered in Arabic. "No mumbo-jumbo for me. I don't speak Arabic; as you are of an ancient race, I will try Latin." The two languages flowed on one against the other without any apparent result, except that I was quietly laughing to my heart's content. The chief dragoman was called. "What does this fellow want, hiding behind my door?"

"Prince," replied Mahomed in his most unctuous tones, "he was waiting to assist you; he thought you could not take off those heavy riding-boots, but if your Eminence does not want him—" "That quill pen be useful to me! Ah! it is true I often use a quill, but not in the shape of a man." Abdul had disappeared; he looked extremely thin, and his long white *galabeah* evidently suggested the comparison. "Mohammed," whispered the Cardinal, "I am on this expedition as a traveller, and I do not wish to be addressed in any particular style. If you were a Christian, I should ask you to call me Father, as you are not—Sir, will do."

"Yes, Prince Sir," answered Mohammed.

"Why, what a land of lunatics," exclaimed the priest. "Call me Mr., *Mister*, do you hear?"

"Yes, Mister Prince, I go now." I thought that wise of him, and would have given much to have seen this incident, but I still heard disjointed sentences: "Cassock? Not if I know it, I should call it inconvenient on a donkey, or a camel," and then followed a Latin phrase.

When my maid came in with my dinner, I asked who our neighbour was. She told me who he was, adding, "He is a very big man, and talks aloud to himself."

On the following morning I was carried on deck. We were a few miles from Maghaghah and in turning a corner startled a large flock of wild duck. The river is encumbered with sandbanks and islets, and winds capriciously in and out—a strong heavy volume of water—sometimes our boat is in the middle of it, then we cross straight over continuing our journey under steep banks, these presently slope away, and the monotony is broken by strips of barley and wheat, patches of sugar-cane with their long translucent leaves of vivid green flapping in the wind, a square of *bersim* as if an emerald had fallen there, while an old acacia fluttered its soft yellow balls backed by a thin palm grove, whose roots hemmed up the sand of the approaching desert, all softened and beautified by distance.

After lunch we passed on the eastern side of the Nile a lonely monastery built by the Empress Helena, A.D. 300. The building is said to be half full of catacombs. The steamer did not stop, so no one landed at what seemed to be a sorrowful and desolate spot.

On the morrow we should arrive at Beni-Hassan. An excursion had been planned to visit the tombs of the XII Dynasty (about 3549 B.C.), they were some distance off. Mr. H. joined me saying with an aggrieved air, "No more musty old tombs for me, I shall take my gun and shoot for the ship's larder."

Soldiers accompanied the expedition, and among the travelers were two plump elderly women in light Alpaca dresses, white hats with blue gauze veils which fell over their fresh kindly faces, while each wore a massive gold necklet with a large cross. "Ah," said Mr. H., as the smiling sisters seated themselves in a *chaise à porteur*, one following the other carried by four

stalwart bearers, "I wonder if we shall ever see them again!" "But why should we not see them again?" "O, they are provincial British idiots, look at the heavy gold chains and the suggestive bags." "Is it really unsafe?" "Not under the circumstances, but can you believe that they will not allow me to leave this boat, without one of those armed fellows? It is positively degrading to my manhood. However, I mean to go; I have two cigars in my pocket, I think that Arab Tommy will sit down and enjoy them while I walk on," (I am only quoting), "but do not be a British idiot." "Am I Baron de Rothschild to be held up for ransom?" "How should wild people know who you are?" the Baron said to the Beduin. "If I am left alone I will give a good baksheesh, and if I am cured in the desert £1000 amongst you." "By George! how clever those Jews always are. Of course he was not cured." "No, unfortunately." "Is the name of Rothschild known even in the desert." "I can't say, but what do you think happened to me?" "What," he queried.

"I had a dozen great Beduin standing round me, and I said to them, 'You are lords over this wilderness, and I shall be wandering about among the rocks, and in places where strangers never go. Am I to have your underlings running after me shouting baksheesh! baksheesh! life will be a burden. What did my Baron do for your old Sheikh?'"

"When some people say he had murdered a man, Mr. Baron said, No!"

"What then?"

"Mr. Baron do much talk, talk better than other men, Sheikh not sent to prison."

"Because he had not committed the crime, and for the reason that your Sheikh found a friend, I must be free from all trouble here."

"Very well, lady, no one bother you, ask no baksheesh,—Lords not want it,"—they kept their word.

"Tell me that again to-morrow, good bye, I will get a small bird or two, and if not some doves, remember a dove has a silly heart, so you need not be sorry for it," with which remark he swung off followed by a soldier. The yelling, unruly Arab crowd followed the tourists, among whom I saw a portly figure dressed in high top boots, a loose tweed coat, and a light grey hat round which was twisted a large pink and white puggaree. None other than the

Cardinal! riding a fine donkey—a true picture of happiness, as he swung a small stick with all the abandon of a boy.

The little world departed, and in ten minutes even the faint echo of its shouts had died away; the haze of dust had returned to its mother earth, and the sun with silence reigned supreme.

Hours of fairy-like peace, then the true Egyptian sky melted from apricot into grey, and that again into deep blue, while over this indigo night dress, there shone a veil of stars.

I waited until the wanderers returned in safety. The Cardinal gave me his card, while in a kindly, but somewhat eccentric fashion he said, "Your maid is a little stupid, but remember I am near you, and she can fetch me in a moment."

The next day a few friends sat round my chair and gave me a description of the XII Dynasty tombs. Here is one of them, that of a feudal lord who had been sent to quell an insurrection and was successful; he expresses himself in the following manner, having evidently written his own epitaph:

"I have done all that I said," ("Oh" ejaculated the Cardinal, "what an unhappy man!"). "I am gracious and compassionate, a Ruler who loves his town—I have given to the temples 3,000 bulls with their cows, and I was in favour at the palaces on account of this, for they had all the milk from the herd, and no contributions to the King's stores were greater than mine:—

I have never made a child to grieve,

I have never robbed the widow.

I have never shut up a herdsman,

I have never forced a man to labour without payment.

There was never a hungry person in my time, for when there were years of scarcity I ploughed all the arable land, and behold! when the inundation was great, I laid no additional tax on the field."* The hieroglyphics retain their freshness of color, and the centuries pass over them gently. Archæologists are the real historians of to-day; the many difficulties, enormous expenses, and special studies do not deter men, on the contrary they are the exciting stimulant necessary for great achievement. Year by year the world's treasures are added to,

* Some of the paintings on the tombs are perfect, notably a woman spinning, copied by Faucher-Gudin, and hunting scenes, also drawn by him, I saw them later.

by fragments found in the cemetery and the dust heaps of large towns preserved under the debris of ancient cities. Thus the *Oxyrhynchus Papyri* discovered by Doctors Grenfell and Hunt, after a work of immense labour and patience, gave us some precious new sayings of Jesus.* "Let him who seeks, not cease until he finds, and when he finds he shall be astonished, astonished he shall reach the kingdom, and having reached the kingdom he shall rest.

... "Jesus saith--Ye ask who are these that draw us to the kingdom, if the kingdom is in heaven? The fowls of the air, and all the beasts that are under the earth, or upon the earth and the fishes of the sea, these are they which draw you, and the kingdom of God is within you and whosoever shall know himself shall find it. Strive therefore to know yourselves, and ye shall be aware that ye are the sons of the Father, and ye shall know yourselves that ye are" The fragment here was torn off. But to return to the experiences of our fellow travellers. The inhabitants of Beni Hassan had in those days a very bad reputation. The two comely dames, amused by the mob of screaming urchins, opened their bags and threw small coins; thus excited, the crowd gathered completely round them and a soldier, who could not of course make himself understood, pointed to the distance which separated them from the vanguard of the party, and then to his rifle but he drew out from his tunic a long whip of Rhinoceros hide and slashed out right and left—not a pleasant experience for naked legs: when they did arrive at the tombs the bearers and the soldier spoke to the dragoman, who asked these ladies on no account to give any more money until they were safely on board the boat—and the excursion over: it really disturbed the sight-seeing for others as the screaming for baksheesh continued—from a safe distance—during the whole afternoon; while this was being recounted we came near a range of wild stony hills called Gebul Abu Fadah; all the people of the district were Copt Christians; in a valley we saw a cemetery and on the white stone graves, *crosses*. I cannot imagine a nicer place to be buried in than this wild rocky spot; there was a grandeur about its savage barrenness so suitable to death. I think we were all momentarily silent at the

* Preserved under glass at the Bodleian Library, Queen's College, Oxford, founded a Professorship of Papyrology in honour of these discoveries. Many fragments of Homer, Pindar, and Sappho may be added to the most precious of all, with various documents which will appear later.

unexpected. Being Friday, native ferry boats were taking over groups of veiled women for the usual visit.

We arrived at Asyût at four o'clock, and everybody rushed ashore, the Cardinal wore a white Alpaca coat, high brown boots, and a white felt hat with a purple scarf, the other men were becoming jealous of these pretty garments. Mr. H. and his sporting brother regarded them with a critical eye. The town of Asyût is about two miles from the landing and the walk to it over very rough ground. There is an American Mission established here, it has done a great civilising work, and educated many poor Arab boys, some came down to the steamer, they spoke English very well. There is a famous depot for black and red pottery—people brought it on board and I bought a pair of candlesticks for half-a-crown, so quaint that there was nothing vulgar about them, they looked like red coral; the black vases are curious; mummy crocodiles of all sizes—it is considered lucky to possess one; merchants put them over their shops, and many persons above the doors of their houses.

The Cardinal told me the Mosques were large and handsome, of the Memlook period; but very different forms of worship have come and gone among the teeming population of Asyût, for it is nearly 5,000 years old, only the same stars look down and serious men look up to them—they are unchanging. One can understand before a fuller revelation came, that the Veda peopled the Solar System with bright spirits—the Beyond of the departed. Close to the river's bank there is a delightful sense of satisfaction. Far away to the right lie the Tombs of the Kings on the western side of the Nile with their fine setting of low mountains about 1,500 feet, yellow and red rocks, not a tree or anything green—camels and donkeys climbing to different places of interest with their human burdens appear like a thin line of ants; while temples, tombs and grottoes are hidden in the mysterious silence of the eternal hills.

Egypt is, I think, a land of unutterable sadness to many strangers; it resembles people whom you dislike at first, and by force of habit grow to love; its ruins have not the charm of creeping ivy or nesting birds, of green turf and stately trees, neither that living touch of beauty Greek sculpture gave: they are the decay of such immense and laborious effort, being built up with sighs, tears, groans and slavery.

Yet is it not in the fact that the conqueror was conquered, that we find a certain satisfaction ? I think it is, for there broods a sense of peace in the dry vibrating air, tense with all the teeming millions have left behind of spiritual patience, now they have found freedom, they rest ; it was but for a life, which death passed beyond the tyranny of toil.

The Temple of Luxor is close to the river. It was built by Amenophis III : this name is the Greek transcription of the Egyptian Amenhotep, 1400 B.C.

He gave the order for those wonderful statues on the plain opposite, but not in view ; this local Memnon and its companion have attracted the attention from time immemorial, both of the curious and the dull. In an old French book given me by Doctor Brugsch Pacha, I read the following : " I am a patrician, being the wife of one here with the Emperor Hadrian, and have been requested by my relatives to visit these Colossi, that I may tell them truthfully what I thought of them when I did so ; then truthfully I can say they are very big and very bad looking. We were all waiting before sunrise on the plain where it was cold and very damp from a heavy dew ; many of our people heard songs, but I only heard the wind making a noise through the cracks in the monster's head ; why it does so every morning I do not know, neither does any other person."

" Oh say what secret melody was hidden

In Memnon's statue which at sunrise played."

One can see that Roman lady—the sort of woman she was—and how bald her descriptions of Egypt would be on changing her prosaic existence from the Nile to the Tiber.

The favourite wife of Amenophis III. was not a princess as some formerly supposed, but a girl of humble birth and not of Semitic origin.* The son of this marriage caused much disorder throughout all the land of Egypt. In 1905 Mr. T. M. Davis found the tomb of Queen Tü's parents. Many articles in the hypogeum were of beautiful Egyptian workmanship and the mummies of pure Egyptian type—so the great reformer was of unmixed blood. The priests of Amon had become too rich and too powerful

* Professor Flinders Petrie found in Sinai two portraits in stone of this consort of Amenophis III. They were the most human and pleasing of any I have seen, the full beautiful mouth, the crowned mass of hair, the good nose, while on the forehead, two pendants added to the royal and noble expression of the face.

—it might have seemed to some a very difficult state of affairs to change, especially as regards the religion. It has been supposed that the mother of this Pharoah was a woman with some knowledge of the Veda, for the new religion spoke of three gods, Earth, Air, Sky, invoked under various names, and yet these three were in reality *One*, Atman--“praise him as you may—He is but *One*.” This remarkable King, as soon as he was able, built a temple in Middle Egypt to his god Aten, and a city which he called Khounaton*—The Tel-el-Amarna of to-day.

The worship in the Temple was of a spiritual nature, its religious hymns were composed by the Pharoah himself, and the virgin singers saluted the first beams of the sun with music and garlands of flowers. Amenophis IV. took the name of Akhenaten, Ruler of Upper and Lower Egypt and Lord of the Two Lands. I will briefly end in the words of Mr. Weigall who was with the well-known American, Mr. Theodore M. Davis, when the bones of the Royal Mummy were found. “The priests of Amon were among his most bitter enemies and had erased his name even from the golden bands that swathed his corpse †.” Mr. Weigall adds, “When the world reverberated with the noise of war, he preached the first known doctrines of peace; when the glory of martial pride swelled the hearts of his subjects, he deliberately turned his back on heroics. He was the first man to preach simplicity, honesty, frankness and sincerity, and he preached from a throne. He was the first Pharoah to be a humanitarian, the first Egyptian Ruler in whose heart there was no trace of barbarism—an example of what a husband and father should be, of what an honest man should be, of what a poet should feel, of what an artist should strive for, of what a scientist should believe, and what a philosopher should think.”

His religion lasted only 60 years after his death. He left seven daughters and the husband of the eldest succeeded him, but the line of kings went again to Har-em-heb, a descendant of Amenophis III., when the ancient religion was restored.

* It was while pillaging among the ruins of this city that the fellahin found bricks and tablets; the former had lines upon them, the latter curious signs, so they were sent off to Cairo. But the principal scholars of Europe, among them Professor Sayce of Oxford, and Monsieur Bouriant, thought they were spurious, so these treasures, disdained by the learned world, were broken, and many lost until Tel-el-Amarna became the one spot of interest.

† This loss of name would leave his soul without a habitation.

Statesmen will probably always blame this King, and it is certain scholars will arise who will seek to change the opinion already formed of his character. We need not ! As a youth he had dreamed his dreams, and they were noble ; we will not ride over them, but tread lightly. He reigned about 1383 B.C. A man who has the courage to disendow a national religion, whose very corruption made it powerful and rich, can hardly fail to make enemies during his life, and after it. The Pharaohs were supposed to be the sons and heirs of the gods ; in the Luxor Temple the birth of Amenophis III. is depicted as the son of Amon-Râ, the patron God of Thebes, and yet his own son Amenophis IV. would destroy the divinity of his father ! Moreover, the official account of their wars is engraved upon the walls of Karnak and Luxor where their victories are duly ascribed to Amon-Râ, the enemy of all Asiatics ; nevertheless, the priests had grown too powerful and ambitious, as priests in all countries and religions are apt to do, and the King, in his far-sighted wisdom, resolved to break up their influence, but as history tells us, they returned once more to reign, and to destroy all the buildings of the Reformer King. Amenophis IV. had a soft delicate face, pear-shaped, with something of the mystic and dreamer about the eyes. Hear what he says :—

“Aton ! Thou art in my heart : there is none other that knoweth Thee, save me, Thy son Khounaton. . . . O Thou by whom, when thou risest, men live, by whom when thou settest they die. . . . Raise them up for thy son, who cometh forth from thy substance, Khounaton.”*

From Luxor I passed through an avenue of small sphinxes and another of rams, both much broken, but mended and placed to the best advantage ; it was rough travelling through thick dust ; however, being alone, I had not as much as my friends had. I arrived at the first Pylon, wondering at the strangeness of it and my wild barbaric surroundings, when my guide told me no horse, camel, or donkey must enter the temple ; at that very moment Monsieur and Madame de Morgan appeared with their young daughter and Grand Bey. How very kind they were ! We proceeded through lofty pylons and smaller temples to the Hypostyle Court, where enormous columns supported, at the height of 60-66 feet, what had been a perfect stone ceiling. My emotions were stirred by the vastness and grandeur

* Represented by the Solar disc.

of Karnak, although my mental perception could not grasp at once the varied sentiments appealing to the heart and intellect. A colossal statue of the great Ramses II. greets you as your eyes turn to admire a magnificent column; the very embodiment of power and absolute authority, fierce, tyrannical, ready to march over the world if necessary, but more especially eager to sweep his foes from the face of the earth.* To the north are walls and pillars upon which are sculptured the victories of Seti I., the father of the above Ramses, also his offerings to the gods. Grand Bey explained to me one of the partitions showing the conquest of the Kheta,† *i.e.*, Hittites, Syrians, Armenians and Arabs. The mummy of this king as well as that of his son is very remarkable. Seti was not only a warrior but he built this Hall of Columns. The southern portion of the temple of Karnak records the victories of Ramses over the Abyssinians, written by Pentaur, the Court priest and poet, who fell in love with the king's sister—but there were endless difficulties in its course. How different the bust of Amenophis IV. (in the Louvre) and the portraits of Ramses. To me they represent moral force and physical courage. I prefer the dreamer with his great reserve of mind and spiritual influence. But who would not adore Ramses as depicted by the genius of Theophile Gautier in *Le Roman de la Momie*, where this king is made the Pharaoh of the Exodus?

I saw an obelisk of red granite to Thotmes I., 1516 B.C., and another to the clever Hatshepsu 1481 B.C., a glorious type of man-woman not rare among Egyptian Queens. The ruins here were as if an earthquake had shaken huge blocks one upon another, and brought down the roof to complete its work of destruction. ‡

Not far from us was the sacred lake, at this time being emptied. Monsieur de Morgan told me that if, as they supposed, offerings were formerly thrown into it, some precious souvenirs of the past might be found in the black mud which was being carried up in baskets by boys, looking a little miserable on this cold day, in their one calico garment. They were singing in childish voices as they toiled up the oozing slimy bank of a deep pit (anything but sacred), especially when the long whip of the task-master swung,

* The Egyptians were wont to say, in describing the anger of their Pharaohs, "His Majesty became as furious as a panther."

† In the Museum at Cairo, the writer saw some of them unrolled.

‡ Messrs. Maspero and Legrain began the stupendous task of reconstruction in 1904.

round their thin bodies, and then they poured forth with especial fervour.

"Beat us, starve us, the One who sees, He knows,
Beat us, starve us, the One above, He knows."

Grand Bey at my request courteously told the overseer in fluent Arabic "to let his whip have a rest." He assured me it was never cruelly used. Karnak is splendid, grandiose, an effort of various rulers to have a monument of themselves.

At first one is lost in the analysis of it, a struggle arises in one's own mind to understand their's, a craving to be a part of the confraternity of comprehension that would subdue all things to its self.

Man finds the same difficulty in mastering the passions of his heart, when possessing supreme authority, as in any other position. *Death* did not sufficiently satisfy the hatred of Pharoah or the the priest of Amon-Râ. It must be followed by the annihilation of their enemy's soul, his name must be destroyed, and thus there would be no habitation for it throughout eternity.

When Daninos Pacha opened the sarcophagus of a mummy he had found, he most generously presented me with the *Ba*—or spiritual soul, a human-headed bird.*

I turned back to the great Pylon, near it was a huge mound of fallen blocks and stones. I was alone, so my guide lifted me out of the saddle and I climbed up on my hands and knees. The view from the top was worth it; the different buildings and smaller temples fell into position; the red obelisk of Queen Hatshepsu asserted itself as that lady found it necessary to do when living B.C. 1503. Fragments of a temple of the XII Dynasty, 5000 B.C., and two model edifices of Ramses III (1202 B.C.) and the other of Khonso, then a chaos of ruins!

Karnak was a Pantheon where every Pharoah, King or Chief wished to leave his story. So vigorous was the work, that in decay there is an atmosphere of life about it, and as a new world began to rise out of the ashen dust, stately pylons, crumbling walls, and roofless hypostile, begging not to be relegated to the limbo of forgotten things, I knew it might be unwise to remain; somehow, I reached the modern steamer—too tired

* "Why say ye to my soul that she should flee as a bird unto the hill." Psalm xl. In how many cases is there a resemblance to our Bible?

to rest. I had been in contact with great achievements, and they are always soothing to the mind, if not to the body.

The next, the Temple of Edfu, claimed our attention. The Cardinal, and Miss Wood, an American from Dresden with her sister, waited behind the others and came with me. This temple is on the west bank of the river, it was discovered by Mariette Bey, so long the oracle upon Egyptian Antiquities and Director of the Archæological Survey.* He was succeeded by another learned Frenchman, Monsieur Maspero; then followed Messrs. Grebaut de Morgan, and Loret, while the army of scholars and world-renowned Professors is always increasing. How did Mariette Bey find Edfu? As you regard it to-day, there would be no difficulty in answering the question. All that Mariette saw was a mass of Arab huts, and a village with a part of a pylon piercing through its disgusting rubbish; this told him that under the various undulations there was a hidden temple: and to Mariette they gave the honor of clearing the ground, so horses, asses, pigs, goats, fowls, women and children, had to go. Many an Arab virago must have given much trouble and wasted her breath in abusive language ere the fitting was accomplished; however, the prospect of earning piasters restored harmony and liveliness. Gradually with all hands at work, thirty, forty, fifty feet of what had been their solid earth disappeared, while pillars, walls, then rooms and courts stood revealed, covered with tableaux of mythical and historical events.

The slabs of the large court recount the history of Osiris. Now it happened that Sît-Typhou, a red-haired, white-skinned man, brother of Osiris, became jealous of him. Isis had kept him from open rebellion during his brother's absence at the war, but upon the King's return Sît gave a banquet at which were many officers, whom he had seduced from their lawful allegiance. During the feast a wooden chest of great beauty and curious workmanship was brought into the hall.

"I will make it a present to any man it fits," said Sît. All tried it. Osiris was the only man comfortable in it. As he lay down the conspirators shut the lid, nailed and soldered it with melted lead, and threw it into the Nile. Now Sît became alarmed; he had in his passion of envy forgotten the magic of Isis and the divinity of Horus born after his father's death. So, as is the

* Maintained by France in Cairo.

wont of the wicked, he slandered Isis and spread horrid stories about her, but the Divine Horus grew as fast as the vine of Dionysus, and Sît changed from one animal into another, in each being slain. Here he is as large as a hippopotamus, then he dwindles away, but upon every occasion Horus is hunting the hippopotamus with a spear, and looks so full of determination, albeit, of fragile proportions, that eventually such a tiresome, bulky creature as the hippo found his attentions tiresome for he is as small as a lamb before his final disappearance. The story is to impress upon the beholder that God's power and goodness must triumph over evil, though the latter *seems* to have the advantage.

We passed on to the *Naos* or Holy Shrine, like a large sentry box in heavy iron grey granite, completely dark; in it always reposed the statue of the god. No one but the high-priest and the king might enter, the former by performing secret rites brought the *spirit* of the god to its image. This Temple of Edfu was begun by Ptolemy Euergetes 236 B.C.—doubtless the work was frequently interrupted by wars—for it was finished 56 B.C. by Auletes (the Piper). All the Ptolemies worked at this great monument, dedicated to Horus; ninety-five years were occupied by men on the interior, and the doors were inlaid with gold, and the lintels were of that metal.

The following morning the Cardinal and Mr. H. sat next my chair. We were passing Silsileh, famous for its quarries; it was a very interesting part of the river, the hills drew near to the banks, were in fact its banks, and we could see caves and inscriptions. It was here the Khalifa Omar commanded the flood to rise, his letter to that effect being cast into the waters.*

Our next landing was at Kom Ombo. The beautiful little Temple † stands forty or fifty feet above the river and is quite a pleasant place to get at, the path leading up to it bordered with sweet smelling flowers and a beautiful shrub full of variegated leaves veined in crimson, transparent stalks adorned with large clusters of purple and red berries, only its name was against it—the Castor-oil plant.

* This message was ordered by a Pharaoh to be engraved on the rock, and a bull and geese were sacrificed every year as a reminder. For a long time this was the southern frontier of Egypt about the V. Dynasty.

† Arranged and dug out of its debris by Monsieur de Morgan.

Children came around us treading softly, as much as to say we will not ask for baksheesh (only to look at you strangers). Indeed, I stared at them. Here appeared something new, and yet so old; women and girls had their hair plaited in three strands, dozens of plaits half an inch wide, Nubian fashion, where it had been much pomaded with castor-oil, it was covered with dust and had the style of a fine greyish wig, the result being very curious. Among the crowd I saw a remarkably handsome boy—having one rag wound round his body did not in the least disturb his dignity,—with unkempt black hair, and eyes of great intelligence. He was a Bischarene Arab, and as a wolf among sheep. We all walked together up to the temple. Kom Ombo is dedicated to that brutish incarnation of evil, the crocodile, Sebek; the small building is a gem, its walls and columns are richly carved, and the capitals of the latter retain in pristine freshness their delicate tints of pink and bluish green. This temple was unearthed by Monsieur de Morgan, who found it buried under sand and rubbish which perhaps to a certain extent had preserved it. The wind being strong brought up showers of dust, and we gladly sought shelter inside the walls. A long Egyptological description is not possible in a slight sketch.

To-day we are to reach Aswân. The weather is warm, dry, exciting, the river has become marvellously clear and still, the earth enchanted as it were clothed in light; how glorious is this light, it bathes the spirit and draws it upward, as the sun does the dew.

The Cardinal and Mr. H. arranged my long chair at the stern of the boat and began to talk. "It is curious," said the former, "I cannot forget that representation of the soul weighed and found wanting."

"Well," answered Mr. H., "I can't say I think much of a religion, where souls are brought to Osiris by a figure with a dog's head; it spoils the allegory for me."

"But," I remarked, "there is another drawing in the Book of the Dead, where the soul's confession has a happier ending. It says: 'I live by the Truth, I have propitiated God by my love, I have given the bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty and garments to the naked. . . . Then said Thot, the scribe of Osiris, the lord of Eternity: 'Behold the heart of the deceased, it has been weighed in the balance at the Hall of Double Truth, we have found it true, earthly impurity was not in it.' Then

Osiris, the great lord of eternity pronounced : ' Restore his heart to him and his eyes ; he leaveth the tribunal true of voice. He may take his place in Paradise, and his soul may return when it will. "

Turning to the Cardinal Mr. H. asked, " In what way did the religion of Isis resemble ours ? "

" It would be impossible," he replied, " to explain the mysteries of Isis in a day, much less in one short hour. It is a curious fact that Christ was killed for envy by the Jews. Osiris by the envy of the wicked Sît. No one can be exempt from death, hence there is a need for preparatory ceremonies during life ; Baptism followed a serious fast, seclusion, meditation, then the waters of the Nile were poured over the postulant. By this he was washed from all defilements and the stains on his heart ; now he must prepare himself for death. It might only be symbolic but it might, amidst unknown rites, in the temple's shadowy vastness, also become real, if not, then he was received by the priests and instructed in the knowledge of the Divine Book, for woe unto that soul who did not know the doctrines of the Book. It would not receive from Isis the precious gift of Immortality. But being perfectly instructed and full of understanding, the priests removed his garment of penitence and dressed him in shining and beautiful robes ; he had *been born again*."

" The Isiac mystery " continued the Cardinal. " did much to improve men, specially when it arrived amidst the dissolute society of Greece and Rome, where the old gods were dead, for its real disciples and thoughtful minds represented a life more of the spirit than the flesh."

In the afternoon we approached Aswân partly hidden by its palms and sleeping tranquilly beside the river which resembled a lake of quicksilver ; not a ripple or bubble disturbed its peaceful breast, and from it arose the Island of Elephantine, a rock of black marble. No modern hotel disfigured its quaintness, the few Dahabiehs with their curious sails did not detract from the unusual character of its beauty ; a subtle mysterious charm hovered over and clung to all this part of Egypt, and later when our boat was deserted as I sat on the floor of the deck listening to plaintive music from a strange instrument made of gazelle skins, with its three notes that perpetually sang a little private sorrow of their own, I asked myself what it was ? As the twilight

deepened, I asked again, and then I knew it was the mystical longing for Death, the introducer to Him Who is perfect in beauty. Here were the tombs of Kings and Princes. Had they seen? What did they know? It was truly the magic of Egypt, but a peaceful solution of life's turmoil.

An old Arab timidly approached where I was sitting and thus addressed me, "May I speak?" "You may," said I. "Some of the ladies go to Manager and say, 'That lady too ill to go to Philæ, not safe.' Does Baroness want to go!" "Yes, very much." "Baroness plenty good enough now, get well after fever, no cough illness, Cardinal and Mr. Denison say, 'cruel to leave her all alone.' Come then, lady, see all very nice, back again down big cataract, no afraid, plenty peoples take care of you; seven miles by water do lady good."

I thanked my humble friend and went to bed, while the others were at dinner.

Fortunately an early start was unnecessary as we were near the shed from whence the train would leave.

The guard had not arrived, and when he appeared the contour of his cheek was spoilt by a bulge indicating the last of his breakfast; they found the engine driver behind the platform having a cigarette with a friend: finally—in this land where the hours are of no importance—we started on our short journey of eight hours in an unemotional slumbering fashion, passing through the encampment of the Bischarene Arabs whose small yellow tents dotted the plain, otherwise ornamental with many kinds of coloured granite looking like marble; here is also found *porphyry breccia* and basalt, the hardest material in the world yet carved and modelled from an early date. There is a magnificent statue in green basalt of Osiris found buried at Sakkarah, now in the Museum at Cairo with others of the same kind.

Suddenly as we turned the last boulder and a group of dom-palms, we saw the river beneath us and well lifted out of the water—the Island of Philæ; a glimpse of perfect beauty that will remain for ever in my memory: some of its tottering pillars seemed to lean against the azure blue of that incomparable sky. A ruin? Can that be called a ruin which chants in a voice of magic softness the story of time? And it is a long story; thousands of years old—where Theban colonisation may be traced by the worship of Amon-Râ, the powerful Theban-god with its rich

and ambitious priesthood; the Pharaohs of the XIIth Dynasty 3549 B.C. began the conquest of Nubia, and the frontier of Egypt continued to follow the course of its river until Ramses the Great about 1200 B.C. built the massive and awe-inspiring temple of Abu Simbel.* Where we are, the lords of Elephantine lived and worked; they had everything the architect and sculptor could execute; their palaces and temples have disappeared but the sides of the hills are full of their sepulchres, they were in fact a strong feudal government before the arrival of the Pharaohs. The mountain of Aswân not only holds the tombs of the Princes of Elephantine, but along its ridge are the ruins of mosques and Coptic monasteries.

We left the train and descending a steep bank were rowed across to the island, and then pulled up a mound of debris. I sat down upon the floor of a colonnade adorned by Ptolemy XIII, † the same King who had enlarged Philometers Temple at Kom Ombo and decorated the great pylon at Edfu with his wars. He also added buildings to the temple of Isis, but at this point of history, I took off my hat, and leaning against the giant column warmed by the sun, I fell asleep, not for long, however, and then a jovial pleasant voice dispelled a wonderful dream.

"Asleep! Come to lunch, we have kept a place for you with us. Meanwhile Denison and H. are hunting—but Cooee! Here we are!"

After this *al fresco* meal, they all rushed off to the island of Biggeh, where among much older ruins Ptolemy the Piper had built

* Five banks of granite cross Nubia between latitude 24° and 18°, the Nile hurls itself over and among them with great force, but they must have held back a certain portion of its waters from the very beginning, and preserved life in times of a low supply of water at Wady Halfa.

† This Ptolemy, called the piper as he was of royal proficiency upon that instrument, bequeathed his realm to his eldest daughter (according to Professor Mahaffy the VI., and Mr. Budge, the VII Cleopatra), and elder son who in due course, according to royal usage, would be her husband, and in his will "begged the Roman people not to destroy his legitimate dispositions." Cleopatra came to the throne at 17 years of age with her brother-husband (a boy of 10). In the fourth year of their joint reign, when the King attained his majority at fourteen, he was persuaded to banish Cleopatra and assume sole control, the sister-wife being driven into exile. But she gathered an army in Syria and proceeded to conquer her crown. Ptolemy XIV lost his life in the battle against Cæsar who had arrived in Alexandria, and where it required all the courage and military talent of this great General to hold his own until succour arrived. The world knows the fascination Cleopatra exercised over Cæsar until his murder in Rome, when her adventures began again, as her second brother-husband Ptolemy the XV died in the same year, 44 B.C.

a small temple. Two American artists, Mr. and Mrs. Newman, paid me a visit, the former had just finished a lovely picture called "A Corner of the Temple of Isis." I found them suffocating over the idea of Lord Cromer's Aswân Dam, and Mr. Newman inferred that though a religious man, "there would be many *damns* before it was finished." I promised to visit them on their Dahabeah, which had the unspeakable privilege of being moored to the Island of Philæ, if I might stay alone awhile in the Temple. So I found myself passing under the great Pylon, and through richly painted chambers, where--in the last but one--amid the confusion of figures and shadowy darkness, at last I saw a large slab and in the centre of it Isis with outstretched arms, lovingly holding the form of Horus ; she seemed half stooping as if to adore two sweeping wings arched forward, until their longest pinions encircled the Divine Son.

"Here," some one whispered, "is the one perfect act in three acts, Love, Sacrifice, Death, and for these Osiris himself shall give you the Key of Life."

"But whose Love, Sacrifice, Death? My own would be useless," I answered, and so I leave the rest for another chapter.

VIOLET DE MALORTIE.

Oxford

THE ORIGIN AND GENEALOGY OF THE AFGHANS.

THE Afghans constitute a brave and warlike people, and are, as a matter of fact, a most important branch of the Semitic family of the Caucasian race. The mountainous character of their country has caused the people to be broken up into tribes and clans, and divided against themselves. Peace, in the true sense of the word, is conspicuous by its absence in their motherland. They afford the best fighting material for warfare in the world. The Afghans are loyal to the core. To them sentiments of loyalty based on equality and impartiality of treatment appeal more strongly than the sacred ties of relationship, religion and nationality. The quellers of the Mutiny of 1857 were the Irregular Corps of the Frontier Afghans, who stood side by side with the European soldiers during that trying period and proved equally reliable. Past experience proves that the Afghan soldier can be depended upon even in fighting against his kith and kin. The Afghans are the Irishmen or Scottish Highlanders of Asia. Their motherland, to which they are so strongly attached, notwithstanding the hilly and rugged nature of its surface, forms a buffer State between the Moscovite Bear and the British Indian Empire. How faithfully the Afghan Government has maintained its friendly relations with the Government of India ever since their entering into an alliance ! That the Afghans are a treacherous people is as baseless and unwarrantable a statement as it is flimsy and absurd. Examples are not wanting to show that modern civilisation, though at the zenith of its glory has failed, and failed grievously at times, to reconcile honesty of purpose and frankness of speech with the dictates or politics needs of strategy. On the contrary, on the Afghan, though a born statesman and a shrewd and acute observer of the events of the day, strict observance of faith in matters of politics, nay even in the ordinary transactions of life, is enjoined by the holy Quran.

The origin of this interesting race has puzzled the minds of many erudite scholars, and remained an insoluble problem. Some

European scholars have declared them to be a branch of the Aryan race, and have, in support of their conjecture, advanced many queer theories. The learned author of the *Mallâ-ul-Anwar* has gone even a step further. He would have the world believe that the Afghans are Copts of the race of Pharos, and that Prophet Moses converted them to Judaism and that the new converts, having been compelled to leave their hearths and homes for good, found their way to the east, and took up their abode in the Sulaiman mountains, where they bore the name of Afghans. This strange stretch of imagination has misled several well-known Muslim historians to conclude that the haughty Afghan is a Copt.

This important subject seems to have received a fair amount of attention at the hands of modern scholars, some of whom have discussed it threadbare, as far as light and learning would permit them. Some have gone astray while others have drawn right conclusions. The Afghan historians, all and sundry, are at one in proclaiming their Hebrew origin. They very proudly connect themselves with the Israelites, "the chosen people" of the Old Testament.

There is another interesting fact which leads one to conclude that the Afghan must be of Hebrew origin. Old Hebrew names are still very popular with the haughty Afghans.

HEBREW NAME	AFGHAN NAME.
David.	Dâūd.
Moses.	Musa.
Jacob.	Yaqūb.
Garnai.	Gomal.
Deborah.	Dabara.

It is also worth noting that these names of Hebrew origin are not so very popular with Muslims other than the Afghans. To say the least 60 per cent. of Afghan names are of Hebrew origin even now.

Shakespeare has immortalised Jewish revenge in Shylock. Afghan revenge has also passed into a proverb in India. It is said—and very aptly—that a man is never safe from the revenge of an elephant, a cobra or an Afghan. The Afghan is revengeful by nature. If a person fails to revenge himself on his enemy, it becomes the sacred legacy of his son or any other descendant to accomplish what the wronged father couldn't. His thirst for revenge is unquenchable. "Eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth" can nowhere find a better illustration than in the history of the Jews and the Afghans.

The Afghans have, ever since their separation from their kith and kin, the Israelites of the Holy Land, been using the title "Malik"

in common with the Jews. In Afghanistan the title is still as popular as ever. In British India the popularity of the word is on the wane. Every Afghan now styles himself "Khan." Khan is originally a Turkish title. This title was conferred on this haughty and hardy race by Ghazi Sultan Mahmood of Ghazni.

Mahabat Khan, a great Afghan historian, says that Sultan Mahmood and his father Subaktagin owed their kingdoms to the bravery of Afghan arms. Mahmood, himself born of an accomplished Afghan lady, gave his own sister in marriage to Malik Sá'ho, a chief of the Afghans, in reward for his good services in helping him to win for him his father's dominions from his brother Ismail who had placed himself on the throne at the time of his father's death. During his famous expedition against Somnath the Sultan had fortunately a very strong body of Afghans in service. During the trying siege of Somnath several times fortune seemed to incline against the Ghaznavide arms. Hindu forces daily gathered strength. The Sultan, biting his lips with anger, summoned his brave and trusty Afghan commanders to his presence in order to hold a consultation with them. They all, with one voice, advised him to put an end to the caprices of fortune by a determined and well-planned assault, and offered their and their men's services to bear the brunt of the attack. They were put in front of the Muslim army and fought a very obstinate battle. The seriousness of the situation may be judged from the fact that the Afghan soldiers had to fasten the skirts of their garments together with a view either to check Hindu onslaughts or die on the field of battle to a man. At last their obstinate resistance led victory to kiss their brave arms. Incredible feats of valour and their firm stand at this critical moment saved the situation and pleased the Sultan so much that he, in recognition of their meritorious services during this crisis, conferred upon each and every survivor of the day the title of "Khan." This title took only two centuries more to supersede the word "Malik" which still lingers to mark the head of an Afghan clan, family or tribe. "Khan" literally means "lord" and is adopted as a matter of course by every Afghan just like "Mr." in English, and is suggestive of the Afghan's attitude to other tribes. The Hebrew peculiarity of calling their chiefs "Maliks" favours the belief that the Afghans and Hebrews are chips of the same block.

Among the hilly tribes of the Frontier a similar system of fighting is still in vogue. Whenever the Vazirs and Mahsuds expect to be engaged in an obstinate battle, they fasten themselves in a line with a rope. This method of warfare is adopted in order not to budge an inch from the spot and to fight to the last. Another equally interesting system of warfare is prevalent among the Trans-border Afghans

till this day. It is the Sangar system of warfare. A breastwork of thorny shrubs, stones, etc., is erected in the vicinity of a place to be carried by an assault to serve as an entrenchment or a fort for the besiegers. Here they entrench themselves with their families and cattle to forsake whom at the mercy of the enemy is considered a matter of great shame and dishonour. This mode of fighting entails certain death or victory, firm determination to achieve glory and renown or fighting to the last breath. These old methods of warfare are no longer to be had recourse to against a foreign invader, who is armed with deadly weapons of modern times; but in the settlement of tribal disputes by arms these time-honoured methods are frequently made use of.

The prevalence of Levitical customs among the Afghans further supports the belief that the Afghans are the remnants of the lost tribes of the Israelites. Afghan ladies braid their hair very elaborately in accordance with the old Hebrew fashion. The Afghan runs out to meet his relation coming from a distant land, embraces him, kisses him, and brings him to his house, just as Laban did when he heard of the coming of Jacob, his sister's son. In some quarters the custom of kissing a guest at the time of his arrival at or departure from, the host's is still surviving. Jacob's taking up a stone and setting it up for a pillar in order to make a covenant with Laban and let it be a witness between them, is a custom which still survives in some quarters and goes by the name of "Tiga Kedai or Kawal" (to place a stone). The combatants when forced by circumstances to arrange for a truce, get a stone and place it in a corner of a mosque or some other sacred place with a view to enter into a formal covenant with the express object of a temporary suspension of arms. As long as the stone remains at its fixed position, the parties are bound to refrain from fighting. But whenever a party resolves upon renewing hostilities, it is bound by the sacred law of custom to remove the sanctified stone from its proper place and inform the opponent accordingly of its removal. It serves the purpose of a challenge. The opponent must accept it and fight his cause out to the bitter end. The Afghans mourn for a dead relation for seven days as did the Israelites.

Both the Afghans and the Israelites have indomitable pride, hardness of heart and haughty independent character common to most mountaineers. Oppression of the poor, robbery, love of warfare and freedom and mutual jealousy, are a few traits of character common to both. The Old Testament has summed up so pertinently their character and conduct in one verse, "I am and there is none beside me."

Field sports are a passion with the Afghans. Hawking, shooting and hunting with dogs are very popular games with them. Not infrequently they have recourse to the more exciting and lucrative, but doubtful, occupation of highway robbery, cattle-lifting and burglary; physical features of their barren and hilly country has made them so. At some places hunting at night is a favourite pastime. The hunters go into a jungle with burning torches to disturb, dazzle and catch hares, partridges, deer and quails. Cock-fighting, ram-fighting, quail-fighting and bull-fighting are common amusements. Tent-pegging is a national game everywhere. Every Afghan loves and appreciates music. Singing and dancing are equally indulged in everywhere. The recitations of minstrels are generally epic in character. Love-songs and burlesques are also favourite subjects. Hospitality is a national characteristic of the Afghan. Every respectable man maintains a guest house, which is termed "Huira or Chauk," where a modest supply of beds and blankets is kept for the comfort of guests. The guest-house is used as a club where the residents and visitors assemble at leisure hours to discuss matters of urgency, and where smoking, talking on matters of common weal, singing and dancing are often indulged in.

Pashto, the language of the Afghans, has also inherited many peculiarities from the Semitic family of languages. This has been dealt with in a separate article in this Review.

Afghan historians with one voice persist in declaring their descent from the children of Israel. Afghan legends and traditions also point to the same belief. Ask an educated or sober minded Afghan about his ancestry, and he will proudly say that he is a descendant of Israel. A collection of historical anecdotes and stories go to authenticate the same claim.

According to their belief the very word "Afghan" is of Hebrew origin. Afghana was a son of Arniyah (Jeremiah), a son of Malik Talut (Saul), who is their great ancestor. Saul, King of Israel, had to fight with Jalut (Goliath), an infidel. As the latter was a mighty foe, Saul proclaimed by drum beat his promise to reward his foe's murderer with the hand of his lovely and fair daughter, and the heirship to his kingdom. Fortune favoured Mehtar Dāūd (David), who succeeded in killing the inveterate infidel. Saul had two sons, Arniyah and Barkhiya. On the old King's death the kingdom fell to David by covenant. The new King heaped honours and dignities on his master's able sons. After David the kingdom passed into the hands of Solomon, who made Afghana the Commander-in-Chief of the imperial forces and the governor of the province where jins (genii), and devs (giants) lived. Evidently these genii and giants were the turbulent, furious,

and stalwart cannibals and aborigines of the countries now inhabited by this manly race. The masterful policy and iron hand of Afghana drove out the infidels and colonised their country with his own people. Towards the end of Solomon's glorious reign, the country, consisting of modern Afghanistan, was given on feudal tenure to the great soldier of the day for his meritorious services to the Hebrew Empire. The descendants, friends, and followers of this great soldier became known to history and posterity by the awe-inspiring title of "Afghans." Nebuchadnezzar's cruel persecutions led the children of Israel to migrate eastwards in large numbers and seek protection with their brethren.

Another appellation by which the Afghans are generally known is Pakhtoon. The people have derived this name either from Pakhto, the language they speak, or from Pash, a place where Malik Afghana had fixed his residence on assumption of the charge of viceroyalty of these provinces. Very probably Pakhtoon or Pashtoon is a word, compounded of Pash (the place) and toon-tuman (fraternity). It is not idle to suppose that the popular word "Pathan" owes its origin to Pakhtoon. The Afghans call themselves Pakhtana, which is evidently the plural of Pakhtoon. Some writers say that the Afghan had borrowed this appellation from Patna in Behar, where these people had fixed their residence during the early Islamic invasions of India. To explode this idle theory suffice it to say that the word "Pathan" had come into existence long before the Muslim conquest of India.

Afghan historians are at one in deriving the word Pathan from the Arabic word *battan* which means the mast of a ship, without which it cannot sail. Malik Al dur-Rashid was their first ancestor who embraced the religion of the Prophet of Arabia. The Malik's intrepid valour in the holy prophet's wars against the infidels won for him the surname of "Battan" which afterwards became "Pathan."

In some quarters the word Pathan has acquired a peculiar signification and does no longer retain its original meaning. In Swat, Dir and Peshawar it denotes status, and applies to one who possesses a share in the tribal estate and who has, therefore, a voice in the village and tribal council. One who has either disposed of his share of estates, or been deprived of it by some powerful neighbour in tribesman, is called a "Faquir." The "Faquir" forfeits the title of "Pathan" and has no longer a voice in the tribal council.

Some detractors of this manly race would derive this word from "fattan," an Arabic word meaning very mutinous. Say what they may, sober judgment will attach no weight to such an absurd derivation.

The Afghans are known in India by the name of Rohelas, and how interesting this word is historically. When Hajjaj, son of Yusuf Saqfi, the Omeyyid Governor of Khurasán, sent a well-equipped expedition under his nephew, Mohammad, son of Casim, for bringing under subjugation Sindh, Baluchistan and the provinces in the Thar Desert, the Muslim General had with him a strong body of Afghans. In a short space of time the supremacy of Muslim arms was established by the unceasing energy and undaunted valour of the Afghan soldiers. The Arab General rewarded the Afghan troops for their splendid feats of valour with the occupation of the district of Roh in Sulaiman Mountain and directed them to keep under control the refractory Hindus. The then district of Roh comprised the modern Shirani country and the mountainous tract to the west of the Dera Ghazi Khan district. Their occupation of Roh secured for them the name of Rohelas.

GHULAM SARWAR KHAN.

Peshawar.

A PRAYER.

Fill me with Violets
That would grow fair and bloom
In the temple of my Heart,
To fill it with sweet perfume.
And fill these Violets
With honey-like dew for me,
Their closed lips would speak
As sealed letters from Thee.

Let the Cypress grow with Pine
In liquid coos of Dove,
Let the silent shades unite
My lonely soul with Love.
Let Heavenly breezes blow
And light the heart that waits
For tidings of thy grace,
Held fluttering by the fates.

PURAN SINGH.

THE MONTH.

FROM the Eastern standpoint no month in the history of the war has been more eventful than November. The **The War.** German cruiser "Emden," which had sunk so many ships in Indian waters, created a momentary panic in Madras, and caused so much annoyance and dismay to the commercial community, attempted more heroic feats. She succeeded in sinking a Russian cruiser and a French destroyer on her way, perhaps to Australia, and was about to cut the British cable in the Indian ocean, when she was chased by the Australian warship "Sydney" and driven on the shore of the Cocos Island. She was burnt, and among the prisoners captured was the captain and a German Prince. The "Konigsberg," which had been active on the east coast of Africa, has been "imprisoned." Thus the trade routes with which India is concerned are reasonably safe. The general naval history of the war during the month, however, was not absolutely satisfactory. The disaster to the British cruisers on the Chilian coast may ere long be retrieved. For the present it has shown that though the German navy is smaller than Great Britain's, the Teuton has studied the science of war as thoroughly and systematically on sea as on land. The "Karlsruhe" did more damage to shipping in the Atlantic than the "Emden"; she has not yet met with a similar fate. A feature of German naval warfare, which affects neutral States as well as the belligerents, and which has already elicited friendly protests from certain weak Governments that are unable to do more, is reckless mining. The North Sea has, therefore, been pronounced to be a military area. The submarine activity of the German navy in the English channel, if nothing else, ought to explain why England is so determined to prevent Belgium from passing into the hands of the enemy.

The fall of Tsing-tau was another landmark in the history of the war from the Eastern standpoint. The Germans had fortified it as well as they could and they defended it as resolutely as any other garrison would perhaps have held it. But in the long run it was bound to surrender to forces like those of Japan.

The most exciting episode in the war commenced by Austria and Germany is, for the Orient, the declaration of hostilities between the three Allies on the one hand, and Turkey on the other. The Mohamedan States under British protection and the Musalman subjects of the British Empire have flooded the authorities with assurances of loyalty to his Britannic Majesty and of disapproval of the action of Turkey adopted under German instigation, if not coercion. This episode has divided the attention of the Allies particularly Russia for the present, and added to their difficulties. While trained troops have been despatched from India to Europe and to other parts of the British Empire, their place has been filled in India by less trained men from England, by way of precaution. The recruitment of persons of European descent is locally encouraged, and it appears from Government notifications that the recruitment of Indians for the regular army is carried on with vigour. Whether, therefore, we consider internal peace or external trade, the position of India is as satisfactory as it can be in circumstances like the present. The British have already adopted vigorous measures in Arabia as well as the Persian Gulf to obviate complications that may arise from Turkish activities. Soon after the outbreak of this war, British and French ships bombarded Dardanelles. It is believed that one of the German cruisers employed by Turkey in the Black Sea was badly holed above the water line, and she is said to have sustained further injuries in an encounter with Russian men-of-war. But nothing further appears to have happened in European Turkey. On the other hand, the Tsar's Caucasian army has invaded Asia Minor and is reported to have scored several successes against the Turkish forces, so that Erzerum itself is threatened. But news from this theatre of the war is scanty, and it is not easy to perceive whither things are drifting in the Ottoman Empire. Egypt and Soudan have disclaimed all sympathy with Enver Pasha.

In Southern Africa the secession of a few Boers from the majority of their countrymen in favour of Germany has resulted

in a fiasco, and General Botha holds the reins firmly in his hands. In East Africa the Germans appear to have met with better success. They are more numerous than the white inhabitants of British East Africa, which they have invaded, and it seems from Lord Crewe's statement in the House of Lords that the Indian contingent sent to that part of the Empire as well as the local forces had many casualties. But the situation does not appear to be alarming, and the repulse of the invaders must be only a question of time.

The main theatre of the war is undoubtedly in Europe, and the most prominent feature of the progress of events there during the last month was unprecedented slaughter on the banks of the Ypres in Belgium. In France the position of the parties was much the same as in the previous month. It is believed that the Kaiser's objective was Calais; anyhow, he tried hard to beat the Allies back from Belgium, and he did not succeed. The only list of casualties published in India is that of the British, and of late it has been steadily growing in length. The enemy has perhaps been losing much more heavily. But as we know nothing about French losses, it is not easy to understand whether the German officers are reckless of the lives of their soldiers, or they think that proportionately they do not lose more than the Allies. It is admitted by Lord Kitchener and Mr. Asquith that the sacrifice of life behind the trenches has been deplorable, and probably it is apprehended by the leaders of all parties that if no improvement occurs in this respect, the nation may incline towards the patching up of some sort of truce, rather than continue the war at such appalling cost of both men and money. Hence the spokesmen of both the leading parties assure the people that if they hold out long enough and if they come forward in sufficiently large numbers to fight the enemy, victory must surely be theirs; for German trade is suspended by the war and time is on the side of the Allies. The nation is warned that if German militarism is not crushed now, it will smash England as soon as it recovers from the present ineffective blow. As the Allies, or their responsible representatives, have solemnly agreed not to make peace independently of one another, it is doubtful whether public opinion in a single country can hasten honourable peace. It would appear that the nation must place itself in the hands of the leaders and implicitly trust to their judgment.

It is generally believed that France does not stand in the way of peace ; perhaps she feels she has no right to, as she is so indebted to the other Allies in the present war. To England the independence of Belgium is much more than a question of protecting weak States and upholding righteousness. Russian designs are not known to the outside world as clearly as are German aspirations, British motives, or French fears. Her position was more serious at the end of the month than it was at the beginning. She had once driven the enemy back from the Vistula to the very frontiers of Germany, but the enemy claims to have advanced into Poland once more and won a victory, between the Vistula and the Warta. The streets of Berlin must have been illuminated more with a view to putting heart into the people than because the alleged victory was decisive. Fortune has favoured one side at one time and the other at another in Poland. Nevertheless, it is clear from the geographical position of the areas where each of the belligerents can operate with best effect that Russia cannot move fast in the direction of Posen without running the risk of being outflanked. In the early stages of the war Austria was repeatedly driven back by the Servians, whose pluck was very much admired. But Servia is a small State and is evidently exhausted. She has obtained a loan of money from England, but must rely upon her own men for the present. The enemy has successfully invaded her territory, and in imitation of the Belgian and French examples, the capital has been removed to a safer place. In the circumstances the time has not come for the Allies to dictate terms to the enemy. It is equally clear that the original calculations of Germany have all been upset. If she has occupied Belgium, she has lost some of her oversea possessions.

With the progress of the war new questions constantly arise. If Servia is overcome, what will the other Balkan States do ? If they join the war, what should Italy do ? Italy has hitherto remained neutral, and her neutrality has been of immense value to the Allies. The new Foreign Minister has summoned the ambassadors at London, Paris, and Petrograd to a conference at Rome. Having rendered a great negative service to the Allies, it is quite possible that Italy will now try to please Germany by advising terms of peace acceptable to the Power to whom she is bound by alliance. Probably it is some such prospect that has induced Mr. Asquith, Lord⁴ Rosebery, and Mr. Balfour to issue a

manifesto at the present juncture, assuring the nation that to patch up a truce before completely vanquishing German militarism would in the long run prove a disastrous and suicidal policy.

The Death of Lord Roberts. If Earl Roberts did not die fighting, he at any rate died on the battlefield, with the music of the guns ringing in his ears. It is said that the primary object of his visit to France and Belgium was to see the Indian troops. It is not improbable that he conferred with General French on military affairs unconnected with India and on the progress of the war generally. Anyhow, his death may be recorded among the events connected with the war. The circumstances in which he caught the fatal chill at his advanced age bear eloquent testimony to the courage and hopefulness which were characteristic of the eminent soldier and which evidently did not desert him to the last. Lord Curzon has felicitously described him as the spirit incarnate of the Indian Army, with which he was connected for more than four decades. He won his spurs chiefly in this country, but perhaps in his own land he was better known as the hero of the South African War. He was throughout his career as popular as he was successful, and Indians recognised in him not merely a warrior, but a gentleman. He had the satisfaction, in his last hours, of knowing how useful the Indian troops had been acknowledged to be.

Indian Soldiers at the Front Some of the romantic stories told about the doings of our troops at the Front have been officially pronounced to be without foundation. Yet it is not denied that they have impressed the people of Europe with their daring and skill. They are also said to have endured the climate remarkably well. From questions asked in Parliament, it would appear that some doubts had arisen in certain minds as to the sufficiency of the warm clothing supplied to them. We have no doubt that every precaution has been and will be taken to prevent the Indians falling victims to the severe climate, when every fighting man is needed to face the enemy. But newspaper correspondents report that snowfall has made life in the trenches wretched to all soldiers. Indian troops are

employed in several places to fight the enemy. They have been sent to Egypt and Arabia, to South and East Africa, and it was reported that a contingent had been sent to the Far East as well. In addition to the regular army, recruits will be enlisted for special companies to be attached to the army for a term of three years, or during the continuance of the war.

THE achievements of peaceful administration and the silent progress of a nation without drum and trumpet are overshadowed by the war. Nevertheless, in India, where the civil government is carried on so smoothly as if no war was in progress in the Empire, events are happening which at other times would have received prominent notice. A couple of years ago the steady rise in prices gave rise to a lively controversy. The Government of India appointed an able Indian officer to investigate the causes of the economic phenomenon, which was pressing hard upon the poor and middle classes, and its effect upon the population generally. Mr. Datta has submitted his report and his conclusions are now before the public. The prices of coffee, tea, and imported sugar, as also of certain other articles, have declined since 1905, but as food grains and building materials are dearer, not to speak of higher rents due to other causes, life has become more expensive. Some of the causes of this rise are not peculiar to India; the gold supply has increased and so has the demand of many commodities all over the world. The cry of high prices is heard in many lands. In India, in addition to a similar demand, stimulated by increased facilities of communication, famines have contributed to keep the prices high. It is doubtful whether the supply of food grains has kept pace with the undoubted growth of population, while the substitution of other crops for export in the place of food grains cannot be denied. Indeed, foodstuffs are also exported. Mr. Datta is of opinion that the rise in prices has, on the whole, done good to the country. The cultivators must necessarily have profited thereby, and the country, in meeting her foreign obligations, has to part with a smaller share of her produce. In view of this happy conclusion, we expect that the learned report will be recorded, and there the controversy will end for the present. It is not likely to be renewed as long as England sticks to free trade principles.

A Committee appointed in Bombay to investigate the causes of the extensive cotton fires that took place before the monsoon in the city, has arrived at the conclusion that they were due to audacious incendiarism. The insurance companies, the police, and others concerned will now know their duty. The officer appointed to report what help the Government can render to cotton-growers and the cotton industry in the time of war does not appear to have arrived at any definite conclusion. A committee will discuss the question at Delhi. Those who are annoyed by the smoke emitted by the factory chimneys in Bombay, and who derive no profits from the mills, may be somewhat satisfied to learn that a specialist appointed by Government has instructed the stokers and others in the secrets of using coal so as to produce the smallest amount of smoke, and the nuisance is likely to abate without many prosecutions before magistrates.

December is the month of congresses and conferences, and as we have no peace conferences in this country, the war will not interfere with the usual meetings. The war has stimulated literary activity of a particular kind in Europe. It has done immense good to newspapers in this country, at least in the way of circulation, though in other ways that which affects trade and general prosperity is bound to affect the press as well. To the making of books there is fortunately no end, and the war has not put an end to it. We have received from Messrs. MacMillan & Co. a copy of Mr. A. Madhaviah's delightfully written and finely got-up volume on the story of the Ramayana—an inexhaustible theme for Hindus.

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